

FOX-TAYLOR RECORD



1869-1892

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FOX - TAYLOR
AUTOMATIC WRITING
1869 - 1892
UNABRIDGED RECORD

Edited by
SARAH E. L. TAYLOR
(1828 - 1906)

Preface by
W. G. LANGWORTHY TAYLOR

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P R E F A C E

By W. G. LANGWORTHY TAYLOR

This volume is made public as a memorial to the intelligence, insight, character, social spirit, and indomitable perseverance of my father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Taylor. Chaldean conquerors erected *stelai* in order to hand down to posterity their victories. A French general, having succeeded in leading his column through the gorge of Chabet-el-Akhira in Algiers, sent a detail to inscribe a record of the achievement on the face of the cliff. They returned to report that "Legio III Augusta" had been there before them.* Who shall decide what is worthy of commemoration? Publishers mop up best sellers, which must not be too long and are soon forgotten. The world-moving treatises of a Spinoza or a Schopenhauer first see light after their authors are dead. Many an inglorious Milton has had his labor for his pains. I do not assert that even then the labor is lost. However, the competition of screeds is an unavoidable part of the competition of ideas; and it would seem that in the ratio that it works for the long-time influence, its beginnings are modest and precarious.

This record of mirror writing done by Katie Fox in the third and fourth quarters of the last century does, in many ways, speak for itself. Extended comment either historical or philosophical would unduly swell the present volume.

As the text stands (and it has not suffered material alteration), a large part of it consists in a simple relation of what took place and of the precautions scrupulously observed against mistake, fraud, and deception. These may not satisfy modern researchers. But to me who lived through them during twenty-three years of family life under the parental roof, they seem, even now, to have been rigorous. They were certainly not precisely the prescriptions of sealed cabinets, tape-tied limbs, and water-bottle, now in vogue for the silencing of sceptical, materialistic professors and of reporters aching for a scoop. But really twenty-three years was a long contract to keep up

conscious deception. As to unconscious deception or self-deception, that is another matter, which however, should be discussed and studied respectfully.

The *gnôthi sautón* was not spoken in vain. The Athenian hoplite who, in the rigors of a northern campaign, stood for days before Potidaea without thought of rest, was absorbed in the larger problems of life, mind, and personality to which our text specially applies, problems which evince well tried staying power.

The automatic writing itself comes in for chief attention. This is a very great mass of it. I cannot discover that a greater or longer continued story was ever written in this way. Composition of this sort can, of course, be specifically distinguished from ordinary authorship, on the one hand, and, on the other, from the sacred writings of different races and religions, and even from the visionary works of a Swedenborg. The numerous books of alleged, supernormal authorship, in some respects to be classed with this Record, books of inspiration in the modern form, vary greatly in quality, in class, in knowledge, in vividness, in grasp.

Unaffected directness and simplicity of language possess of themselves power to convey conviction. One marvels that in all the travail of this Record not a single erasure was made.

The characters, communicators, or operators are faithful to their rôles to an extraordinary degree. They stand 100% true to type. They tread the stage with Shakespearian assurance. They neither froth with pseudo science nor hint dark doings nor ordain cults. The light of moral day and the bases of manly character permeate every page, every line. The unseen group admit their failures in experiments, especially in their proposed materializations in full form, which appear, in the immediately preceding period, to have succeeded better in the Livermore sittings, also conducted with Katie Fox, which had

*Alexander Powell, *In Barbary*, 265.

materialization chiefly in view. ¹ By insisting on the essential mystery of life on earth they disarm scepticism about life in heaven.

The man who is ready to admit that his own words spoken or written are supplied spontaneously will want to know whether the same Unconscious which prompts him may not equally infuse and inspire distinct unseen entities, and whether they be not, after all, a part of that hypostatized Unconscious.

The early years of the Record are chiefly busied with the drawing of spirit portraits. The successful accomplishment of these masterpieces furnished the main theme and the thread of continuity of the sittings. Copies are supplied with the text. The remaining years offer a rather well-connected account of heaven and of life there. Personal and business advice is interspersed to fit the passing hubbub of earthly struggles. At this late day, there is nothing novel about all this, save that it is so well done, so complete, so informing.

It has been well observed that grief from loss of children makes credulous sitters, blunts criticism, and discourages precaution. The effect in the present case was exactly the reverse. It makes a difference, who compose the circle. The sitters were, Dr. and Mrs. G. H. (Sarah E. Langworthy) Taylor, the medium was Mrs. Kate Fox Jencken, and the sittings were held (1869-1873) at n. e. corner Sixth Avenue and Thirty Eighth Street and (1873-1892) at the old Madison Avenue Hotel, n. w. corner Madison Avenue and Fifty Eighth Street, New York City.

The question will be asked, "Why have you waited thirty to fifty years to print this matter?"

Persons of a decidedly suspicious frame of mind put such questions. If, perforce, the whole had been offered for printing in 1892, there would not have lacked those to counsel waiting. The simple fact is that I was only ten years old when the manifestations began. To-day is really the first opportune moment for publication. Then, the chief *dramatis personae* were, of course, already dead. While many associated with them have since died, it is still not too late to test genuineness through the usual channels.

Why do we of to-day so dote on hieroglyphics, on excavated pottery, on reopened tombs, on papyri unrolled from mummies and from mummy cases, and on palimpsests from garbage dumps of Delta cities? It is because of their internal evidences of truth or of half-truth. Apply this principle to the Fox-Taylor Record.

It is to be regretted that only a scrap of the original mirror writing survives. The reader of this Record can infer that, in its first form, it was a bulky mass ill adapted to follow a modern family in its frequent changes of residence. It was a hard thing to keep. The four manuscript books have rested, along with the pictures, in safety deposit boxes. The books are all in the handwriting of Mrs. G. H. Taylor.

My hope is that multiplication of copies by printing will prolong and spread the usefulness of my parents' work.

The four volumes are provided with separate indexes as originally compiled by Mrs. Taylor. The page numbers of each original volume of the manuscript written by Mrs. Taylor from Dr. Taylor's dictation are inserted at the proper places in the printed text. It is to these numbers that the indexes refer.

(1) On the Livermore sittings consult Robert Dale Owen, *The Debatable Land*, 482-499.

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FOX-TAYLOR RECORD

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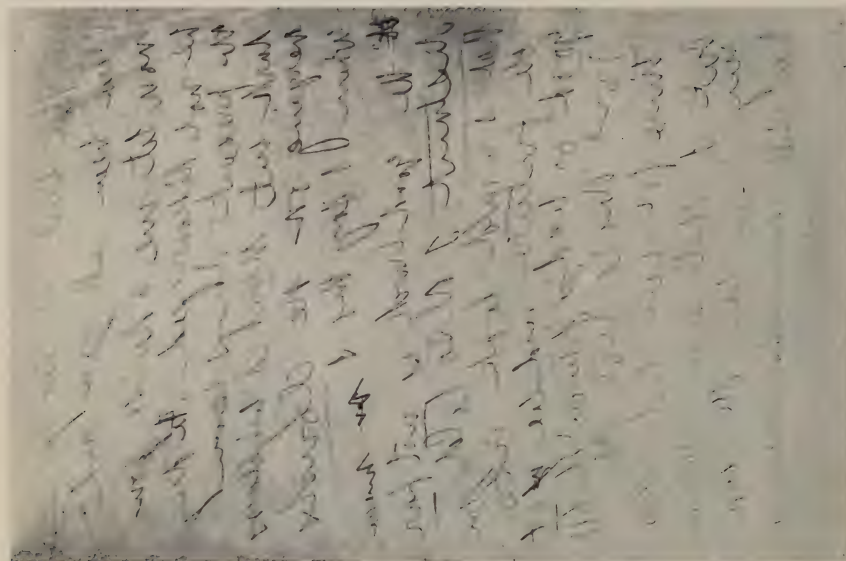
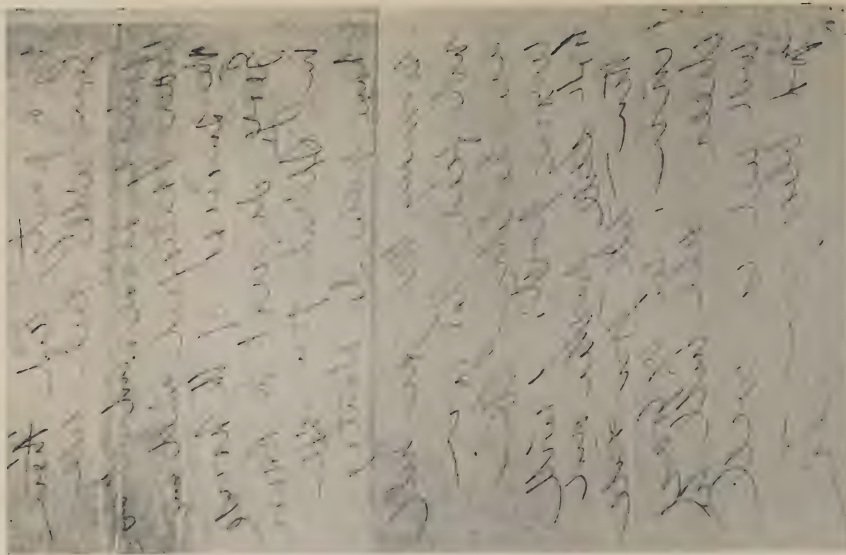
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AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

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This image shows the left page of a handwritten letter, which is a facsimile of the original. The text is written in a cursive script that is mirrored across the page, appearing as if it were written on the reverse side of the paper. The ink is dark, and the handwriting is dense and flowing.This image shows the right page of the handwritten letter, also a facsimile. Like the left page, the text is mirrored, appearing as if written on the back of the paper. The cursive script is consistent with the left page, with dark ink on a light background.

Facsimile of the only extant specimen of the mirror-writing of Katie Fox, in which all of the messages contained in this book, save the independent letters signed "Benjamin Franklin", were written. The writing was done with a black lead pencil on brown wrapping paper, from right to left. About half the original size.

FOX-TAYLOR RECORD

1869-1892

VOLUME I

Nov. 1869.

The Doctor called on Katie for a moment in the evening and the following little note was sent to me.

"Tell dear Sarah, I will give her some sweet messages tomorrow. Tell her the dear little ones are playing among the roses and ivies. They will be with her before she sleeps to-night. Give her my blessing, accept many for yourself.

Olin."

A day or two after the above, Katie called and the following was written.

"My dear Sarah. I am here, so happy to come here! Oh! so happy to tell you the little ones are here with me. They are so anxious to say always 'dear Mamma, dear Papa.' The day is coming Sarah, when I shall be able to talk with you face to face. I wish that I could tell you how happy the little ones are. They call me often to come to them and explain things that they cannot understand. I love to teach them, to hold them over the pure waters, and show them their faces in a mirror.

Tell George how much I want to take him by the hand and guide him in pleasant paths green and beautiful. (2) To-morrow Sarah, I will speak with you and George. When the atmosphere is clear I will bring the little darlings and place them in your arms. Be happy. All is well, the atmosphere is unfavorable to-day. I can not say more until we meet again. The harps are sounding for the children. Oh! What joy, what heaven! God bless you! They call me, I must go.

Olin."

A few days after the last, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Hooker and Miss Beecher were present and each had received messages when the following was addressed to me.

"Yes, Sister, I have a word for you, do let me have a few moments to say a few words. Sarah, my dear Sister, I have the little ones here. They are happy little angels watching over you, drop-

ping blessings down upon, and gently leading you. Yes, dear Sister, I am here. I love you. Be not depressed. Your little ones are not sleeping, but preparing a home for you.

Olin."

(3) "My dear, dear Sister. I am happy to come here this beautiful morning. Oh! How good our Father above is to let the sun shine upon his children of Earth, and warm their hearts with kindness to all mankind. Grieve not for the removal of your little ones to a happier world. They went, pure little lambs to the land of sunshine and happiness. There were no weeds to spring up among the roses, no more sorrow or pain for them. Oh! Sarah how I grieved for you when I saw your little angel lie by your side, a beautiful shell, but the soul was not there, we were bearing her spirit away from your grief. I was sorry for you but little Frankie laughed with delight.

Dear Sister, I am with you in pain, in joy, when you are sad, when you repine for your darlings. God bless you.

Olin."

In answer to inquiry about our sins he said.

"Sarah, mistakes, errors and sins are all with God. Suppose you sin to-day in a (4) moment of thoughtlessness, the next hour you will probably do an act of kindness which would wholly wipe out that sin.

The act of kindness would be a beautiful flower in your future home. God is full of mercy and forgiveness.

Olin."

In answer to another question he said. "I can not see the end, which is the close of life, therefore can not see the suffering which purifies and causes all the weeds to be withdrawn."

Dec. 7, 1869

Prof. and Mrs. Stowe, Miss Beecher, Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, Doctor and myself were together

with Katie and among the many things written to us individually was this.

"My dear friends. Again we meet! Again I say, I am happy to meet you. Oh! My dear friends life is short, eternity long! I will be with you and help you through the winter. You have some patients, a very few in the house who can not recover.

I speak of one who was here when I was and who is here now. But work on, Doctor, happy changes are coming. I will invent a cure for some diseases. Be patient!

Prof."

Dec. 8, 1869. Morning directly after breakfast. Sister Em. and I were with Katie and these were written.

(5) "My Dear Children, Sarah and Emeline.

I am with you very often, but seldom speak except through Olin and the children. They express my thoughts often and you know I do not love you less for my *silence*. I am not silent, there I make a mistake, for I speak to you through my little flowers. We are all very happy.

Your mother."

"My Dear Mamma. Grandma is holding my hand for me to write you a little letter.

Mamma and Papa, I love you better than flowers and music, better than any one here.

The big spirits last night held me back and I could not come to my own, blessed, precious, darling, Papa and Mamma.

Frankie."

Dec. 16, 1869. Morning.

"My Dear Children, do not think that I forget you. *Never*. My love to-day is as strong as when I held you in my arms. I have the little ones, they are happy and full of love for you. Give my love to George and when Willie sleeps I will kiss him.

Eliza L."

A little later the Doctor came in and this came.

"Papa, Mamma, we love you precious, darling Mamma. What a great many spirits are here. Papa now we will go.

Frankie."

The Doctor had attempted to leave the room while (6) this little note was being written and had been called back by the raps. Now Frankie says they will go. There had been long communications from other parties and Frankie evidently felt a little crowded by the "great many spirits."

Again.

"My dear Sister, Oh! rejoice and be happy. There are many clouds on the lives of many human beings, but few (like you) have Angel hands to waft them away, for few believe and trust.

Faith is a great thing, a sacred, holy gift. Doubts retard progress, keep back our influence and protection. Dear Em. you will be happily settled in life. I see you in the future. Be happy. All is well.

Olin."

Dec. 17, 1869

Katie came in to breakfast and then came up to my room. Mrs. Stowe came in and while we were talking these beautiful and sweet words were written.

"My dear Sarah. I see your questioning mind, your desire to know more of our lives, our duties and wanderings. Would that I could condense an explanation in a few words. For instance, Sarah, I am here now with you, I am by your side invisible at present, but were the conditions right you could see me.

Wonder not at this. Think how wonderful all things on earth are. The seed has to be planted under the earth before it can produce a flower or germ. We have houses corresponding with yours, (7) only far more beautiful, divine and holy.

We see each other's minds, we answer often with looks and have our *vocations*. Our duties are many. We have to amuse our little children, make them happy, teach them the way, guide their little footsteps.

Teach them to know those they leave on earth. We have to guard our dear ones on earth, keep them from *evil* for many are their temptations,

many are the snares that beset them. I speak of our earthly *cares*. Dear Sarah this shall be continued.

God bless you.

Olin."

Again.

"Sarah when you come here, Leila will be a beautiful girl, grown and advanced in the knowledge of all things, a fair lily in the home of the blessed.

She will meet you and with open arms ask you if you do not know your Leila? And you will know her.

Olin."

After reading the above my tears fell thick and fast, and in a few moments the following note was written.

"Dear Sarah, the rivers of the heart are open. Let the tears that flow be not tears of regret and sorrow, rather rejoice and thank God. We must not linger longer now. Meet to-night.

Olin."

(8) During the time we were together Willie came into the room. We ceased conversing upon the subject until he left and while we were waiting this little word was written.

"Mamma why not let Willie talk with me?

Frankie."

"Mamma is this not pretty?

We did not understand what this last question referred to and upon inquiry the explanation was given.

"He thinks his name is written prettily, I held his hand.

Olin."

On the evening of Dec. 17 we met with Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Howard, Mr. Livermore and while sitting around the table my dress was very vigorously pulled at the bottom and the Doctor was warmly shaken by the hand and the raps said. "My angel Mamma, I will come to you in the morning."

Katie remained through the night and directly after breakfast the following little letter was written which is marvelously characteristic of the decided little fellow he was when with us.

(9) Dec. 18, 1869.

"Mamma, darling Mamma here I am with dear little Leila, Leila with the golden hair. Mamma you can not have her back. She is *ours* now. Mamma what do you say to that?

I crept in through the crowd last night. Oh! Mamma if you could only have seen Uncle Olin carry me above the crowd you would have laughed, then he put me down between you and Papa, and I took Papa's hand and I pulled your dress.

So Mamma no spirit can keep me out, for I will come. I must go down to Papa and see him work.

Good bye,

Frankie."

Dec. 19, 1869.

We were making inquiries about different families that have already gone to the bright land and the following was written.

"Dear Sister. You ask if we are a separate family? Not in that sense, (10) the separation is not like yours, we are separate in our vocations, but mingle together in amusements. Now, to-day I am going to take the children to see a family of other children and give them *amusements*. It is a lovely sight to see children play and sing and throw flowers upon each other.

Olin."

I directly asked what family they were to visit? The reply was:

"You would not know them were I to tell. They came here one *year ago*. One is Mrs. Hunt's *child* who came *here* some years ago."

After a little further conversation about various subjects Katie's hand wrote:

"My Dear Sister, do not let your thoughts be troubled; when perplexed come to me, I will give you hope.

When you are burthened with care, call upon me for aid. I *will come*.

(11) To those who say that this conflicts with the Bible, answer them in this way: All things are mysterious except to the Great Being who created everything, who sends the light and darkness, who breathes upon the opening flowers,

and yet, *not* understood. You feel the wind at times when fierce enough to blow you down, yet you see it not, neither do you know from whence it comes. For instance, you see a child, a baby. Year by year flows on, that child keeps growing like a plant, but you can not see it grow, you cannot see how its little limbs are to become fully formed and matured, still you know that in the course of time that child will be a man. Think of all these things Sister when you marvel "Oh Uncle Olin I think you are preaching, I do not like it."

Frankie."

When we read the above we saw (12) the great change in the hand writing and saw from the sense that Frankie had crowded his Uncle away. Upon our asking why the change the reply was:

"He interrupted me many times, calling me and pulling me, therefore the message is not complete. You have an illustration here this morning. ¹Willie's coming in and dressing going on. You have to stop all and listen to daily cares even while I talk with you.

Olin."

The writing ceased and there was no more communicating for some little time when I remarked that perhaps Olin and my children had gone. Katie at once commenced writing as follows.

"Yes, Mrs. Taylor, your beloved ones are gone, call them not back.

They have gone to their peace, their happiness, (13) their joys. Your children are his especial care. I have come to say a few words. *Here* I am often with you. I see the work go on and joy in your prosperity. Some improvements can be made. I suggest that you get more help, and let your rules be *strictly followed out*.

I was pained to see my wife show such an unchristian spirit, especially toward you. I do not see a change for the better, but knowing your true and noble natures, I feel sure you will not forget me, nor let any memory become less *dear*.

(1) Willie was running in and out to me and sister Em. was dressing for church, requiring aid of me.

I often blame myself now for not learning this truth *before* I left this world. It would have been a stepping stone to the world of light and happiness. You do not know what joys you are planting in your future world, what seeds you are sowing in the Garden of *Eternity*. Go on with your (14) *investigations*. *Never* give them up.

Prof."

After reading the above message we expressed our gratification and wish that we might hear *more* and often from the Professor and the response was.

"I am glad to be called and will soon (by practice) become more of an adept in this mode of communicating with you on earth. I shall become more *schooled* and then be able to give you important advice. You let me say one word, ¹Do not say you dislike me, at all events when I am present, for I hear all. We can say no more now but when an opportunity opens I will come in often.

Prof."

(15) I begged the Professor not to go, to say more to us in his own way and the reply came.

"My dear child I must leave you now and give you a chance to dress. God ordains all for the best, therefore rejoice in your friends who are in heaven. Good bye,

Prof."

Dec. 21, 1869.

Katie sat a few moments with me in the morning and this followed.

"My Dear Sister. Since we last talked together I have been *over many planets* with *many little children*. Yours *were my first charge*. We wandered free as *air*, in fields of *beauty* and flowers. The *trees were* filled with angels who looked down upon us with loving eyes and music filled the air.

Oh my Sister, what a painting of beauty everlasting, of joy undying, of flowers immortal.

(1) Katie had been asking who this Prof. was? When I described him to her, she finally recollected having seen him here and said that she did not like him. She had never spoken with him.

Do you wonder that the children (16) love to be here, and sigh not to return?

I see you this morning, there are no lasting clouds near you, all will vanish with the close of day and happiness will come again.

The little children wish to make efforts to come to you in form, and I think I can help the little creatures to come. Frankie will do his best to come visibly; even now he is urging me to see Dr. Franklin and *implore* his aid.

Dear Sister be happy, we are in your path, in your household, by your fireside, everywhere, unseen we look upon you, unseen we sit down by you and what can you ask more?

This afternoon I will go with you, think of me and I will impress your mind. No more now.

Katie, we will protect to-day. Go not into temptation. Stronger minds have been tempted and stronger persons have fallen. We can not blame, we pity. We open our arms and say come unto us weary ones. Earth weary and weak (17) come to us and we will comfort. Far be it from us to put aside the erring, fold our arms and frown upon the transgressor. Far be it from us to leave our children on earth to suffer. Oh! Would to heaven that people understood Charity! It is not a name but God's choicest blessing. Now dear Sarah I will close and let Frankie say a few words in his own little way while I hold his hand. God bless you!

Olin."

"Mamma I want to wish you Merry Christmas before Willie or Papa does. I wish you Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Mamma, my own darling Mamma, my precious, I am going to bring you a present, a very pretty present. You need not laugh.

Your Frankie."

After reading Frankie's note this was written. "Yes, dear Sarah, meet for the little fellow Christmas Eve. I am going to give him something for you, to gratify him.

Olin."

(18) I asked *what* he wished to give me?

The raps began to spell out a sentence, evidently by Olin, but the little raps interrupted

completely and the following was at once written.

"Mamma what do you think of a little curl, a little curl off of my little head? Katie come for me cause my Mamma does enough for you. Frankie."

But Katie did *not* come and the dear little boy had no chance to even try to make me a present.

Did not see Katie again until Jan. 3, 1870, when she was quite ill. On the 4th little Frankie made an attempt to write but could not, the following little message came.

"I will speak for Frankie, as the power is not strong enough for him. He will come to-night and prepare to give his present. We wish you to meet at eight for preparation and directions. Tomorrow night for the manifestation of his power.

We will aid him and all will be well.

(19) Be happy! Life is short, weave well the threads which are immortal for the life to come. Farewell for a little while.

Olin."

Willie had not been well for some days and now grew so sick that we did not meet on the evening of the 4th, but at about 10 o'clock on the evening of the 5th the following was written.

"My dear Sarah I have magnetized Willie nearly all the evening. He has been a very sick child. I will return to him in his restlessness often to-night, but your absence from him now disturbs him and makes him wakeful. You too Sarah and George need *rest*, so I will be with you all the time I can, which will be often. Take him (Willie) not in your arms, that I may be near him. Oh! how happy I am to be able to aid you. George, the man coming to aid you tomorrow *can not* aid you, I am *sure* of that.

Yes, you better go now and my blessing will follow you.

Olin."

(20) On reading the above we could not in the *least understand to whom* reference was made by "the man coming to aid you."

We asked and the reply was "to cure a person for whom there is no cure." Then we understood for early in the evening Miss Beecher had been

in and said to Dr. Taylor that a certain Physician had just come in possession of a certain cure for a certain class of invalids or for a certain disease one case of which is now and has been for a long time under the Dr.'s care. That Physician proposed to come the next evening and cure the invalid.

Before retiring Olin wrote, that Miss C. was improving and that he would look and tell of what he (Mr. H.) promised.

On the evening of Jan. 6th we sat around the table, Dr., Katie and myself to give dear little Frankie a chance to bring me the present he so much wished to on Christmas.

The evening was very unfavorable, the rain came in torrents, but Frankie tried hard to bring the curl, finally after repeated efforts he said by the raps. "Oh, Dear! I never saw anything like it, it flies and melts away in my hand! The air is so wet." After (21) trying a little longer, he seemed to give it up and said. "Papa I shall do something!" Then he took pencil and paper out of his Papa's hand, carried them a little way from us and wrote, we all the time holding both of Katie's hands and hearing the pencil upon the paper, heard the paper folded to-gether, then the raps asked the Dr. to take it or hold his handkerchief in his hand. He did so. Frankie directly took the handkerchief away and placed the paper back in his Papa's hand, then brought the handkerchief and put it in my hand, then dropped the pencil heavily upon the table.

On the blank sheet which was taken from the Dr.'s hand was written.

"Oh! Mamma I can't keep the little ¹ turl long enough to-night it is so wet.

Frankie."

Again.

"I am proud to write, but Uncle Olin holds my hand, my own dear Mamma and Papa.

Frankie."

Olin had previously told us that he wished us to meet the next night for still another purpose. He wished us to have crayon board and black, red, brown and (22) white pencils. He did

not tell us what he wished to do with them. But before we left the room on this evening this was written

"I want the paper at all events to-morrow and *no failure.*

My dear Sarah and George do *not fail* to get paper. Have all well. We are sure that everything will be.

We are happy to-night for we have a little boy with us who is dancing with delight. And now we say God bless you and Good-night.

Olin."

Morning of Jan. 7th Katie was in my bed-room and the pencil said.

"My Dear Sarah we are all here this bright morning, the children and all your loved ones. The sunny rays fall upon your earth to cheer your hearts, on the cold shivering child they fall more genially, and all should be grateful for these blessings. Oh! dear Sarah how little some think of the great hereafter! Onward they go thinking only of dollars and cents. On they walk! *This life is all to them!* This Summer's rose which falls to pieces, not (23) of the ivy that spreads and expands to all eternity, for Sarah this life is only a Summer flower, quickly over, but the life to come, Oh! Who can measure its length, or count its years. That life which all should hold in view, and pause, and ask their own souls, what shall I do to-day to be more worthy of my Father above? What shall I do to-day to make the flowers in my home above more fresh and beautiful? What to-day shall I do to merit a new plant in the paths immortal? Dear Sarah to-night meet at half past eight. We must magnetize the paper. The little ones will look on with joy. This is all I can say now.

Olin."

After a little pause Katie began to write in the most distressed and cramped hand, the letters were badly formed and the spelling poor. It read thus.

"Do you remember me I often held you in my arms I am not old" The paper was passed to me to read. I could not divine who this new visitor could be. I asked to have something further by

(1) He used when here to call curl, turl.

which I could recognize the (24) person. The pencil added. "I am white now." Then I at once recognized an old colored woman that I loved very much when I was a little girl. When I spoke her name she manifested great delight and wrote again.

"I have the little girl now in my arms. Yes I kissed you and held you in my lap. Do you remember how I cried and you cried for me?
S."

When I read it over I wondered who the "little girl" was? Wondered if she could be mine? The pencil at once wrote.

"No Mamma, not Leila, her own little girl.
Frankie."

I said "Oh! Frankie do you know Sabra? She was a dear old woman."

The pencil wrote.

"Often see her and do now with a nice, big, white cap on her head.

Frankie."

Then I asked "does she come to see Grandma? Grandma loved her."

The pencil said.

"That is the way I see her, when Grandma talks with her.

Frankie."

Then I remarked, "She is white now." (25) The pencil wrote very quickly.

"Why Mamma! how would her friends know her if she were white, when they come here? Good bye.

Frankie."

Jan. 7, 1870.

At half past eight that evening Dr., Katie and I were alone in my room. We placed crayon board and pencils on the table and sat down. The evening was very pleasant and we hoped the dear ones might succeed in doing what they desired, but just what that was we had no idea. After sitting a little time with our eyes closed the raps directed me to tie the pencils together. I did it with a small piece of twine. We were directed to keep our eyes closed and not to listen, so we chatted away, telling stories and relating incidents until by the raps we were told to open the window. I went directly and threw up the

sash. The Dr. and Katie both heard the moving of the paper and pencils as I went to the (26) window. As soon as I sat down again the raps commenced the peculiar chiming sounds significant of *great joy*.

They told us they had magnetized the paper and *carried* the pencils away.

We looked upon the table and there was nothing but the paper there which had been moved across the table. Then the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George we are so happy. We used great power to take the pencils, as *earthly* objects are *hard to handle*. Put paper carefully away in a pure white linen, do not touch it till half past seven to-morrow, after placing it away. Call us not again to-night.

Olin."

Jan. 8, 1870.

On Saturday evening at the appointed time we were in our places with paper upon the table and were holding each of Katie's hands. We sat with closed eyes for nearly one and one half hours. Chatting (27) and observing nothing with our *ears* even when the raps requested us to draw our feet back and a handkerchief to be put over the Dr.'s hand. Both were done then the Dr. was asked to take the card paper in his covered hand without touching it with his uncovered one, and hold it under the table.

He did so and the paper was immediately taken from his hand and seemed to be suspended or held in the air, while it was beat upon in regular time, making a very pleasant rattle for several minutes. Then the power or form holding the paper, seemed to approach close to the Dr. (we judged by the rattling of the paper) and suddenly sat down upon his lap. He was startled and of course opened his eyes and saw indistinctly a figure holding the paper upon his lap and felt the pressure the entire surface of his lap and against his body, not heavily, but distinctly and positively. (28) Katie was all the time sitting in her chair, the Dr. holding one hand and I the other without once letting go.

The paper was then put back upon the table and the following was written.

"My dear Sarah and George. Oh! rejoice, for all is now sure. There will be *no* failure Monday night at eight. ¹ Much is against us, anxiety above, anxiety with George, and still we have to contend with it all and be *patient*.

Now *do let nothing* come *between* Monday and us. Meet at eight. Carefully *put away* paper.

Olin."

Jan. 9—Morning—1870.

Katie was in my bed-room and the pencil wrote.

"Last night dear Sarah we would have been able to take the paper, had the night been free from interruptions.

To-morrow night have all free and (29) undisturbed, then there will be no failure. We shall feel so rejoiced when we get the paper, for we will have to spiritualize it as we have the pencils in order to keep them in our presence. Do you realize what a great thing it is for us to be permitted to do this for you? Therefore be happy, be thankful and rejoice.

Olin."

At Dinner Time, Again.

"Dear Sisters Sarah and Em. You are both going down to your dinner, down to earthly things. While you are rattling among the dishes, I shall be flying from bower to bower in the immortal fields walking with the children among the roses, in the genial sunshine where it is always spring.

Olin."

Jan. 10, 1870.

Monday evening came, a very warm damp evening, still at the appointed hour we (30) took our seats and sat as before for about an hour, after which time we were directed to light the gas and they wrote.

"My dear Sarah and George the atmosphere is *against* us. Oh! how happy we shall be when we succeed which we are *sure* to do. My dear Sarah be not disappointed for *great* will be your reward in a day or two. Meet Wednesday night at eight. Do not fail. We think it will be *clear* and there will be no failure, only deferred, and we are as

impatient to *succeed* as you are to have us. We keep the pencils and they are spiritualized. We wish a knife on Wednesday night. Oh! how we are preparing for the great manifestation. Another spirit will aid us at our next meeting. We have called on him and he will come. The earth is full of dampness, very little electricity in the air, therefore we failed to-night. But be patient! We are and you must (31) aid us by being so, as we require *all* these conditions. All is well!

The flowers lift their sweet petals to us, and the bugles sound our welcome. Meet at eight Wednesday. *No failure*.

God bless you.

Olin."

They told us that Dr. Franklin was the spirit who had kindly consented to assist them and at noon on the 11th this was written.

"My dear Sarah we are making every preparation for to-morrow night. Do not fail to meet! *We will succeed*.

We love to anticipate this great event for we know what happiness it will bring. Have everything ready to sit down at eight o'clock. We will be here at the moment.

Oh! how beautiful our homes are. No shadows are upon our paths and little children rejoice in their days as they go on bringing new happiness. Daily they expand in knowledge and their little hearts are full of joy.

Olin."

Jan. 12, 1870—at Noon or About 2 o'Clock.

"My dear Sarah I am so happy to know that I can come to-night and take (32) the paper. Have all prepared. At eight o'clock we will all be here. Dr. Franklin will aid us and *we will succeed*. We wish the power kept fresh and Katie to be here at half past seven. Do not let *company detain* you, but be firm and steadfast to that which we have promised, and believe that you will *receive that which* we have promised. You, dear Sarah, *air* the room *well*, have paper on the table at seven, covered, and leave window open a little. All is well. God bless you.

Olin."

(1) In the room directly over us, a party were impatiently waiting for Katie. The Dr. had two very sick patients about whom he was greatly worried.

At seven o'clock I opened wide the windows, set the table out in the room, locked each door (as I always did on these occasions) placed the paper, still folded in linen, on the table and left the room. Katie did not get here until eight, so the raps said wait until half past eight. Katie lay down on the bed in an adjoining room and did not rise until we called her, the time having arrived for us to sit.

(33) The evening was not very clear but at about fifteen minutes before nine we turned down the gas, uncovered the paper and sat down by the table, with doors locked and Dr., Katie and I alone in the room. We sat as before for perhaps a half hour when the raps directed Katie and the Dr. to go to the further side of the room, about twenty feet from the table. They went leaving me sitting by the table. As soon as they started I heard the rolling up of the paper. They were directly called back to their seats, but as soon as seated, we were all three told to stand by the window and throw it wide open. We did so and as I reached my hand high in throwing the sash entirely open, I felt something rub past my arm out of the window. We were told at once to close it again and get light.

We did so, and saw the linen cloth upon the carpet by the side of the (34) table, but no card board to be found.

The pencil immediately wrote.

"My dear Sarah we have *succeeded* and *now* rejoice. You must meet early Friday for us to take knife. We will bring pencils here to be sharpened, meet Friday *early*, we will only require a short time. Dr. Franklin has been our aid, and all our power is exhausted.

We go now, and must *not* be called back for we must get better control of paper.

We *must* go now, and you all go and rest also, while we rejoice in our power.

Olin."

As soon as we read the above we were conscious that their excitement was *much greater* than ours. We left the room immediately and occupied ourselves with something foreign to the subject.

The next morning Katie was in my bed-room and the pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah I am happy to come and say that *all* is well and we are happy to have control of paper and pencils.

We must have meeting in order to aid (35) us. We will succeed, but in order to do so we must have directions *followed*. Meet at seven to-morrow night and have knife ready to sharpen pencils. We are so happy to be so *blessed* and bless you. George does not realize *what* a great thing this is, what a great *event*. He must be ready to meet to-morrow at seven.

Katie must not *fail* to meet us and we will not keep her long.

I had *great* difficulty in taking the paper *home*. The children were so anxious to get hold of it. Frankie pulled it out of my hands *several* times and twice I thought it would fall to earth again, but Frankie at last gave up to me and now we have it.

Olin."

The pencil immediately wrote again in the awkward hand of a child.

"Oh! Mamma we have the paper! I did pull it out of Uncle Olin's hand and I can't wait, but I will try to. I am going back now.

Frankie."

(36) Jan. 14, 1870

At seven o'clock, Doctor, Katie and I were in our seats as before directed, but we had little hope that the pencils could be returned for sharpening, the evening being very dark and the air thick with coming storm. We had sat for about a half hour, (the sleet was now beating against the windows,) when the Doctor felt some one press against his knee and almost immediately the raps asked for the knife. We did not know whether they wished *us* to use the knife, or use it themselves, or take it away.

I got a small pen-knife and gave it to the Doctor. He asked if he should open it and they said, "No, hold it under the table." He held it there and the knife was at once taken from his hand. Then the raps directed Doctor and Katie

to go by the door, the same as at the previous meeting.

They went, the Doctor feeling something pulling the bottom of his trousers as soon as he got there. Immediately we were (37) all three directed to stand by the window and throw it open. We obeyed as quickly as possible, and as soon were told to close it again and take our seats, but before we could get to our chairs we heard the pencils rattle upon the table. We were then told to resume our talk and not listen.

We chattered away as best we could still we heard the moving about of persons we could not see, and heard the cutting of the pencils. After a few minutes spent in this manner, the Doctor and Katie were again told to go by the door. While on the way the Doctor felt the touch of spiritual bodies and during the moment they remained there a pencil was put into and taken out of his hand.

We were all directly sent to the window and to open it. We heard pencils rattle against the mantle-shelf as they came along and the Doctor's coat skirt was vigorously pulled hastening him towards the window. As soon as this was accomplished, the raps said, "Close window and take seats." And immediately upon (38) so doing the knife was dropped upon the table, and the order was given. "Get light."

The light was instantly made and there the knife lay *open* upon the table. Notice, it was closed when it was taken. The pencils were not in the room but had been brought and taken away in a heavy storm of sleet.

I had prepared my room on this evening as before, aired it well and locked each door. Katie's hands were held by either Doctor, myself, or both, all the time.

We were in the room less than an hour, the following little note being the last they said on that evening.

"My dear Sarah and George we have *succeeded* and now we depart to our happy home. All is well. Meet again Monday night, but meet for full directions to-morrow morning.

Olin."

Jan. 15—Morning—1870. Katie in My Room.

"My dear Sarah I am rejoiced to have the directions followed. I can not (39) convey to your mind perhaps that this is a very difficult thing for us to do, and to overcome all obstacles you must all aid us. When we work on the picture we become quite materialized and have to partake of the earthly elements in a *measure*, therefore do not wonder at our *proceedings*, our workings and directions. On such a day as this we can do very little.

How we wish you to believe, be patient, do not cavil, but *wait* and *see*.

All is well at present. When you meet again, which will be Monday night, if clear, we will have to make further requests of you. The paper and pencils are with *us* and the *children* rejoice with *us* in all we do.

Dear little Leila is our pet in the land of roses. Every one loves her and pets her. Oh! Sarah you shall have something nice, something that will reward you for all your patience. We can not say much this morning, the clouds are full of rain, full of dampness, (40) and although our garments are not soiled by the drops from the clouds our spirits become *disturbed* by the fog through which we *pass*. Oh! How lovely our homes are! How happy you will be when you come here!

I will say more before Katie goes."

Olin."

Katie took a little sleep and came back to my room asking for the pencil.

"The rain falls upon the earth but our paths are fresh and watered only by dew. No clouds cross the sunny line of our walks, therefore we call our home perfection. When you are Earth weary think of the picture we daily draw for you and live on the bright hope of some day enjoying it with us. We are happy to be able to speak to you. Now the children are playing in their garden, but often I call them and they come with happy hearts. Dear Sarah we (41) will want the whole evening at our next meeting. Better meet Monday morning for directions as we will be better able to judge of the weather.

God bless you! To-night we shall be busy, and Monday we shall have much to say, till then dear Sarah rest in peace, knowing that I am with you, *watching* that *no evil* comes to you and often dropping a choice blessing in your life.

Olin."

Jan. 17, 1870—Monday afternoon Katie called and the pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah I am happy to come here again and speak through the medium of the *pencil*. I fear that the atmosphere is against us now and unless it *clears* we shall not be able to work on the *paper* in your presence. However dear Sarah we will meet twenty minutes before eight and do the best we can.

Now let us appoint Wednesday night at half past eight for working (42) on the picture. It will be clear then and we can do so much more.

Katie, go to Brooklyn and come home early Wednesday noon, so that there will be no disappointment.

At least, to-night we will give directions about the paper.

We want you and Katie to go-to-gether Thursday morning, in order to let us choose a new kind of paper and *crayons* for another purpose which we will explain then.

Be happy for all is well! And you will feel *overjoyed* when you see with your own eyes.

Olin."

Jan. 17—Evening—1870.

With Monday evening came heavy clouds and thick fog, still, agreeably to appointment, at twenty minutes before eight we were in our accustomed places.

After sitting as before for perhaps a half hour, Doctor and Katie were sent to the further end of the room and I was told to open the window. They were also directly called to (43) the window. In about one moment we were directed to close the window and take our seats. No sooner were we seated than we heard the rattling of paper and the heavy friction of pencil upon it. This *heavy* sound lasted but little time when the paper seemed to be moved to the table and continued

to be marked upon, but the sounds were light and quick.

We tried now to keep from listening by talking of the most absorbing things we could call up, still we heard the pencil upon the paper, whenever our voices were not heard, for about an hour. During this time the rain fell very fast and we greatly wondered how they could take the paper away. At about fifteen minutes past nine we were told to open the window and stand by it. The rain seemed that moment to cease, and we stood longer by the window than at any previous time, before they said. "Close window and get light." No paper or pencil were to be found, but when that *kind* of articles were produced, the pencil wrote.

(44) "Dear Sarah and George, we are happy to have had this meeting. When we want great power, when we feel weakened in electrical power, then you can aid us by sitting for us, even when we are not in the room. We can receive great aid by your keeping your appointments with us.

Do not say it is strange! Why George nothing is strange! God works by laws, sometimes performs miracles.

Now do not wonder or *marvel*, for we are doing all we can to convince and satisfy you, and also give you happiness as great as we enjoy. Be of good cheer!

Be child-like, and down from our happy homes shall be *banded* blessings which will last to all *eternity*. Meet us Wednesday night at half past eight, and now we will go. If time permits we will say a few words to-morrow, and a *full* explanation we will write with *our own* hand at a future time. Till then be patient! God bless you both!

Blessings attend you George.

Olin."

(45) Jan. 18, 1870.

Katie waited a few moments before starting for Brooklyn in the morning and the pencil wrote.

"Dear Sarah all is succeeding well. We did better than we thought we could last night in the damp atmosphere.

I have looked in upon you often during the night and tried to give you pleasant thoughts. The children are very happy. Little Leila we keep very near us for reasons which you shall soon know. Frankie wishes to be first in everything that gives happiness, therefore we have to work for the happiness of both. All is well! Be bright! Meet to-morrow night. At half past, we shall be all ready.

Olin."

Jan. 19, 1870.

Evening came, clear and pleasant. At precisely half past eight we went to our room and took our seats. In less than fifteen minutes the raps asked to have the window opened.

I opened and stood by it a minute, then by direction closed it and took my (46) seat, the Doctor and Katie not having moved. Immediately we heard the paper rattle and soon the marking of the pencil upon it. It did not sound very near us, but we could not conclude at all *where* the paper was. We as before, tried to abstract our thoughts, from the strange phenomenon so near us, by conversation upon all sorts of matters.

This state of affairs continued for one and a half hours, at which time Doctor and Katie were sent to the door at the further side of the room. As soon as they arrived there, we heard the paper rattle and it was placed upon the Doctor's head. Then we were all sent to open the window. The paper approached the window with them, was held close to the top of my head for an instant, and directly the raps said. "Close window and get light." (Katie's hands were held, as always, by us.) Immediately upon so doing the following was written.

(47) "My Dear Friends.

Olin came to me to-night at about six, and requested me to be present when he departed with the paper, in order to write you directions. He desires me to say that he is overjoyed with your punctuality, and that he must make two pictures. It is the request of those he loves and you hold dearer than life. You and Katie better go on Saturday afternoon for another sheet of drawing

paper and Olin wishes to choose it himself, therefore he wishes Katie with you. I may be wrong in the day and will leave that for him to set in the morning. He and your children are now far from me.

God bless you! There are no *thorns* in the roses of your present life.

Your friend and well wisher.

Prof. K."

(48) After reading the above, we asked the Professor if the paper was upon the table while they worked upon it? The answer was "No!" We asked was it upon the carpet? Answer "No!" We asked was it back of us? Answer "No!" Then we asked where was it? The pencil wrote.

"On further bureau." A bureau stood in the corner of the room about twenty feet from where we sat and near the door where the Doctor and Katie were always sent. We now asked the name of the artist doing this work? The pencil wrote. "You will receive with the pictures a full explanation. Dear friends, good night.

Prof."

Jan. 20, 1870—Thursday Morning.

Doctor, Katie and I in my bed-room also Miss Wells a friend of mine from our little girl days. The pencil said.

"My dear Sarah and George I am happy to come and say, good morning!

I took the paper at once and feel sure of *great success*. I wish to make a perfect (49) thing of this and will have to take time.

You must not feel hurried in the *least*, for if you do, you will retard my *progress*.

I wish you to get the paper to-morrow *without fail*, not to-day as I am engaged in *important duties*, but to-morrow I wish you to get and have it in the house, so that I can magnetize and prepare it for use.

Sarah I am with you. I read your thoughts. Golden clouds float above us and *their* light falls upon you. Do you not feel calm and happy, knowing how near I am to you? So near that I can catch even your sigh and waft it away for happier thoughts to take the place of sighs and

tears. Oh! Dear sister! Is it not a joy to know that there is no death, *no* separation, only to the visible eye?

Dear Sarah did you hear from the Professor last night? I have not seen him, but he promised (50) to give you a message which I know he must have done.

¹There is no use examining her lungs, for she has confirmed consumption which time *can not* cure.

I will appoint another meeting to-morrow morning. Katie keep free to Saturday.

Olin."

The pencil wrote again in a very different hand.

"My dear friend Emma. I am sorry to see the discouraged feeling in your heart. Keep up your hope for brighter days will come, they are waiting for you and when your footsteps touch upon their *borders* you will feel strong and well. So cheer up, look to the future, not the present, for now you suffer.

Still, dear child I can not forbid your feeling depression. Pain and suffering will always remind one of mournful events. But hope Emma hope, and you shall have peace.

² Eliza."

(51) Jan. 21, 1870

Friday morning we went out as desired to get paper and pencils. We visited at least six shops and walked more than one mile before we could find the *kind* of paper they wished. At last we came to a large sheet of French crayon, cream colored, and that pleased them.

They selected two pencils, one black and one brown. As soon as we were home the following was written.

"My dear Sarah and George. All is well! I am rejoiced that all is so well arranged for our purpose.

We can ask no more regarding the paper. It is just what we want and will be easy for us to work upon.

I was sure dear Sarah that with care you could get the paper.

I want you to meet to-morrow just at dark, about six for me to magnetize and take the paper if the power is (52) sufficiently strong, which, if clear we will accomplish. Do not fail to meet then and we will be all prepared.

Undo the paper and place it on the box in a very thin linen cloth.

Meet a few *minutes* before *six* in order to be free from *fatigue* and undisturbed. We want to try all the crayons, and if you are punctual we will work with power and rapidity, as Dr. Franklin has promised to give his aid. We may want Monday night, we can not yet tell.

Katie come home early in the morning.

We will be with you dear Sarah at an early hour to-morrow. God bless you!

Olin."

Jan. 22, 1870.

Saturday evening came, the air was clear and pleasant but we were *not* ready at precisely the time specified. Katie did not come until twenty minutes before six, then her tea detained us at least a half hour, so that it was ten minutes past six when we were ready with crayon paper and pencils on (53) the table before us. We sat in our usual manner until half past six, when the raps asked to have the window opened. But after a minute or two they wished it closed and said, they must gather more power. So we sat about ten minutes longer, when the raps came thick and fast, and said "My dear friends, I am here I was unavoidably detained." "Dr. Franklin." Then the raps gave those *peculiar chiming* sounds indicative of great joy, the power lifted the table several times, took hold of the Doctor and Katie and seemed anxious to manifest their delight, in every possible way.

We sat perhaps fifteen minutes longer when the Doctor and Katie were sent to the door and told not to listen, but all the time we could hear the paper *rattle*.

The order was directly given to open the window and all stand by it. Then the raps said. "Do not call us back, we will come at ten o'clock

(1) I had just requested Doctor to examine Miss Wells' lungs and he was doing it when I took the above to read.

(2) Emma was Miss Wells. Eliza was my Ma who died in 1860. Emma had lived much in our family and Ma was warmly attached to her.

to-morrow and give directions." We closed the window and got lights but the paper and pencils were gone.

(54) Jan. 23—Sunday Morning Ten o'Clock.

We sat down in our private parlor, Olin having spoken to me at nine saying he should have a friend with him at ten, and the pencil wrote.

"My heart is full of joy this morning. We have the paper smooth and well *prepared*. You will see when it is returned that it is free from all defects. We had very little difficulty last night, in taking the paper, when Dr. Franklin came, but as you were a little behind time he did not come until later. So you see the *importance* of being punctual at all times.

Dr. Franklin says, that was the first lesson taught him, *punctuality*, and won *laurels* for him. He is *here* this *morning*. He who brought lightning from the clouds and did so much for the good of mankind, and who now works even more faithfully and arduously than when in the form. How gratefully we should all (55) feel to him, for he has done and is doing much for *us*, and in that way we can do for you. Mr. L. would never have seen his wife, had it not been for Dr. Franklin. Sometimes those *who are* most *blessed* are the least grateful when the first excitement passes off. I do not allude in the *least* to any one *present*. The paper is just what we wished, and now you may anticipate a *great* joy *forever*.

Oh! Dear Sarah and George how anxious those who love you are to make you happy. These dear little children, whose little hands are ever grasping for new blessings to place in your pathway. These dear little ones, whose eyes sparkle with delight when they are permitted to touch *you*; playing with each other, hiding among the roses, throwing flowers upon each other. Oh! How happy they are, and in the midst (56) of their joy they will stop and say, "Let us go and see Mamma and Papa."

Dr. Franklin is here and now appoints Tuesday at half past eight for our meeting. He wishes you success, and says he will stand by us till our work is accomplished.

We will talk with you to-morrow, the little ones and I. Now dear Sarah and George *farewell*.
Olin."

The pencil went on writing in another hand and it was this.

"My Dear ¹Emeline, I see that you feel a little neglected. We do not forget you, dear child. Your interests are mine. When a mother forgets her child the sun will cease to shine. My dear child I approve of F. I like him and will keep watch over you both and I hope some day to see you very happy.

Your Mother."

(57) After reading the above, we remarked that Dr. Franklin could hardly like us! We were not prompt enough for him! The pencil then wrote.

"He likes all good, honest, intelligent *bearts* and I love him. He will write you the explanation with his *own hand*. No more now.

Olin."

After Olin had gone we asked if the Professor was here and if he would write us? The pencil then wrote.

"My dear friend. I see your disturbed mind. Now give yourself no uneasiness, for the paper is just right, and you will have a beautiful painting. Yes, I have been here all the morning. My dear friends I am always afraid of intruding but I see a *welcome* in your hearts for *me*. I will help you dear friend in your *cures*. Be patient! Be happy! (58) Be free from troubles!

I think Katie better be here at *five* o'clock on Tuesday. So Olin telegraphs to me in order to *tell* you.

No more.

Prof. K."

Monday, Jan. 24, 1870—The Pencil Wrote.

"My dear Sarah. I am here, happy to come with the children, who are comprehensive of all that I am doing.

They are *sweet angels* and one is now our model. I will not tell you which one until I bring the *paper* and then you can judge for yourself.

(1) Emeline is my sister.

Oh! Dear Sarah and George do not fail to meet to-morrow night.

Katie come home to-night, at least be here early in the *day* so that the power will be *fresh*. Dear Sister there is a little *jealousy* with one of the children but that will soon be dispelled. The atmosphere is very unfavorable to-day. The little ones send you kisses and blessings and say they will be here to-morrow night. (59) Half past eight is the hour. *Be sure* and fail not. No more now.

Olin."

Jan. 25, 1870.

Tuesday evening was clear and beautiful. At precisely half past eight we were in our accustomed places. We had been but a short time sitting when I felt my dress gently pulled from the bottom.

This pulling continued several minutes before I mentioned it, when the raps said it was "Frankie" and said also.

"My dear Mamma, I am going to be a good boy and give Leila the power."

The raps then asked to have the window opened and immediately after it was done we heard the paper and the pencils upon it as before. This continued for half or threequarters of an hour, when the Doctor and Katie were sent to the door, and directly all were sent to open the window. By direction we closed the window, when the raps said. "Open it again, we took the pencils, but did not the paper,"

We opened it the second time and after a minute or two closed it, then my (60) dress was *very vigorously* pulled at the bottom and the Doctor was also touched.

We inquired if it were Frankie and Leila? The raps said "Frankie not Leila." "Leila has gone." I asked if they had all gone and left Frankie to go alone? Olin replied. "Leila has gone with Dr. Franklin and Mother, Frankie will go with me."

Then the following was written.

"My dear Sarah and George I myself remain to speak to-night, words of comfort, of love and hope. Hope you have, Sarah, bright as the stars above us, bright as the eyes that look lovingly

upon you when you listen for our footsteps. Have faith! Hope on dear Sarah and George! You shall not be deceived! You shall not be disappointed! All shall be as you have been promised and as you *anticipate*. So far the directions have been *followed*, and let us *compliment* you for your *punctuality*. Meet to-morrow at nine if clear, not unless it is, only wish a few minutes. (61) Oh! How *happy* we are! We have exhausted our power and can say no more at present. God bless you!

Katie *good spirits* have control over you now. Oh! Let it *ever* be so, that your record here may be a golden page of golden acts. We will give important directions to-morrow night. Dr. F. will be present, and now, good night.

Frankie and I are going but we leave you our blessing.

Olin."

Jan. 26, 1870.

Wednesday evening came bright and perfect. We were ready before nine, but had been in our seats only a few minutes when the raps asked to have the window opened. I did so, and leaving it open resumed my seat.

We sat for threequarters of an hour noticing no sounds outside of ourselves.

The Doctor and Katie were now sent to the door, and we heard the paper rattle loudly. It was then laid on the Doctor's head, on his hand and presented to various parts of his body. It rustled near them all the way from the door to the open window, where (62) we were all directed to stand. The inside blinds were open and as soon as we were there one blind was pushed to the window. I, supposing the Doctor had accidentally hit it, pushed it back again and in so doing put my hand against a spiritual body. The Doctor said that he had not touched the blind, and the raps said, they did it, and then repeated the act as soon as I let go.

As soon as they were through with us at the window, we lighted the gas and found the candle and candlestick, which we had left upon the bureau, standing on the bed. By the raps Frankie said that he did it. The pencil then said.

"My dear friends, we have been here in full form to-night, and I can give you encouragement by telling you that the picture will in every way fill your expectations. You are very punctual. Let me commend you all for your promptness. My friend George I am going to write you a full explanation with my own hand. A true, learned explanation. Therefore be patient, and all will (63) be simple to your understanding.

Next Monday night keep free. There are greater things about to be given you. The conditions are splendid and we can work well. On Saturday at half past four P. M. I will come with your brother and give directions.

Be patient, and with God's blessing which has already fallen upon us, I say good night, and depart with your little son.

Yours in friendship united with progress.

B. F."

Jan. 27—Thursday Morning, 1870—The pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah, I am happy to say a few words this morning. Bright and beautiful the rays of the sun fall upon the earth to give happiness to the children of mortality. Oh! Rejoice. The flowers bloom, the Spring is coming, and the birds will sing their welcome; then dear Sarah I shall be among the first to bring you a fresh spring flower filled with blessings. Dear Sister I shall come often in the interval to (64) speak with you. The little ones are happy and singing merry songs.

Let me dear Sister cheer you on through life, make the little graves beds of flowers to please and comfort you.

I must say good bye for the present.

Olin."

Jan. 29, 1870—Saturday afternoon half past four.

Katie was now sick and in great discomfort still the pencil wrote, though evidently not the important directions before referred to.

"We foresaw this cloud, but could not see the cause, therefore we named Monday night for our special meeting, when we hope nothing will come between.

Meet at eight on Monday and be happy, as the *conditions* have everything to do with our success. Let your minds be free from anxiety. We want to finish the picture true to life and you will feel repaid when you receive it. Have both doors closed and no interruptions at our next meeting. Meet for preparation at five to-morrow.

(65) Katie rest till Tuesday, then you will feel strong to commence your work. Let us shelter and protect you from another such cloud of sorrow. It is with difficulty we can speak to-day owing to the conditions and atmosphere.

We will on Monday give you an idea when we can bring the picture.

We want a thin piece of linen placed on the table before you sit down, have it ready to-morrow at five, and now God bless you.

Olin."

Jan. 30, 1870—Sunday Evening at Five O'clock.

The air was clear and pleasant, and we closed the blinds, placed the linen cloth entirely open upon the table, and sat down with closed eyes. We sat thus for nearly an hour when the Doctor and Katie were sent by the door. During the moment they stood there the Doctor's dressing gown was pulled being the only touch we felt of them. We were then sent to open the window, then to close it, get light and lay the cloth away as they had left it. On procuring light, the cloth still lay upon the table, but was folded (66) together *three* times. The pencil then wrote.

"We have been working every moment, the atmosphere is good for our purpose.

To-morrow we wish to retain all the power until eight o'clock. Meet then free from fatigue. We are so happy that no meeting has been broken. We have worked carefully to avoid this as you have, now, proof. Now dear Sarah and George I need not tell you to be punctual. Have a bowl of pure cold water placed on the table.

¹ George let the shadows pass away for all is *well*—You need rest and to-night you shall

(1) While the pencil was writing the above, I said to the Dr. "You look sober, what is the matter?" He replied, "Nothing."

retire early. I am so *anxious* to make you happy and to bless you.

You see, Sarah saw your feelings as distinctly as I *did*. Look to us for *peace*, for *joy* and *prosperity*. No more now. George be happy to-morrow! Be free from anxiety."

As he commenced writing his name I exclaimed "Is that all! Stop so soon!" The pencil wrote again.

"Well Sarah I love to talk with you but duty calls me elsewhere now. Olin."

(67) Jan. 31, 3 P. M., 1870—The Pencil Wrote.

"My dear friends meet to-night *rain* or shine, we will be here *according* to appointment, and in that case you will have nothing to blame yourselves for.

We will to-night give *the* nights we wish kept for especial work.

Better say nothing about the picture until you have received it, then you can show it to your friends and tell them the *facts*.

B. F."

"1 "My Dear Sarah give yourself no trouble about the missing things. I can not now tell you *who* was the *perpetrator* of the *deed*, but some time you shall *know*. This thought I saw in your mind not long ago.

I will soon give you all information which will fully satisfy you.

We feel a little disappointed about the weather, but trust that it will clear before eight. Olin."

The pencil went on writing.

"All we wish is, that your minds are free from anxiety and that will *aid* us. We worked for Katie and she must work for us. Keep out of all temptations and God will work through (68) his angels for you and those who love truth.

B. F."

After reading all of the preceding I said, "Olin do say more to me! I wish you would!" The pencil then said.

"My dear Sarah do not feel desirous now for more, as my desire to please you is so great that

I would use the power against my will. You know I love to talk with you, and there shall be many letters of love and interest written to you from me.

Olin."

Jan. 31—Monday 8 P. M., 1870, was very damp and disagreeable. Having laid the cloth upon the table folded as we found it the evening before, we sat down and many echoes of different sounds came at once, and we wondered very much what it was all about, and asked Katie if she knew the meaning? But she did not. No explanation was given but the echoes said "Turn off the gas." Which we did and sat ourselves down with closed eyes. After fifteen minutes, by direction I opened the window, and in perhaps five minutes closed it and took my seat.

We now heard noises about, still did not know exactly what and the echoes said "Do not listen." The Doctor and Katie were sent to the door, soon (69) we were all sent to open the window, then close it, and get light. As soon as done we missed the linen cloth which we left upon the table. One of us remarked "Perhaps *they* have taken it." The echoes said "No!" We could not see it. The echoes said "Look behind Sarah!" There it was pinned to the casing of the window, and the pin pressed so hard into the wood that I was obliged to use both hands to take it out. The echoes said "We put it there to show you we had used it." They again wished us to lay it away. The pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah and George we have succeeded *well* to-night. Oh! How happy we are! One more was admitted into our circle to-night, and she is as happy as *we are*, and almost as *anxious*. We wish you to feel happy, and know that we are with you, all the time you are giving us your attention, working for your *happiness*. Do not dear Sarah feel hurried in this case. Let us take (70) *time* and *perfect* our work.

Meet Wednesday and Friday nights. Had the atmosphere been clear we could have done much more to-night.

Be not impatient, if all goes well you shall have the picture in two weeks, but much depends upon

(1) I had a few hours before been talking about some things that were taken from the house two years ago, but Katie was not present and had heard no mention about it.

the weather over which we have no control. Meet on each occasion at eight. We can say nothing but in favor of your meeting punctually and faithfully. We have had to invent colors as yours were not just what we desired. That is why we were obliged to call for aid from Dr. Franklin. He invented the colors we needed in order to perfect our work, and you will be able to see for yourselves how delicate they are.

We will talk with you in the interval. Our power has all been given to this one object over which we rejoice. Dear Sarah you felt our magnetism to-night. God bless you and help you to do right. I am not (71) alone in giving you blessings, and the night we name for bringing the paper we shall come in great force, perhaps some of us may become visible.

Then we shall require two days for preparation. One thing you forgot, a bowl of water. Well Sarah have it next time.

Mother was here to-night. She was *the spirit* who requested to come here to these especial meetings, and we are so happy to have her. No more, our power fails.

Olin."

After reading the above I felt and expressed my regret at having *forgotten* the bowl of pure cold water. I asked them why they did not call for it? The pencil answered.

"The night not being clear made it less important. Next time we will *admonish* you. We wish the cloth kept as directed. Did you notice the number of echoes at the beginning of the meeting? We were (72) consulting about the water and concluded that we had better wait till our next meeting, but do not then *forget* it. Sleep with our blessing upon you all. Dear Sarah and George the *little* ones will watch over you.

Olin."

1870 Feb. 1st Tuesday morning the pencil wrote again.

"My dear Sarah, we wish you to place the cloth and water on the further bureau, and also pencil and paper, I mean this kind of paper.

Let there be no mistakes in the nights, tomorrow and Friday at eight o'clock. All will be

well and the picture *shall* be given soon. Oh! Sarah how happy you shall be in this gift of one of your dear little flowers. You shall know how they look at this age, and then *judge* for *yourself* how you shall know them in *these spheres above*. (73) And you will have from this *picture* a clear *knowledge* of how we progress and still retain to all eternity resemblance true to life which we last wore when on earth. Rejoice! Be happy and Friday we will name the days we wish kept for us. Follow every direction strictly. God bless you.

Olin."

Feb. 2—Wednesday 8 P. M.—1870.

The air clear and perfect. We ready with linen cloth, bowl of water, writing paper and pencil on the bureau twenty feet from the table where we three seated ourselves a little before eight o'clock. At just eight, by order I opened the window, and stood back from it for a minute, then closed it and took my seat. We at once heard the rattling of the paper which lasted but a minute after which we heard no more for an hour.

Finally Doctor and Katie were sent by the door and remained there five minutes perhaps. While there the echoes said (74) "Papa, I am here standing by your side." They were now told to take their seats. This was repeated at intervals three times, and once the Doctor was sent by the door alone, Katie and I being sent at the same time to the window.

During these "times" they asked for a knife to be placed upon the bureau and the bowl taken away; and all the time we could hear them at work upon the paper in some way. They were particularly desirous that we should *not* listen, so we made efforts in all the ways we could suggest to keep our attention diverted. We finally at half past ten by order opened, and closed the window and lighted the gas. We found all the things we had left, but the paper and pencil had been moved and on the paper the following was written.

(Autograph)

"My dear friends. We to-night have used the power in working on the picture. We are satisfied with the progress and as the conditions together with the atmosphere are favorable we wish you to meet to-morrow night (75) instead of Friday. Friday meet for preparation at four P. M. and fuller directions. We may want Saturday night, we will tell Friday. God bless you all.

Benj. Franklin."

Feb. 3—Thursday Evening—1870.

The atmosphere clear and cold and we sat down as directed, having first placed the linen cloth upon the bureau.

Very shortly, the echoes asked to have the window opened and in a moment closed again. We sat now for about an hour. The doctor and Katie were twice sent by the door, for a few minutes each time, and we all hearing the paper and pencils from time to time.

Finally we were all sent to open the window and do something to keep from listening. The echoes repeated a request they had several times made on similar occasions. "Mamma pull your dress." Wishing me to rustle it and thus make a noise.

After closing the window the echoes said. "Oh Papa how you will laugh when the light comes. I am laughing and Uncle Olin is shaking his finger at me."

(76) The Doctor struck a match and laughed heartily, for the first thing he saw as the match lighted, was the linen cloth swinging over his left arm, being pinned to the collar of his dressing gown. We asked if Olin did it? They answered. "No, Frankie." The pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah we have had the picture here and Oh! how we *rejoice* for we are *succeeding* to perfection.

How happy and thankful we are to the Great Giver above for these blessings. Why Sarah and George there is *no death!* All is *life without decay*. We will only be too happy *to come* and place it before you. We shall give *very important* directions before we bring it, which must be

followed *strictly*. Three days before we bring the picture we will give you these directions, which will be to hold three days and nights *free* and uninterrupted. These will be days and nights in *succession*, therefore be *prepared* and be able to forego everything for *this one* thing. We are doing and working when the conditions permit us. Sometimes (77) the atmosphere *forbids*. Tomorrow meet for preparation at four P. M. Have this room darkened, and all be present. We require day as well as night for this work.

When we have time to explain, we will, but *marvel* not, for think how strange *all* things are. The works of God are wonderful and mysterious, clothed with a thin *veil* that the earthly eye can not *behold* that which should be *concealed*. Be satisfied!

Tomorrow afternoon we will appoint our next evening meeting. We think it will be Monday as we have duties to attend to in the meantime and work on the picture in our *own homes*.

Dear Sarah and George you can have to-morrow night to see your friends and attend to duties, as we also shall be at work. All is as we desire. To Dr. Franklin we *owe much*. Can you realize that he has been here and aiding us? Of this you shall have proof. God bless you! Now I go to join the choir in the home of the blessed. All is well. Good night.

Olin."

After reading the above we asked if they would meet at three instead of four on the Doctor's account, his office duties coming at four. He wrote—"I will see Dr. Franklin and tell you to-morrow morning.

Olin."

(78) Again we went on querying over the wonders before us, talking and yearning intensely to know more, and the pencil wrote again.

"We work both here and in our homes, we will explain. Oh chain *me not!* I *must* depart and *love* chains me here while duty calls me.

Olin."

Feb. 4, 1870.

Friday morning very pleasant. Katie being with me the pencil wrote.

"Yes Sarah the morning is beautiful, the atmosphere clear and we are happy, but there are little ones coming to us for enjoyment and pleasure. Sometimes their little hearts yearn for that which we alone can give. We are their ministering *angels* as well as yours and it is one of our duties to see that they are satisfied.

Our care is greater than yours, *especially* for those little ones, who have mothers on earth, as they cling to them, and would nestle in their arms were they permitted; like little Frankie who finds no greater happiness than in coming here to you.

Can you understand this Sarah? Yes, I know you can, for even now, knowing as you do, that he is happy in heaven, you would still hold him on earth in his earthly form, were it possible. He is so impatient to do *more* than any one *else*, we always (79) wish to gratify him. To-day we will meet to oblige George, at three, Dr. Franklin will be here. To-night he can not, but we shall do all that is *necessary* on *this occasion*.

His aid is so great, that we do with him in one sitting what we could *not in two* (without him.) So dear Sarah, you see that we have to be *subservient* to his *will*.

You will be not only satisfied but *surprised*. To-day make as dark as possible, do not feel *hurried*, all is well! Monday night hold *free* and remember to keep out all *intruders*.

The flowers open this morning as we walk through them in welcome to our footsteps. See how good God is to us that we may not weary of *Eternity*.

Sarah and George I will tell you soon of a place that opens dimly to my view. Four years from now it will be yours. I will see it more clearly soon, then you shall see with my eyes.

Now I go Sarah, to return to you again at the appointed time.

Olin."

The pencil wrote still further in the cramped house we had before seen. It read.

"My dear child, I heard you speak of me (80) the other day. I love you and I am proud to be remembered by you. S."

Feb. 4, 1870.

A clear, cold day and at five minutes before three, we closed the blinds, placed linen cloth on the bureau and sat down by the table. In less than five minutes we were told to open and close the window as usual. The sitting, and trying *not* to listen to the pencil upon the paper and going "by the door" and returning to seats were much as on the previous occasions, but once while the Doctor and Katie were by the door a very loud noise was heard.

I started, thinking something heavy, I could not fancy what, in the room above us, had fallen. The echoes said at once.

"Dear friends do not fear, I could not control the power.

B. F."

It seemed to be an explosion of the power they use.

The Doctor said it appeared to strike the door just above his head, and for the moment stunned him. My sister afterwards told me that she was sitting by the window upon the noisy street, there being three rooms and two closed doors between her and us, and she was startled by the loud noise and could not see the cause, said it sounded (81) like the near report of a gun.

Dear little Frankie talked with us very sweetly, and the paper was again taken as always, after which the following was written.

"My dear George and Sarah. We are all happy to have had this meeting.

Three new *spirits* have joined our circle, in order to make a noise, while we work, and attract your *attention*. This will aid us *very* much at our next meeting which must be on Monday at half past eight.

We to-day all agreed upon the time and hour, and we will each be present five minutes before the time. Let us ask you to be free from all annoyances and *intruders*.

We will then work with *great power* and do much. Feel not hurried.

¹ Tell George that he must be at *ease*.

(1) The Doctor left the room as soon as the meeting commenced.

There are now flowers in little Leila's hair to-day, and she looks lovely as well as Frankie. They will keep their vigils even when we call them *away*.

(82) We would like a little table next Monday night placed near the *folding-doors*. *Do not forget* this as it is *one* of the *important things*. Have *upon* it only the magnetized cloth, and bowl of water and knife. Have it all ready *before* half past eight. Meet us with happy *hearts*. In the meantime we shall be preparing *great blessings* for you, and come to you with words of *love* and *remembrance*.

God bless you. Our power has been used. We go to our homes but shall not lose sight of you. From the starry windows, from which we send you rays of light, we will look down upon you and bless you.

Olin."

Feb. 7, 1870—Morning.

Katie came in and the pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah I wish you to meet at eight (instead of half past) *punctually*. Let there be no mistake, have the little table ready. The picture will be given this (83) week, and although there is much feeling on the part of the little ones, we are obliged to *return* one first; then we will if you *desire* give the other. We have *succeeded well*. Let all the *forces* be *reserved*. Let *your hearts* be happy and all *will be well*. Thursday, Friday and Saturday keep free. Two days and three nights.

Olin."

Monday night was clear and at five minutes before eight we had everything ready as directed and were in our seats. At precisely eight by order we opened, and after waiting a minute, closed the window. We sat at the table one and one half hours, the Doctor and Katie having been sent by the door, four different times.

Each time, while there, the table, upon which the things were laid, was moved about, apparently to get it in proper relation to them. At half past nine, by direction, we opened and closed the window and lighted the gas. We found the little knife, we had left on the small table by the

folding doors, stuck in the top of the table before us. The pencil then wrote.

"My dear Sarah and George, to-night all has gone well and we are satisfied. We can not talk to-night as we have to take care of the paper and to-morrow (84) we will *direct*. You meet in the morning.

We have used our power on the picture. We wish you to meet Thursday at half past eight, Friday afternoon and evening, Saturday afternoon and evening. At five and eight. We can say no more now. The picture will be given Friday or Saturday. Be not too anxious. We will make you happy as we are ourselves. We must depart! God bless you.

Olin."

Feb. 8, 1870.

Tuesday morning the snow falling fast, but the pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah the darkest hour has a bright star near it, so this will be with you; before night you will feel the rays of the *sun* warm your heart. I speak of hope not of a sunny day. Hope points you onward and whispers in your heart, that *all will be well*. We feel happy but would not were the shadows on your pathway *now* of long duration. I tell you Sarah, that we look over the present into the future and see that all is bright.

No life can be *all* brightness, there are always shadows mingled in order to complete the picture and make it beautiful for the inner eye to behold. God loves those who can feel the sorrows of (85) others and partake of them. I do see a cloud which will pass away soon I hope,—Yes, I know it will.

You must not let it affect you.

The heart of that person is unjust, therefore I can say but little in her *favor*.

Now let me appoint the meetings for our work. To-day in our home above we will work in company with Dr. Franklin. Thursday night we *require* a meeting, not till then. We do not ask you for more time than we have *already named*. The time is agreed upon by the whole, and I will be with you to cheer you as often as I can.

The children are happy, they are now playing

with their Grandmother and little children in the garden where it is *always Summer*, where the flowers daily expand and open in full bloom. We hope the atmosphere will be clear on each occasion.

We can say no more owing to the atmosphere, the dampness. Keep well in body and spirit. We will help you, and now for the present I say Good-bye.

Olin."

(86) Feb. 10, 1870—Thursday morning.

Very pleasant and the pencil wrote.

"Dear friends we wish you to meet at twelve and five today. There is a change coming in the atmosphere which will *prevent* our working on the picture, and as we wish to present the picture on Saturday night, we require these two meetings today in order to give it on *that* night. I will myself present it, and also try to show you the little face before giving you the picture, which will show you how true to life the picture is. Now dear friends let nothing come between to prevent our meetings; *surely* as you do *not* the picture shall not be delayed. Have the little table, water, cloth and knife ready, half an hour before the time, and let no one enter the room after it is darkened, *not even one* of the circle, neither look upon the table after it has been arranged. Yours with the kind wishes of the circle.

B. F.

Benj. Franklin."

Again

"My dear Sarah warn George to be *prepared*, and not *hurried* today; better let some person take charge of his affairs during (87) the meeting. We magnetized Katie last night and will again this morning. Poor Katie this shall be kept still, only *ourselves* shall know it. We want her happy dear Sarah on Saturday night as we shall be so near, that we (like the *sensitive* plant) shall feel the *least shadow*.

Katie do not *write to-day* to Albany. We have seen your thoughts and wish you to wait. *All will be well* if you shun temptation. We shall work with great power to-day on the picture.

Olin."

The day was fine and we met according to appointment at both twelve and five o'clock.

There was but little in these two meetings that differed from the preceding. The Doctor and Katie were sent by the door four times at each meeting. We were all three distinctly conscious of the presence of other individuals besides ourselves, especially at the five o'clock meeting. We heard their footfalls upon the carpet and finally by the echoes we heard. "Dear friends I am here." Who? we inquired. "Prof. Kenyon." Are you here in form? we asked. "Yes."

The occasion was very impressive. Their presence was as actual and positive to our consciousness as we three to each other. (88) When they were ready to go they said. "We have used the power, now we go to our duties, call us not back.

B. F."

Directly after they consulted together and appointed meetings at half past two and at eight for to-morrow, then left us entirely.

Feb. 11—1870.

The morning is perfect and the echoes have asked, because of the fine atmosphere, that we meet at twelve.

At twelve we went into our room, having first prepared it by darkening the windows, and leaving one open and the doors locked for a half hour before the time. We entered the room with closed eyes and were at once told to close the window, then the echoes said "We have had contending circumstances but have done our best. We hope that you will be pleased." The Doctor and Katie were immediately sent by the door for a minute only, then sent back to their seats and the echoes at once said. "Dear friends *note* this day and hour. I have aided in bringing the picture. Meet to-night at eight for the little ones. Look at the picture only by gas light to-day and to-night we will finish it. I have now to stand by the death bed of one with whom I have often (89) talked and promised to open to him the Golden Gates.

B. F."

Olin expressed a preference that we should not look at the picture until after the evening meet-

ing, and asked to have it placed in the drawer. I went to the table and there lay the sheet of crayon paper, folded once, and the linen cloth lightly upon the paper, as though it had been dropped there. I did not raise the cloth, but placed them as they lay in the drawer. We three were completely overcome by the *solemnity* and *sacredness* of the moment. Words are not mine to express the strange *awe* with which we were deeply impressed. We locked the drawer, put the key in my pocket and left the room having been in it less than twenty-five minutes.

Evening came very damp but no rain. At eight, I placed the crayon paper with the cloth upon it, on the little table, turned off the gas, and before I could get my seat was told to open the window. Scarcely was the sash entirely up, when the *pencils* touched the Doctor and Katie and rattled upon the table. We now sat for a little time when the Doctor and Katie were sent by the door as usual. There was a good deal of moving of the table and the treading about of (90) feet not our own. The echoes now said that the atmosphere was unfavorable for us to see their forms. Frankie asked us several times if we could not see him?, said he stood beside us. We pulled away the curtain from the window, but we could not, with our eyes, see the precious child. As he stood by the side of his Papa and leaned against him, the Doctor said he seemed as large as a child eight years old should. He took the handkerchief from his Papa's eyes and dropped it again in the Doctor's hand. The echoes said, "We are here in form, but the atmosphere is so damp that we can not make the electric light by which you could see us." They also wished us next time, to have a lantern by which we could throw the light upon them and thus distinguish their forms. They said the children were disappointed that we could not discern them.

Now they asked for pen and ink. I got them and sat them upon the farther bureau. After a little time they asked to have them moved to the little table. I did that also.

We now sat again by the table, sang hymns, rattled newspaper, and were startled several times

by the noises and movements of the spirits and finally the echoes said.

(91) "Dear friends, Be thankful! Be trustful! Enjoy these blessings while you have them! Grasp them! Hold fast to them for there will come a time when they will not be as freely bestowed. You shall see your children.

Benj. Franklin."

They said "get light."

We then went to look at the picture and there was the purest, sweetest, most spiritual likeness of our Frankie, who had been more than five years in heaven.

We gazed upon it through fast falling tears and in speechless wonder. The head is surrounded with rays of light. The echoes said. "All children's heads are thus surrounded with a halo of light like a crown." Its beauty, its purity, its sweetness grows upon us every moment.

Next we noticed the drawing board, the half sheet they first took from us, which had been returned apparently since we came into the room and upon it the following, partly in ink and partly in crayon pencil was written.

(With ink) This Paper is not suitable for a picture, on it we cannot with

(With pencil) We cannot write with ink. This paper we cannot make a drawing upon.

(92) We have done the best we could under the conditions. Have the picture framed and photographed. A glass over it will make it look finer. You must remember that the little boy has grown here and although we cannot give his beauty on paper, we have shown you our power.

We will take one of the little girl. To work with earthly materials it is impossible to give the fine spiritual expression. We can make earthly objects so magnetized that we can make them invisible to the earthly eye.

We will produce another in *perfection soon*.

B. Franklin."

On the margin was written with the brown crayon.

"I want you to get more drawing paper for Leila. The next trial will be perfection.

Olin."

We now looked for the crayons. But two of the six taken were returned. One black and the brown.

(93) Feb. 12—10 o'clock—1870

Katie with us and the pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah and George we were not *only* happy to assemble here last night with the little ones and give you that which we knew would make you happy, but we were filled with deep sympathy for you, and sacred gratitude to the Giver of these great blessings. Few are the number permitted to receive them.

We wish you to go and get the same kind of drawing paper on Monday morning if pleasant. *Go at all events* for we shall want to get perfect control of it, and on Monday night we shall meet for that purpose at half past eight. We can not meet to-night as we will not have the power to work with. The atmosphere is very *humid* and has no electricity.

Little Leila shall be given next with her blue eyes open and looking with love upon you. We will all meet Monday and decide upon the time. Oh! Sarah how happy you and George should be. *We are* and the children are *supremely* so.

You have not Leila's eyes now to look upon, but you shall have soon, with (94) all her beautiful expression.

We will meet you here at half past eight on Monday to magnetize the paper.

Dear Sarah the picture brings with it the halo it received while with us. The little sacred face is beautiful to us, and you will love it more and more *every hour*. Do not let careless eyes look upon it, keep it for those who know and understand the *pure*, the *good*, the *great*. We can say no more now. God bless you.

Olin."

A little later the pencil wrote again.

"Dear Sarah and George we will have a family gathering here at half past two.

Tell Em. and E. Wells that they can be *present*, but our power will not admit of much physical demonstration. We will then give you each a message. Have the inside blinds closed and we shall be here at the moment. We will some clear

night admit them to our circle when they can *see, feel* and *bear*.

Olin."

Before the time arrived the echoes told me to have the picture out at our meeting.

(95) We placed the picture in good position, then the Doctor, Katie, sister Em., E. Wells and I sat down around the table. The echoes at once began, very slowly and measuredly, and the sound was entirely new to us. We wondered very much who it could be? This is what was spelled out.

"My friends, I have come to see the picture as I was, when on earth, a great believer in all these things. I think I can aid in the next.

Prof. Hare."

Again. "I think you had better place a little of your little girl's hair on paper at next meeting, as here it is very fine and spiritual, and we want to give it a little earthly look, that you may be reminded of her as she looked when on earth. Farewell.

Prof. Hare."

Then followed a consultation among the spirits signified to us by a continued succession of little echoes. As soon as that was over they said. "Katie take the pencil," and wrote.

"Dear Em. I need not tell you that you are loved and watched over by me, that you know. I need not tell you that I love to surprize you and bring you blessings for already I have assured you of this. (96) Oh! My sister.¹ I wish I could open the mysteries to you, take away the dark clouds and show you ourselves as we really are.

Nothing should seem strange to you for all we do is clothed in mystery, which is ordained by our Father above. It is the law of heaven, and marvel not when strange things are done. Frankie has been trying to give you a little token of his presence. Seeing that you were depressed, at times, he has left us and gone to you often.

The little fellow has tried to get Frank's photograph and draw upon it, but I have persuaded him not to lest he might soil it. With his own

(1) Em. had missed Frankie's picture from her album for several days. She had mentioned it and wondered very much about it. Finally the evening before the above, Frankie said that he took it out and now Olin is explaining.

things *he will do* as he *likes*, so sometime when you are not looking or expecting anything strange I do not know what he may do. Now Em. let me speak of things nearest *your heart*. You see the present, *so do we*. To you it looks dark; to me the bright reflection of the *future* makes it beautiful and bright; for there is a home for you all *peace* and you will be well suited to fill it. A home and a family to love you. (97) Frank writes as he feels, as his circumstances affect him, but soon he will step up the ladder of *success*, and then you will see him and he will make your heart *glad* by fixing upon his plans for life.

Now Em. no matter what you hear, believe this, for I have had it foreshadowed to my vision. Some night very soon I will come and place loving hands upon you. Blessings attend you. Ma is going to speak to E. Wells in a few minutes. Olin."

After a few moments the pencil wrote.

"My dear friend, My child I will say, for I tried *once* to shelter and protect you from trials, I am pleased to have you here and hope you will see bright changes.

Your health naturally throws about you a sadness which makes life seem dreary but have hope. I had many trials to endure, but Oh! how bright my life is now.

There are those who love you here and some day will speak to you. In the spring you will return to your other home. You will receive warm welcome, but leave behind you *truer* hearts than you will meet *else where*. Your love for the *marvelous* I *know*, and you shall be gratified (98) by my son Olin at a favorable time some night next week. You shall see our lights and feel our hands. Oh! My dear Emma *believe this truth!* It will comfort you in trying *hours*, yes, and at all times.

I will speak to you at a future time.

Eliza."

As soon as we had read the above the pencil began again.

"My dear Sarah your faith casteth out all fear and we love to come to you.

On Monday go for the paper, and Katie be happy, reserve your strength as much as pos-

sible, rest as often as you can, for we can do so much more when you are *fresh*.

Now dear Sarah we have said all we can. You have a little face to shine upon you to-morrow and every day. A face of *heavenly* beauty. And when you look upon it, he looks through back to you. Good bye.

Olin."

At about six o'clock, Katie, Willie and I were talking of Frankie, telling over what he used to say, and when we repeated his words about his crib, the little echoes said "Mamma where is the crib now?" It had been moved from our room a few days before. I soon took out his picture and we were looking at it and Willie was crying very hard, when the little echoes said, "Dear Willie I love you more than you can me." The Doctor had already come in and we talked on about the darling boy. I finally asked him if he (99) remembered anything of his life here? The echoes said "Yes." The gong now sounded for tea, I remarked that I did not care to go down and at the same time Katie asked for pencil and it wrote.

"Yes, Mamma go down to tea, but first let me tell you how I remember looking in your dear face early every morning, (but do not cry Papa,) I never called you did I Mamma when your eyes were shut.

Frankie."

The above we could *fully* understand, for I never wakened in the morning, as long as he was by me, without meeting the first thing, the soft, waiting look from his black eyes fixed intently upon me. He would never speak or stir until I opened my eyes, then he would exclaim "Frankie wants to come over here," and spring over the side of his crib into my bed, lay his little face by mine, place one hand under and the other over my cheeks to hold my face towards his, and then make his little sweet remarks, every one of which I shall *ever remember*. Each morning he *waited* for this pleasure until my "eyes were open."

I asked him if he remembered anything of his suffering sickness? He wrote.

"Do not ask me. I remember the pain in my head."

His last sickness was Tubercular-Meningitis.

Feb. 13—1870.

Katie came in and the pencil said.

"My dear Sarah the day is one of great *beauty* to us for we can *soar* above, *so high above earth* to *higher* (100) spheres where those whom we have often read of in *history* are. Those of whom we loved to *read* and wished that *we might have known*. History tells of them and I dear Sarah have *met them*.

I wish you could go out early to-morrow and get the paper, as we wish to get control of it and thoroughly magnetize it, before we take it, and the meeting *better* be at three, have the room darkened and little table as before. Dr. Franklin thinks that this will be the most favorable time for him to give his electrical *power*. There will be a large circle here to magnetize the paper, and the pencils we will retain.

We cannot take the paper the first time, will when it is *thoroughly* magnetized. Be of good cheer and go early to-morrow for the paper.

We feel rejoiced to be able to do another, for we know that *success* will follow our efforts. The children are happy in their Eden home, often coming to look in upon you. Now dear Sarah and George we have made the arrangements according to *directions*. You can *also* arrange for your own *house-hold duties*. We will not require more (101) than an hour, or an hour and *half*. All is well! We can say no more to-day only God bless you! Be happy! Trust in our love and promises, call upon us always in time of trouble. No more. We go.

Olin."

Feb. 14—1870.

I went out in the morning and got the sheet of crayon drawing paper and at three o'clock, the air very damp, just ready to rain, we sat down with closed eyes; having arranged the room as directed a half hour before. The little table was moved about, the paper rattled as though it were being rolled. The Doctor and Katie were sent by the door for some minutes. Then they were

sent back to their seats and I was sent to move the little table by the side of the one we were sitting at. This being done the paper rattled and table was pushed quickly and hard against the large one. Finally the echoes said place the paper *away as before* and they *would write directions*. "We were all here dear Sarah and George, but the atmosphere was very unfavorable and we *could not* retain the electrical power longer; as we always (102) have to form when producing such a manifestation. We have however control of the paper now, and will be able to take it when the atmosphere is clear after three more meetings. Dear Sarah this must not be *hurried*.

The atmosphere is too damp for us to come again to-day, meet if clear to-morrow at half past twelve. We will be able to get control and magnetize it, then we hope to name the time when we can *take it*. We cannot make you conscious of the difficulty we have in taking the paper. When we take it the night must be *clear no dampness in the air*. We are happy to have *been able to come* to-day and do *so much*. We feared at first that we could not come. Little Leila understands that this is for her and both she and Frankie are very happy.

Meet at twelve or half past to-morrow, have paper on the table twenty minutes before the time and *allow no one in the room*. All is well! Be happy! We find that there will be no use of meeting to-night as we have now *used all the power*. We want the circle to feel at *ease*, not at all *anxious*. We can work so much better (103) when all are *calm* and free from *fatigue*. God *bless you* and *give you the blessings you long for*.
Olin."

1870.

At twelve on the 15th Katie was very sick and the air was thick with dampness still the echoes would have us sit. We sat down by the table, Katie resting in my arms. They as usual sent the "Doctor and Katie by the door." He had to about carry her she was so very sick, he brought her back and put her in the chair and my arms, she *perfectly unconscious*.

I heard the paper rattle as they came back and

was sure it had got some way on the floor. They allowed me to get it. I placed the poor helpless Katie on the Doctor's arms and looked under their feet and there the paper lay with a bad break in it. I put it back upon the little table and the echoes soon allowed us to close our sitting.

The paper was so much defaced that the Doctor went out and got a fresh sheet, I however folded the tumbled sheet in the linen cloth and put it in the box with and under Frankie's picture, covered the box, and put it in the bureau drawer, (104) locked the drawer and put the key in my pocket. As soon as possible we got *poor, unconscious* Katie in bed.

The rain fell thick and fast all the afternoon and evening and Katie knew nothing until between nine and ten she aroused very sick and vomited *severely*. As soon as she stopped vomiting the echoes asked us to sit by the table, but I was not willing. I told them that Katie was too sick. They insisted and I positively refused. They then said "Her condition is very electrical you must sit." I then called the Doctor, we set out the table, wrapped Katie in blankets and sat her by it. The echoes now told me to unlock the drawer and open it a little way. I did as directed and saw the box with the cover pushed one side and Frankie's picture lying on the cover. The echoes at once told me not to look but I had seen enough to alarm me, and I asked them if they were going to take Frankie's picture? They answered "No." We turned off the light and sat down by the table. I think it could not have been one minute before the Doctor and Katie were sent by the (105) door. He as before took her in his arms and the echoes immediately said, "Open window." I threw the sash wide open, put my hand out and felt the rain still falling though not thick and heavy. I wondered and said "What can they want, the rain would spoil the paper even if they could take it in such an atmosphere?" By the time I had finished my comments the echoes said.

"We have taken the paper. Prof. Hare aided us. Get light." We lighted the gas and looked in the bureau drawer and there lay Frankie's pic-

ture *on the cover* of the box and nothing in the box. Not only was the paper gone but the linen cloth that was folded about it was gone also.

The pencil then wrote while Willie was standing by the bureau looking at Frankie's picture.

"We have taken paper and will give a perfect likeness. Our *robes sheltered* the paper. Poor Katie! have great patience with her, for when her vitality goes she is weak. Have patience! We had great *power* as Katie was near the *threshold* of *eternity*. We all gathered *here*. Willie shall know Leila. Meet Thursday at half past twelve. The circle."

I think, while we were reading the above (106) message, the echoes said "close eyes and open the window." We all, Willie included closed our eyes but did *not* turn down the gas. I opened the window and the Doctor and Katie were directed to stand by the bed.

After a few seconds the echoes said "Close window and open eyes." The first thing we saw was the linen cloth on the bed having no dampness upon it.

Feb. 16—Wednesday morning—1870.

Very clear, the pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah Oh! how happy we are to have the paper in our *possession*."

We had *all day been* gathering power and a large number of spirits were present. Dr. Franklin was here and aided in raising Katie. Our power was great and we took the *magnetized* paper which is now smooth and clean. Little Leila will sit for her picture, or stand in a *garden of roses*. Bright and beautiful is the day!

Oh! Katie try again, 'If at first you don't succeed *try try* again.' Put a glass of water under the table to-morrow and we will magnetize the water for you to drink and it will cure you if you are faithful to it.

Dear Sarah golden days are over you! Bright visions before you! Blessings falling upon you! And *all is well!*

Be happy *to-morrow!* Be free from anxiety! Be *happy* is our wish.

Olin."

(107) Feb. 17—1870.

The atmosphere clear and delightful, but Katie was suffering from sick-head-ache, so that the echoes postponed the meeting until two o'clock, at which time we darkened the room and took our seats. After sitting perhaps fifteen minutes the echoes asked to have the window opened and soon closed.

Now we sat as before, the Doctor and Katie going from the table to the door and back some three or four different times; the table by the door pushing about and coming with great force against them when they stood near it.

Presently the echoes asked for the glass of water. I had one in readiness on the bureau, which I now placed on the carpet under the edge of the further side of the table at which we were sitting. We sat still a little longer, when the order was given for Doctor and Katie to go by the door and the window to be opened, and all three stand by the window. These changes being made we remained by the window a few seconds when, by direction, we closed, and opened our eyes. The first thing we noticed was the linen cloth which I had left on the table by the folding doors, doubled and spread smoothly over a little stand that was by the window behind us, and upon it was standing the glass of water which I had put upon the carpet.

(108) The pencil then wrote this.

"My dear Sarah and George we have been successful and all is well. Our next meeting we appoint Saturday night at half past eight and we hope that Katie's vitality will not be used too *much* as we want good *conditions*. We have not much power to write now. The water is magnetized for Katie to take; one tablespoonful before going out, one now and one before going to bed. Better take some with her in a *little bottle*, it will be a *sure cure*. Meet at half past eight Saturday. We are satisfied. Be happy! Be faithful and hopeful! The circle were all here.

Olin."

Feb. 19—1870.

Saturday evening was warm and rainy. Katie was very sick, not able to sit up and I thought we

could not meet at all, but the echoes insisted upon it, so we did as directed. After about an hour we were excused, nothing out of the usual order having transpired, excepting the appointing of the next meeting being made by the echoes and no written directions given.

(109) Feb. 20th—1870.

10 o'clock was the hour for our next meeting and the air then was clear and cold. We met and did as directed for an hour, nothing novel occurring and at the close the following was written.

"Dear Sarah and George we have done as well as we could under the circumstances. We will have better success this *afternoon*. To have *success* these *directions* must be followed. Be free from fatigue! Be punctual! Be happy! Have no interruptions and *all will be well!*

Meet at four this afternoon, and if there is anything can quiet and comfort Katie's mind do it by *all means*. ¹Now the enemies are conquered let them not get the better of you again. Give no thought to the painful past, but look to the future for blessings. We only ask that our directions may be followed. We go now! Call us not back!

Olin."

An hour or two after our meeting, I found in the pocket of my dress the little knife I (110) had placed upon the table for their use. I showed it to the Doctor and asked him how it could have got there, telling him that I placed it upon the little table before we sat and had not thought of it since. Katie was not present when I mentioned it, and I neither spoke nor thought of it again.

At four o'clock, cloudy and snow flying. Our meeting was but a half hour's duration and was as always. The Doctor and Katie were sent by the door, I believe, four different times, and while we were in session the echoes said "Dear Mamma I put the knife in your pocket."

After we were excused the following was written.

"We are *succeeding well* now, and we will work while the *sun shines* and all hearts are happy. We

(1) This was to Katie

will have a fine picture and one that will in every way please both you and us. Now dear ones be happy for great blessings will fall down upon you.

Meet for further directions to-morrow at nine. God bless you! All is well! Be happy!

¹There is no use of making yourself unhappy or borrowing trouble, only do better in future. To-night return home and to-morrow you will get up bright and *well*. We will hide your faults and help you this time if you will only be faithful. We go now to work upon the picture.

The Circle."

(111) Feb. 21—1870.

Monday morning Katie came in and this was written.

"My dear friends I am *happy* to *come* this *morning* and give you the directions which are so important to *success*. We will leave you for a few *moments till we look!*

B. F."

After five or ten minutes the pencil again wrote.

"*We will all meet at twelve* this morning. *Have the little table and water.* Thursday night will be our great meeting. I do not convey that the picture will be given, but it will be a great meeting at seven o'clock, Dr. Hare.

B. Franklin."

At twelve o'clock the air was clear and cold and the meeting seemed very satisfactory.

We were greatly startled by something sounding like a roll of paper being struck with great force against the Doctor's head. We all jumped and I opened my eyes but closed them as soon. We wondered what paper it could be? Was it the picture? Is there any other paper in the room? Suddenly I recollected that the part of the sheet I had cut from Frankie's picture, was rolled in a piece of wrapping paper as when I took it to get the second for Leila's, and was left upon the bureau. I mentioned the fact and the (112) echoes said "Yes and it is mine." Papa now asked why he struck him? The answer was "You were too quiet." We three were soon engaged in conversation, and whiz went the roll of paper

across the table in front of us lodging on the carpet beyond. Now we were all three sent by the folding doors, and the little table was pushed suddenly with great force from the wall against me. Directly we were sent to open the window, and as soon as closed the following was written.

We have been *successful* dear Sarah and George. We have used *great power*. Meet Wednesday at three and have no one in the room for a half hour before. All is well! We will talk with you in the *mean time*. Now be happy and blessings will fall upon you!

Olin and the Circle."

Feb. 23, 1870.

Katie was detained and did not get here as early as appointed, but when she did come the pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah we will lose nothing. Katie has done the *best* she could and we will all gather here at ten minutes *after* six. Have room dark. We are all (113) better pleased with this hour owing to the beautiful atmosphere. All is well! Tell George to be *punctual*. Have both folding doors closed, the little table standing *by* the *doors* and covered with handkerchief. No water on the table but on the *bureau*. Now I go. We saw this early this morning and all *agreed* upon the time.

Olin."

As soon as I read the above I asked if they could not make the appointment a little earlier as we had company and the time would interfere with tea. The pencil then wrote.

"My dear Sarah meet *fifteen minutes before* six. *All will be well!* Have room dark.

Olin."

The afternoon was beautiful but the Doctor by the slowness of his clock was about twenty minutes late which troubled me so that when we finally got in the room at five or ten minutes *after* six I felt unhappy and worried. The room had been for more than a half hour ready with window open and doors locked. As soon as we entered, they wished the window closed.

(114) Very soon the Doctor and Katie were

(1) This is addressed to Katie.

sent by the folding doors. Directly after they returned to their seats the echoes said.

"Dear Mamma would you like to catch a little glimpse of me?" I answered affirmatively. The echoes then said "Look on the bed." We looked and saw a beautiful light on the middle of the bed. The echoes then told us to go by the side of the bed, but not touch the light. The light was much larger and brighter as we looked down upon it, than it seemed from our seats at the end of the room. We looked upon it several minutes, then took our seats and the echoes said. "We showed you this to quiet you." The sitting now went as before until the echoes said "Open eyes." And there on the table almost under my face was the beautiful light again. We watched it many minutes and to the Doctor it looked—I will give his own language.

"On being told to 'look' I opened my eyes and saw near the middle of the table, what appeared an oval luminous body, of about the size of the upper half of a person's head of medium size. I bent forward and partly over it at its side. The body had for the most part, distinct and defined boundaries against the darkness of (115) the room, quite smooth and regular over its upper surface; the under side at the edges was very irregular with deep indentations, especially at and towards its right end. I supposed it to be upon a newspaper knowing that one was there, but I could see absolutely nothing beyond the luminous object itself.

The color of the light was light or yellowish rather than reddish. It appeared somewhat like a mass of metal, heated so as to be luminous, but its edges or boundaries were more distinct than a heated object could present to the eye. The light gradually diminished, and then reappeared several times. Sometimes it diminished so much as to render it invisible, but in diminishing the size of the object appeared unchanged. Sometimes however the body was not luminous throughout, but then I had a distinct impression, and it appears to me to be gained from sight, of the continuous uniform size of the object, which was throughout the time of seeing it quite immovable.

After its degree of luminosity had several times undergone these changes, it ceased altogether, though I was not conscious that the object had moved away." "To my vision this (116) showing of light seemed more like the opening of a flower as it became very luminous, and the closing of it as it darkened again. At times it would almost flash up and scintillate."

I am *quite certain* that I saw the electrical spark although the Doctor did not. This light was the same that Katie and I saw upon the middle of the bed; but the Doctor standing by us could not see it at all, but saw a smaller blue light upon the *foot* of bedstead. He has but just told me this fact, and says that I kept saying "how large and beautiful it is;" he asking "Where?" and I repeatedly saying, "On the middle of the bed;" but to his eyes it was total darkness *there*.

We finally could see it no more and the echoes said "It was Leila." Then they said "Come little girl we want you." Our sitting continued perhaps fifteen minutes longer when they appointed half past twelve for our next meeting, had us open the window and went away. The linen cloth which I had spread upon the table by the door, was folded very small and lay on the table before me.

Feb. 24—1870

Very clear and bright. We prepared the room at twelve and left the window open. As soon as we entered it, at half past, they wished the window closed. The Doctor now felt something press his foot strongly and soon the echoes said. "It is so big I cannot (117) take it in my little hand." The Doctor was moved about upon the carpet while sitting in his chair, but soon they were still except the pencils upon the paper at the further end of the room.

They frequently made exclamations of joy and rolled the table about the room several times. Finally the echoes said. "Dear friends we are going to use all our electrical power on the picture at this meeting we have such good conditions. We require patience from you. Meet for directions at half past three to-morrow. Dr. Hare, B. Frank-

lin and the Circle." Now they seemed to work steadily, sending the Doctor and Katie to the door from time to time. In the midst of all this we heard a match strike close by us and saw the flash of light through our eyelids. Katie screamed, opened her eyes and was greatly alarmed lest she should be set on fire. The echoes now said. "You did very wrong to open your eyes." In a minute or so, one, two and three matches were struck, we seeing through our closed eyelids the burning of each match.

Directly they asked to have the window opened, said "Farewell," and went away.

We opened our eyes, and the round stand which we left by the window, stood close to our table, on it lay a large blank (118) book which I had on the table before me. This book covered the top of the stand and on the book stood a heavy china candle stick with candle, which we left on the further end of the mantle shelf. The burnt matches lay about the carpet.

Feb. 25, 3 o'clock—1870.

A clear cold day. We arranged the room and seated ourselves as usual. Everything seemed to work satisfactorily. The Doctor and Katie were sent from time to time by the door and the Prof. walked about with his firm, heavy tread.

The Doctor was twice sent by the door alone, Katie remaining by me, the echoes saying they wished to show him that he aided them.

As he returned the second time, the linen cloth I had spread over the table by the folding doors, was thrown over my head so as to entirely cover both my head and face. At another time while the Doctor and Katie were by the door, I left my seat and stood by the register. The Doctor or Katie did not know that I had stirred for I made no noise in my slippers. The echoes said "Sarah go back." At four o'clock we three stood by and opened the window. (119) After closing it I attempted to put away the linen cloth, but the echoes prevented me. The Doctor attempted to leave the room and they detained him also and told us to "examine the cloth." We found written upon it with pencil. "Dear friends meet at twelve." The pencil then wrote.

"My dear George and Sarah. We have all been here! Oh how happy we are! How happy for we have *succeeded*! Happiness is in our home, the flowers look gay and bright with joy, and the birds welcome us.

The spirits of your departed loved ones will dress in robes of white and flowers. Monday night at half past eight.

To-morrow meet at twelve, Monday our *great meeting*. All is well! Rejoice and be glad! Call us not back."

Olin."

After reading the above I told Olin that we had another engagement for Monday evening and asked if they could not appoint Tuesday evening? The answer was.

"I will answer you in one hour. Farewell."

(120) At the expiration of an hour he came and said, "We will meet Tuesday evening."

A few hours later I remarked that Olin had written but little latterly and I wished so much for something more: Soon Katie asked for pencil and this appeared.

"My dear Sarah and George. We speak to you in language better than words, for we speak through *deeds* such as few can *receive*. We are happy to be able to give you these *rare* blessings. All now is as we wish. The conditions are favorable and the atmosphere also. There must be no disappointment on Tuesday night as that is one of the most *important* nights. No clouds surround our work. God's sun shines upon us with benign light and new flowers daily open for us. We will drop some upon you.

Tuesday meet at half past eight, to-morrow at twelve. God bless you and keep your faith *holy* that we may work under that influence. Ever remember to (121) thank God, not us.

Olin."

Feb. 26—1870.

The air clear and electrical. I prepared the room at half past eleven and at twelve with closed eyes we entered, closed the window and sat by the large table. Our sitting went on for an hour much as usual, the Doctor and Katie going several times by the door, and once he alone, the treading about

of the Prof., the rolling around of the small table, the swaying of the hand glass which hung by the side of the mirror on the top of the bureau, a sound like the chirping of birds, the continued and prolonged rustling of substances or materials we could not define, etc. Finally a match was drawn across the carpet and lighted and held before our eyes and so close to our faces that we felt the heat. When that was well burned, another was lighted and used in the same manner. A candlestick with candle in it was standing on the shelf, but was brought where we were and lighted from the match, was passed backwards and forwards before our eyes and was extinguished (122) in putting in the Doctor's hand which was under the edge of the table. Another match was struck, the candle again lighted and after more passing and holding it before our eyes many times the candle-stick was set in the Doctor's hand on the table. The echoes said. "We have used great power on the picture. Meet Monday at three o'clock. Remember Tuesday evening! Rest happy, we are! All is well."

Soon we were sent to open the window and close it, after which we looked at the burning candle which still stood upon the table, picked up four burned matches, or ends of matches from the carpet, found the cover upon the match box; a clean towel which we left, folded, upon the bed, was spread entirely open, over the little stand that stood by the window, and the linen cloth which I spread over the table by the folding doors, was nicely folded and lay upon the towel on the stand. I left the room immediately to look after a matter which demanded my attention, but Katie soon found me and said, "They want you. I (123) attempted to extinguish the candle, but they said 'Call Sarah'" As soon as I came they said. "Dear Sarah put out the light made by unseen hands and we bless you. You be the first to extinguish the light made by the angels of Heaven.

Olin."

At ten minutes before ten Katie came quite unexpectedly to me, I was just on the point of retiring. We sat by the fire a few moments and the echoes said, "Meet to-morrow at twelve." I in-

quired if they had made the arrangement since she came? The answer was "No before." Upon inquiry of her it appeared that by some unseen influence she had been brought back.

Feb. 27—1870.

Cloudy with a little rain. At half past eleven the room was ready and at twelve we were in our places having closed the window. We had been but a few moments seated when the echoes said, "The conditions are good but the atmosphere is unfavorable, still we can do that which will aid us greatly." The Doctor and Katie went three or four times by the door and we heard the Prof. walking around. We sang the greater part of the time, they keeping time with (124) us, both with the echoes and with their feet.

Suddenly they sent the Doctor and Katie by the door in great haste and wished the window opened. We did it quickly and found the linen cloth upon the carpet under the window when we opened our eyes. They said their haste was because of the atmosphere, having detained us only forty-five minutes, while the day before our meeting was an hour and half long.

They now asked us to read and upon a piece of paper which lay upon the table before us was written, "Meet at three to-morrow. We have all been here. Your tears dear Sarah we have seen.

Olin."

After reading, the Doctor and Katie both wanted to know what the last sentence meant? Neither of them knew that I had been shedding tears, which had run down my cheeks, and dropped on the table before me, but that unseen brother saw it and knew how tender the spot was, touched by some of the music we were singing. The Doctor found the pencil which I had laid upon our table, and with which Olin had written, in his pocket.

At about four o'clock Katie sat down by me and asked for the pencil. She at the same time was talking about (125) going down to Wall St. in the morning to attend to some business that troubled her.

"My dear Sarah we have been with the children to-day and are yet. We worked with great power

this morning and feel that all is *going well*. The conditions are *splendid* and in that we can *ask no more*. We wish you all to *keep happy* and soon *you will* rejoice in the reward which *will follow*. Yes; Katie better go and have her mind *free*. Oh! Sarah how happy you will be!

Olin."

Feb. 28—1870

Thick clouds hung heavily over the earth and fine snow was falling at three o'clock, still we took our seats and waited the moving of the spirits. Soon the echoes spelled. "We fear to bring the picture in this atmosphere. We will hold a consultation."

While they were in counsel Frankie said, "Dear Mamma I have found something of yours." I asked, "What is it Frankie?" He replied. "I will not tell you now."

We were then quiet for a few moments while the echoes were still making the peculiar sounds significant of consultation, when Frankie again spoke. "Oh! Mamma (126) I have such fun. You will laugh."

Now the echoes asked us to be quiet, so we sat in silence some minutes after which they said; "We fear to expose our work to the elements; open eyes. Get paper and pencil." As soon as we looked we saw my curls pinned to the shawl that darkened one of the windows.

When we sat down the curls were in a box, with the cover on, upon the bureau but now the cover was on the bureau and the box on the stand by the windows. The pencil then wrote.

"My dear friends never feel in haste to receive promised gifts, wait the time of those who know better. Now to-day were we to bring the picture, in its magnetized state through the dampness part of its beauty would be lost. Meet at half past eight to-morrow and all will be *glorious*, if we have a favorable atmosphere. I wish you joy and happiness.

B. F."

The pencil continued to write but in a different hand, it was the following.

(127) 1st My dear Sarah to-night I will with

(1) The Dr. and I were going and went with Willie that evening to a fancy dress ball. It was beautiful and we all enjoyed it, especially Willie. Did Frankie and Leila too?

Frankie and Leila glide in and look upon you. The children will be pleased to see Willie and partake of his pleasure. Oh! How little you can realize how near we are to you and how we love to see you happy. Sarah think of me, I will answer your thoughts by giving you *peace*.

All is well! Never have the conditions (yours, George's and Katie's I mean) been better. We will all come to-morrow night with power, and now may God bless you.

Olin."

Again the pencil wrote.

"Have no meetings to-morrow with any one. Call not upon us. Meet at half past eight.

Dr. Hare."

At five o'clock the pencil wrote again.

"My dear Sarah, I have come to give directions. To-morrow night at *eight* have the *room* darkened, and go in with closed eyes. Let your hearts be happy and trustful. Meet with your minds free from imaginings and we will succeed. (128) I would like you to get a few immortelles with evergreen if *possible*. We will all be here and hope to find the room nice and *pure*. God bless you.

Olin."

March 1st—1870.

At about two o'clock I received a letter telling me that some relatives whom I was expecting on the following day would be here on this evening instead and I knew that their coming must necessarily interfere with our half past eight meeting. I came up from dinner and we talked it over, but could not see how it could be well arranged. At five o'clock the pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah under all the circumstances I think you had better meet at seven. Since three o'clock I have been trying to make arrangements for an *earlier* meeting. Meet at seven.

Olin."

Tuesday evening was clear and pleasant. I had the room prepared as they desired and laid the immortelles and evergreens, with a pair of scissors upon the crib near the folding doors. At seven we were in our seats. The entire circle of spirits at once announced their presence by saying. "We are all here. We could not bring the picture

yesterday on account of the atmosphere, therefore we shall give our (129) attention to it this evening, and will not show our faces.

Benj. Franklin."

We now sat for a half hour or more, the Doctor and Katie being sent to the table and to the crib (where the immortelles and evergreens lay) several times, until the echoes said, "Sarah get a spool of white thread." I got a spool but could not tell from the touch whether it were white or not. Frankie said "Look and see for they are all busy." I went into an adjoining room and made sure of the *white* cotton, then put the spool upon the little table. The Doctor and Katie were sent again and again by the door and we could distinctly hear the rustling of the evergreens for many minutes, perhaps fifteen. We sang and talked and the Prof. walked about us until Frankie said "Papa hold down your hand." And in it Frankie placed a sprig of evergreen and said "Always keep it."

Almost directly he said "Mamma's is the prettiest," and asked me to put my hand down and placed in it a sort of a cross made of the immortelles and evergreens and tied with the white cotton. It is very sweet and precious. The long stems had been cut from the flowers and more than three dozen were arranged in this little gift. He said (130) "It contains blessings for you Mamma."

Soon we were told to stand by the open window after which they wrote.

"We wish to meet again Thursday at half past twelve. All is well! We have used all our power and can say no more now.

Olin."

March 2nd—1870.

I went out in the morning and while I was gone the pencil wrote to the Doctor.

"Dear Papa. My brother Willie was the prettiest boy on the floor the other night.

Mamma was the prettiest woman and you the prettiest man. I am helping Leila. Oh! how I love her.

Frankie."

Before the afternoon was over Katie said to me

that she and the Doctor both felt that the "spirit circle" did not succeed in doing what they wished at the meeting on the previous evening. In a little time the pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah meet us at half past twelve to-morrow. We *did* succeed last night, and all is well! We will talk further this evening before any *interruptions*.¹ Be happy! We are with you and blessings shall follow you.

Olin."

(131) 9 o'clock evening

"My dear Sarah we are always anxious to please and add to the happiness of others. You must find out the movements of Uncle and we will try to fall in with them. When we present the picture we shall require some changes in this room. We want you to feel *secure*, *knowing* that we are never idle, *always* busy, happy to see your hearts *free* from doubts. We can work so much better at such times. *Mistrust* with its *deadening* power will *ever* bar out all holy influences and put us far from the presence of such *persons*. *Keep your own counsel! All is well!* Oh! How happy we are! Meet at nine or half past in the morning for *directions*.

Make Uncle happy for he will not be able to come here much more. The children are very joyous. Leila's eyes are *sky blue*. They will look *in yours* and *you* will look *in hers*, and you shall have an impress of them so long as *you live* on earth. Now good night.

Olin."

In the morning he repeated his wish for the (132) meeting in the following words.

"My dear Sarah meet at half past twelve, you will be less likely to be *disturbed* than at any other hour, and the circle have appointed that time to be present. *All is well!*

Olin."

March 3rd—1870.

The air cold and electrical. At half past twelve we met as directed, and were in session one hour. No new or unexpected thing occurred during the time. We sang hymns in the intervals of the Doctor and Katie's going "by the door," and re-

(1) We were expecting callers during the evening.

turning "to seats" again, heard the Prof. as usual, and finally stood by the open window.

When we opened our eyes, we found the linen cloth upon the carpet under the window, and the little knife, which we had left upon the table by the folding doors, we found stuck through a sheet of paper and into the table at which we were sitting. The pencil then wrote.

"My dear Sarah and George, all is going well with us and we are *satisfied*. Meet Saturday at three. We will in the mean time give directions. *Keep your own counsel!* We will try to fall in with your arrangements. Important directions we will give you on Saturday. God bless you, be with you and soon may He enable us to raise the curtain that you may see your little Angels, so happy, and so bright.

Olin."

(133) March 4th—1870. Nine o'clock morning.

"We were with you very early this morning in order to come and give you a few important directions. There is a change in the atmosphere and we think that if it is clear you had better meet at half past twelve to-day. We are so fearful that it may storm as now the elements are disturbed. You can make arrangements can you not?

Olin."

I told him I could arrange but the clouds were now gathering. He then said.

"I am at a loss now, but will go and let you know in half an hour."

At the expiration of the half hour he came and wrote.

"My dear Sarah we have all talked together and concluded that to-morrow may be a more favorable time. We will perhaps have a clearer atmosphere then, and all cannot be present to-day, therefore it will be better to fulfill the first appointment. We also see that the chain of events will work better to-morrow, and you must all be here at the moment so that we are not kept waiting. Oh! My sister, you who live on earth feel the changes of heat and cold, feel the pains and cares of life. (134) Clouds cross your pathway and you see not the sun, while we are walking in the flowers and fields of immortality, only pained

when grief *overcomes* the happier feelings of your hearts. Be happy. All is well! What would life be to you now were you without our words of promise, our guidance and care? Life is not life without the immortal.

I leave with you the blessings of the circle.

Olin."

March 5—1870.

Fine snow in the air until three o'clock when it ceased, but the sun could not be seen. At just the time they desired, we were in our seats and the Prof. was as soon walking about us.

The meeting was of the usual order, lasting nearly an hour and closed by our standing by the open window. We looked for the linen cloth after they were gone, and found it folded and hung over the cord which encircled the waist of the dressing gown the Doctor had on. The cord hung loosely about the Doctor so that the cloth could easily be slipped in without attracting his attention. They requested us to meet Sunday ten minutes before eleven for directions.

(135)

March 6—1870.

Sunday morning 10 minutes before 11.

"My Dear Friends. We have all been consulting together in order to know what is best, and how we better proceed to *perfect our work*. The atmosphere has been against us of late but we hope now to be able to accomplish *our work* soon.

You will understand when we present the picture why we have *taken time* and why we have been longer at work.

You will *be rejoiced*, so be patient!

Meet us Tuesday night at *ten*. Then all must be quiet, no interruptions, no opening of *doors*. We *must* have that meeting and *no failure*. Our materials require to be replenished and we have much to do. Be punctual! Have the little table, the cloth on the table, a knife and flowers, *only a few*, and do not during the meeting ask questions.

Be patient, all shall be made *clear* as the pure waters, as clear as an *icicle*—all in *good time*. No more directions until after Tuesday. Now you know your work.

B. F."

(136) "Dear Sarah and George. We feel happy.

We feel calm. Our souls rejoice in the promises of God, and while we sit in our Ivy-homes with roses under our feet we look upon you and send you *blessings*. We have been constantly with you. Our lives are not to *retire* with folded hands. No, we work! Our lives are full of *usefulness*, ever doing something to make others happy, and here also, not in our own immediate presence but where our eyes can see, are many spirits weak, unhappy, dissatisfied and wandering without hope, who need our hands to lead them, our voices to cheer them, our words to teach them. You see how we are engaged. When Abraham Lincoln first came here he required the aid of happier spirits, as much if not more than any one, to raise him and show him the way. His work was not finished which was his continual *regret*. Then Washington came forth and showed him his *own past and present*, a mirror of heaven, and with (137) holy thoughts, he opened to that *good man* the *avenues* of peace and *resignation*.

We must all help each other, and now let me say dear sister that I am happy, for I know that some day you will find all that I now tell you to be *true*. Oh! be not depressed! You are becoming daily more spiritual in your knowledge of heaven, that home where your loved ones dwell; and often your spiritual form walks here with us, while you sleep and dream.

They call! We must depart leaving blessings with you.

Olin."

March 8th—1870.

Tuesday evening ten o'clock was very pleasant and before the appointed hour we were ready, and they also at fifteen minutes before ten announced their arrival and requested us to go then to the room. Our sitting was not distinguished by any especial act. They spoke several times to us that everything was well, and as the Doctor and Katie came from the folding doors at (138) one time we heard the pen-knife fall upon the carpet and in a little time after, Frankie said "Mamma hold down your little hand." I laid my arm upon my lap and my hand a little beyond it. Soon I felt the apparent leaning of a child against my

knees, and then something upon the out-side of my hand; it did not feel like the knife, it did not feel like the human hand, but very soon I *did* feel the knife and it was put through between the fingers into my hand. They went away in the usual manner and expressed great satisfaction with the meeting, requesting us to meet at half past nine in the morning for directions. While we were standing by the open window Frankie pulled my dress so strongly at the bottom as to draw me slightly over several times. Then they were gone, gone to their *spirit home*.

(139) March 9—9½ A. M.—1870.

"My dear Sarah. We are here to give directions, happy to have had success last night and now we wish to say that all *goes well*. There are blessings falling upon us from the world above and we let them rest upon you with *peace* and *joy*. Now we wish to appoint our next meeting to-morrow at three if you can all be present. The picture shall be given soon. Oh! how beautiful is the home from which we come! No dark shadows to fall upon our *golden walks*! No *withering flowers*! No *dark hours*! And when we fold you to our arms in the world immortal you too shall enjoy all that we do in company with us.

Do not fail to keep our appointments but let there be no *interruptions*, for *any disturbance* will cast *shadows* upon *our work* and *wishes*.

God bless you! Make your arrangements (140) at once that we may make *ours*. Be happy my dear Sarah!

Yours to all Eternity.

Olin."

After reading the above I consulted with my family and decided that we could arrange for the time mentioned and told Olin so. Then he immediately wrote.

"My dear Sarah. I will *acquaint now* the circle and we will all meet at three *to-morrow*. The way will be *clear* and all will be well.

We will come and let you hear from us before the hour of meeting.

Olin."

At about noon the Doctor expressed a strong preference for the meeting to be a half hour earlier

and at about two o'clock the echoes changed the appointment to half past two on the morrow, but at four o'clock this same afternoon the following was written which shows that they *could not* change, even though they wished.

(141) "My dear Sarah we think you had better meet at the *old* hour, the first named time, *three* to-morrow. We can not so often change our plans, and still we want George *gratified*. We may be able to meet a little before, but we can not all gather before three. Keep your own counsel. Katie better come home to-night if possible. All is well! Be happy! I will say much after the picture is finished.

Olin."

March 10—3 P. M.—1870.

Pretty clear and good air. We met according to the wishes of those dear ones who are doing so much for us, are so very near us and "still unseen." We never enter that room however, after having prepared it for our meeting, without *feeling* that they *are there*, without having a *distinct consciousness* of *their* personal presence. At some times this sense is stronger than at others, but we *always* possess it. (142) Today the power seemed good and they impressed us as being busy about their work. They signified that it was approaching completion. The order of exercises was much as usual, though no two meetings have ever been alike in all the details. To-day the Doctor was warmly clapped upon the shoulder, making him cry out and Katie and me jump, the little table was rolled about a good deal, the knife was dropped upon the carpet, the immortelles and evergreens, that lay loosely upon the bureau, were *beautifully* arranged, besides noises that I do not know how to describe. The meeting was closed as always and the next appointed for ten Saturday night. The linen cloth was left upon the carpet by the open window and no writing was given us at all.

March 11—1870.

Friday morning Katie sat down by my desk and the pencil wrote. (143) "My dear Sarah. We have been speaking to you in your heart this morning, and impressing you with our presence.

This day to *us* is beautiful for it revives your hearts and lets the sunlight through.

I am happy to come to you and tell you of our success. We will all meet at twenty minutes before ten, that all may be *well* and no interruptions.

You have favorable conditions now in every *sense* as far as earthly elements go, but often the atmosphere prevents our working as fast as we would were the elements clear. Have patience and trust in our promises, our love and protection. Sarah you are receiving blessings *now*, which will be stepping stones to the world above, golden steps upon which your beloved ones *will stand to receive you*. Your children will be the first to put out their little hands. An hour with us is *never lost, better* than gold to the poor hungry (144) child; therefore dear Sarah think of this, and know that God's hand is in all. Meet to-morrow at the time named. You will see then how we have *progressed*. To-day we shall be busy, gathering flowers of immortality for the paths of the living on earth. God bless you all!

Olin."

The pencil went on writing to sister Em. about personal matters and closed with these words.

"I will say more soon but now we go, for the harps sound and the children call for our aid.

Olin."

I read sister's communication and sat in far off thought about them all. Not only about my children and brother, but my Ma, and many others and particularly of dear Aunt Sarah. The pencil then wrote.

"Dear Sarah all your loved ones will come in good time. Your desires call (145) me back, but I must go. Your wishes shall be answered fully, believe me.

Frankie is flying all over, in the Park, here, in my arms, and everywhere.

Olin."

The Doctor was at this *very hour and moment* riding in the Park.

March 12—Saturday 10 A. M.—1870.

"My dear Sarah, we are all here and to-night we will have a successful meeting *providing* it does not *storm*, but at all events *meet* even though

it should rain. We will require a little sharper knife than the last and a *bowl* of water. Little Frankie is here hand in hand with Leila. He sends his love and many kisses to you his "Angel Mama," to use his expression.

He will be here to-night and *talk* with you. He says that you must understand his little echoes as his voice which speaks love and hope. Oh! Sarah how happy we are to be able to come to-night as we (146) appointed. The clouds have disappeared and all is bright on Katie's *pathway*. We will protect her and make her strong to-day, and to-night we shall be able to accomplish *all we wish*. One spirit will stand by Katie all day and we can say that there will be no *failure*.

Oh! How bright are all things here above, how true, how pure, how good. No threatening clouds, no coming storms to cross our sunny paths. Our loving Father forgives His *erring* children and folds them to His *soul*. Oh! Believe and trust in us.

Do not use the power to-day for writing or echoes. All is well! Be happy!

Olin."

Saturday evening brought with it the storm they feared and although we sat by the table as desired, they could do nothing and after a few moments the echoes said, "Dear children we must defer the meeting until Monday at ten P. M. B. F." We lighted the gas and (147) the pencil wrote.

"Dear Sarah and George, we found as the sun went down that we would not be able to bring the picture. We cannot say that our disappointment is caused by any act of yours; however we will be able to come on Monday at ten, when your condition dear sister will be better. To-night we will give you rest, and in the morning you will awake refreshed, for fatigue causes the sickness in your head.

The children are here but not in form. They looked in upon your faces and saw the flowers, which have souls, for their perfumes *live here* in their correspondences: therefore never think that they are lost though their loveliness fades.

Oh! Dear Sarah and George what a patient little

angel Leila is! Frankie is all life, all excitement, always playful; while Leila is often quiet and ever submissive to all our wishes, a little less playful than most children here, (148) *very* mature, not always laughing unless something unusual attracts her *attention*.

Such a child is she, and so she would have been had she lived on earth with you. Dear Sarah feel not sad about them. They are so sweet to us. We watch over *dear Willie* and give him strength. To-morrow morning meet *early* as *eleven*. We will all be here.

Now go to rest, our hands shall smooth your pillow and soothe your head. No evil shall come to you. All is well! God bless you!

Olin."

March 13—11 A. M.—1870. Snow storm.

"My dear Sarah, we hoped to have been able to have worked on the picture this morning, but we cannot overcome the atmosphere to-day. To-night the storm will abate and by to-morrow night we think that it will be perfectly clear, *then* we will work with great power. We must ask that there be *no* meeting to-morrow (149) during the day. Follow the first directions and all will be well. Meet at ten.

We have great difficulty always in coming through damp *atmosphere*. We live so in the elements that we are governed much by our surroundings. We can come so much more easily when the weather is *dry*. We cannot make you understand this, *because* you must have experience to comprehend and feel as we do. You are daily learning from the great masters and soon you will see through knowledge *our* conditions; for there are spirits here who intend to come and give you a full explanation and descriptions.

Be happy Sarah and George! The little ones, our flowers of purity and happiness, feel deep love for you and will never cease to watch over your future. They are here, and will come to you to-morrow night in form. They are so happy in this promise and anticipation. (150) You must all try to feel happy so as not to repel their loving hearts, their souls of purity. Leila will do something which will surprise and cheer your hearts for a

long, *long* time. They both send their love, kisses and blessings.

¹When we come to you to give an explanation and description of many things have *no interruptions*. They disturb and disquiet us.

George you are doing right and will be successful in your labors, in your business also. We will help you and there can be no failure when we are *all* in your favor. We will meet to-day in our homes above and talk and *advise* with *each other*. We shall to-day make visits, call upon *old friends* and talk of those we *love on earth*. Your memory shall be echoed here in our circle, and although there will be many who will not know you, they will be pleased to hear from those I love. Often I am asked (151) whose little children are these? And I always answer. "They are the children of my dear sister on earth, who still has one little boy left in earthly paths to bloom a bright flower in her affections."

Sarah call us not back now. We can say no more! All is well! God bless you all!

Olin."

March 14—Monday 10 P. M.—1870.

A beautiful clear, sparkling evening. At a little before ten we were in our seats with everything arranged in the room as they desired. At once they said "We are all here." Again. "Little Leila is here in form, but if we use our power in making her visible to your eyes, we can not work with success upon the picture."

Now the Doctor and Katie were sent by the door, and directly after they asked us to sing. Neither of us seemed to feel in the mood and I remarked, "I can't." The echoes answered. "Dear Mamma on the tablet of memory there is no such word as can't. Frankie." We listened in surprise, for it did not sound like the child. He then added (152) "Do you not think you have a smart boy here?" We still felt amazed and I exclaimed Why Frankie! He then said. "Do not tell who helped me Uncle Olin." The whole flashed upon me, somebody had been helping Frankie to say something smart, and I now recognized Prof. Kenyon's style of speech in the first sentence. I said. "Oh!

Frankie I see. Professor has been helping you!" "Yes! Yes!! Yes!!!" by the echoes and all seemed full of glee at Frankie's playfulness. We finally sang some of the old tunes and hymns for perhaps fifteen minutes when the little echoes said. "Dear Mamma do not speak."

I could not imagine what she meant but instantly felt the touch of something cool against my forehead. I jumped and, of course, spoke. Little Leila then said (for it was she) "I have dropped it, do not step on it." We now did not know what to do, not knowing where the flower had gone, and we asked if I might feel upon the floor for it? They did not answer, but directly I felt it against the back of my hand which I had to my eyes. I then laid my hand upon the table (153) and a beautiful opening rose bud was placed in it and she said by the little echoes, "Keep my first gift." She had selected it from a vase of fresh flowers that stood upon the bureau. Olin said "Her little hands have held this gift."

Frankie then spoke with real boy's spirit. "I can do more than Leila!" and immediately put the vase with the remaining flowers into the Doctor's hand, which seemed to gratify him greatly.

I very much desired to feel my angel baby in my arms again as I had at a previous meeting, but I could not. Whether my anxiety or Frankie's quickness in using the power prevented I can not tell, probably it was my *intense feeling*.

The Doctor and Katie were again sent by the folding doors, and this time as before the little table began to roll about and push around as they advanced towards it. They were detained there but a moment. We sang and chatted until eleven when they said. "We have worked with great power, call us not back, but meet at half past eight Thursday evening and on Wednesday at twelve for directions. All three stand (154) by the window and open it." After closing window and getting light, we found the linen cloth upon the round stand and the little knife stuck into the table at which we were sitting, both of these articles having been left, as always on the table by the folding doors.

At this time I received an invitation to visit

(1) I had already been called upon several times since he had commenced writing.

Washington with a party of friends. I felt very undecided about the matter when the pencil wrote on the morning of

March 15th—1870.

"You dear Sarah and George call this morning beautiful, so do we, but all our mornings and evenings in our world are *beautiful*. When earth is clouded and the rain comes down, we can not so well approach you, therefore we often find our way *blocked* up. The days are often dark, cold and damp which affects the finer nature and the spirit would gladly fly to brighter fields, but God ordained this from the *beginning* that you may appreciate the holier part of life and (155) not become too wedded to this world, *transient* in its joys, fleeting in its loveliness. I am happy to come and tell you that success follows our pencils. We can not be hurried! Who ever heard of a person hurrying spirits? How little we and our conditions are understood! Perhaps the world will grow wiser some day! We hope so.

Oh! How happy the children are! Leila had so much power which she manifested in giving you the bud, emblematical of her own *little* self.

They are away with their Grandma, telling her wonderful little events, roaming through beautiful paths of buds and blossoms.

Sarah and George these things are not to *end here*. Greater things will be given.

We are coming to you life-like and natural. Sarah you will give us an *opportunity*, knowing as you do how much happiness it gives us. We are *so very* happy when we can come.

Meet at twelve to-morrow.

Dear Sarah if you wish to go away for a little rest, we will *all give* our consent. (156) God bless you! What are your wishes dear Sarah? Tell us now! The opportunity will not often be offered and I advise you to go. This afternoon I will come and *advise* with you, we cannot now. We can say no more at present but I will come with the circle at four.

Olin."

March 15—4 P. M.—1870.

"My dear Sarah we have seen your resolution, and give our *full consent* to your going. We will

go with you, and be with you, and help you to enjoy yourself. In the mean time we will not put *aside* our preparations for *greater things*. You will return with new life and electricity and we shall be better able to work through you.

We will often speak to George in your absence and direct him when to meet.

Now dear Sister be happy, and I will when you return give you that which will make you *happy for years*, yes, till we *meet here face to face*. Now be happy Sarah, let me make the *flowers bloom fresh* in your *soul* and give you new hope. Let me point you to the brightest stars in *heaven* and *know* that (157) they are not more brilliant than the unseen light which we shed about you.

God bless you! We shall guide you safely to your *destination* and *welcome you back*.

Olin."

On the following day I went to Washington and returned on the night of the 27th.

During my absence the Doctor and Katie met several times to enable the spirits to keep control of the *material* things they held.

An account of these meetings is given here in the Doctor's own hand.

(1) March 18.

"My dear friend.

I am happy to come through the gilded paths of happiness to you and give you a few directions. I have been with your family in the skies above, who compose a very happy circle. You must remember that we will have to meet once for preparations before your wife returns. We wish to give the picture a beautiful finish, and we can if our directions are followed. I wish also to give you an explanation of our work. Meet to-morrow at three, here, for preparation, and I will appoint another meeting. All is well. God bless you. Katy can go to-night to the theater. It will only benefit her condition, and to-morrow at three we will meet, as we have some important advice to give, also preparations.

No clouds are on the future; be of good cheer, keep up your hope, let your faith be perfect, and we will stand by you to all eternity.

I think I can magnetize some water for your

patient whose case is almost hopeless, but I think this will help her. There are blessings daily bestowed upon you by your children and other spirits. No more now. B. F."

(2) Sunday P. M. March 30

"My dear George,

Sarah wishes me to tell you that she is well and happy. The cloud that was over her the morning she left home, has vanished. Meet us to-morrow at half past two for preparation. I think dear George, you had better take Katie with you this afternoon and get her strong for to-morrow.

Olin."

Monday 2½ P. M. March 31.

"My dear George, I am here to keep my appointment, and also to advise you. We will give the picture soon after Sarah's return. We have only to ask that our appointments may be kept, and not broken. I think you will understand why I wish them held *sacred* as every time an *appointment is broken*, we fail in accomplishing our work, and also lose power.

You had better meet in a darkened room to-morrow at half past three, and when Sarah returns I will appoint an evening meeting. Get the lamp in order, so as to enable us to show the children. All is *well*, I will be here at three and hope to find the room ready. Sarah is feeling a little depressed, but will be benefited by (3) the change. I shall return to her again to-day.

You dear George, feel the importance of fulfilling the appointments, but you have not Sarah's determined spirit, therefore we can do better when she is here and now let me once more put out my hands in help and hope for those who need us. The water will be magnetized to-morrow, as we require a dark room. Let nothing prevent you from meeting. All is well. I see that you are a little depressed, let your heart be happy. Sarah longs to see you and dear Willie. All is well. You better have the room clear to-morrow, and we will follow out our preparations. Little Leila remains close to her Mama, Frankie follows you, I am going to send you a new blessing very soon. No more now, only be faithful for we are easily disturbed and grieved, have no doubts; suspend your judg-

ment and all will be made clear. God bless you. Olin."

½ past six, P. M. March 31.

"My Son; I am happy to come and get control of the writing. I often come through your Mother, I have been here with you during the meetings for Leila's picture, and will continue to meet until it is finished. I am with the (4) dear little ones. Oh how they love me and how I love them. I am not versed in the knowledge of electricity enough to give you an explanation of the picture. Dr. Franklin *will himself explain most* perfectly to you and so that you will fully understand, wait patiently my son, and the reward will come. Your Mother is well. Feel not disheartened, all is well.

Your Father."

March 22 ½ past 2 P. M.

Met in accordance with appointment, the room darkened, and a bowl of water on the table we sat by. As soon as the window was closed the rustling sound of paper and apparently of pencils also, was very clearly heard, both against the legs and other parts of the table and against the wall of the room and mantel, when we passed to the other end of the room to the little table, also at the little table. The evidences of power were unusually strong. We soon smelled the perfume of flowers at the little table. In *half an hour*, after being sent two or three times to the little table, we were directed to *open window*, and then after closing it to *open eyes*. The *bowl of water* left on the table, we discovered *under* it, covered with a piece of paper, other pieces of paper left on the table were by its side; a tumbler with a small bouquet left on the bureau, had been transported (5) to the other end of the room and was found on the little table, where we had detected its odor. After the curtains were removed from the window, the pencil wrote.

"My dear son,

I have been here with you and the circle, who have succeeded in all their intentions. The directions are left for me to *give*. Put the water in a bottle and cork it, give the patient half *teaspoonful*, twice a day, morning and evening. It is for Miss P..... All is well, we can say no

more, as the power is gone. We have all worked. Meet at half past twelve Thursday. In the mean time God bless you.

Your Father."

Thursday March 24, 12½ o'clock.

We met as desired. The day, clear, continued meeting one hour; had no special manifestations of power; was not even touched by the unseen hands as is usual. Went to the little table *four* times. After the sitting, the following was written.

"My son. All is well, and we feel happy, encouraged by Katy's resolve. And now meet to-morrow at *three*. We found that we were not going to succeed well with the Picture without these meetings. God bless you. I will return soon and say more.

Your Father."

(6) 6 o'clock Thursday evening

"My son,

What can be more cheering to the heart than the warm rays of the sun, upon an earth full of changes and troubles. I am happy to come. The little ones are with me often. They sing, they play, and rest on *baskets* of beautiful flowers.

We will give you a perfect likeness of Leila, her eyes are now being taken, and oh, they are so lovely, for they look love, and feel love. I am rejoiced for I know the joy it will give Sarah to have her beautiful face. We will place it in her hands.

Your mother gets messages often through me, and I am her help, her staff.

Do not fail to meet the circle to-morrow at *two*, then there will be no more meeting for the picture till Sarah returns and is well. I am now going to your mother, who is calling me, and wishes to hear from me. I am progressing daily, up to higher spheres which I will soon explain to you. No more now, as the forces are weak.

Your Father."

(7) March 25th

Met at about 2½, in the room prepared as usual. There was but little demonstration, but the working upon the little table was plenty heard in spite of the noises we made to prevent hearing. After going to the table three times and returning,

the raps said, keep eyes closed. As neither of us had opened eyes, this indicates that some demonstration was at hand. I presently felt something near my collar on the right side. The raps said, "Papa, you will laugh." The window was directly opened by order of raps and a pencil that I had laid on the table slipped down from my person on to the floor. The cloth that was on the little table was also found there. It is probable that both had been fastened in some ludicrous manner upon my clothes, but had become displaced by my efforts to make a noise, while the *paper* was passing from our presence.

The pencil directly wrote as follows.

"Dear George, all is well. We have succeeded and our hearts rejoice in being able to keep the power where it was when Sarah left. We wish a meeting Tuesday if Sarah is here, and Oh may we ever find the forces pure and good as we have to-day. We love to have the channel through which (8) we work, pure, not dark and troubled. We will be so happy to have Sarah where we can talk with her. We have been with her, and yesterday she felt calm, happy and peaceful; to-day she reposes in the warm sunshine. You better not go to her, wait till to-morrow. Keep happy and no cloud of sorrow shall fall on the gilded side of your life. Rest now.

Olin."

March 28—1870.

The next morning after my return Katie came in and the echoes instantly said, "Welcome back dear Sister." After an hour or so Katie took the pencil and it said.

"My dear Sarah, Oh! How happy we are to have you here, home again, where *true, loving* hearts wait for your care, and welcome you when you return, and sigh for you when *you go out*. Oh! Yes, home *is* where true love hallows the threshold. We are happy to have the circle complete again, the chain made whole. Little hands are put out in joy to you, for this seems more (158) like their home than the place from which you have just returned. We have tried to keep the power where it was when you left here, and

Oh! how happy we are that we have been able to do so.

We want you to meet at half past eight to-morrow night. Have the room prepared at quarter past eight.

We need to replenish our materials, and we *wish* you all to be happy.

Oh! How glad we are that Katie is well and happy. She will we know be firm. And now with the Angels to walk with you, the bright sky above you, the blessings of those whom God has blessed to follow you, we leave to fulfill other duties. Rest my dear Sarah to-day, and try to close your eyes, for peace only comes with rest. All is well! God bless you.

Olin."

March 29, 1870.

The evening was very clear and we met as desired. The meeting was quiet. The unseen friends seemed to be silently (159) gathering up the threads of the web which had been broken by my absence. After an hour the window was opened and closed and upon looking at the little table we found a quantity of chips from the pencils they had been sharpening. The pencil then wrote.

"My dear Sarah and George, we are well pleased, well satisfied, *all* is well *now*. Be patient! All will come in good time. We rejoice in having good conditions. There is great joy for you, soon to be winged to you by two little angels, bright flowers in their Father's Land.

Dear Sarah our power to-night is exhausted, and we wish you to meet for directions at twelve to-morrow.

Olin."

March 30, 1870.

Before the clock struck the first stroke for twelve we were sitting with pencil in Katie's hand and paper before her waiting their arrival. When the first stroke came down the pencil moved.

"My dear Sarah we are all on time and we are happy to find you so prompt. Many a victory has been *won* by being one minute before the appointed time.

(160) The room is *filled* with *our little ones*,

yours also. They are happy spirits and sing all day long when they are not reposing on their *beds of roses*. You should be happy dear Sarah to know that the way to reach them is being made so *easy*. You have only a *veil between*, which, when the time comes will only *require* a gentle *breeze* to draw *aside*.

You are not losing time when with us. When listening to our words you are laying up treasures in heaven, planting new flowers in the gardens of *your children*, making their hearts happy and *satisfied*.

This alone should make you realize our pleasure in being able to come to you.

Dear Sarah and George, we appoint for our next meeting tomorrow at half past two. Let *nothing* come *between*, for we have only *now* *overcome all difficulties*. You are all doing right and *well*. George! Sarah is *right*.—You should be *firm* with your patients. Do not let them complain to (161) any one except *yourself*. A little change is going to take place here,—something in the *house*.—Something which will cause a little *trouble*. I can not see further! Do not grow impatient! All is well! Sarah you are again *back to care and anxiety*, back to the *trials* of life. No rest in mind for *you* in *this* house, but I will help you bear them. A little hard it is for you to get back to the old desk. Oh! Would that I could take your place and do your *work for you*. Good bye now Sarah with love to all eternity.

Olin."

At half past two Katie said her "hand felt like writing." This followed.

"My dear Sarah, all will be bright and *successful*, but *directions must be followed*. To-morrow the room must be *darkened*. One pencil we can not longer use and will *require* the Doctor to sharpen it, so we will bring and have it prepared. The little ones are throwing flowers *down* upon you, and so real they *are* to them that they think you *must* (162) feel them. This I cannot explain to them until they are more comprehensive.

Sarah, toil, trouble and care are woman's lot, but this Summer you *must rest*. You shall go somewhere dear, where you shall find pleasure

and feel like a girl again. This will make me happy and the *children* also.

To-night I shall hover near you and rest your head, your eyes also dear Sarah. God bless you. Olin."

The pencil continued writing but in the awkward hand of a child.

"Mamma Leila thinks that you can see her, but I tell her you do not, and that makes her put her little hands over her face.

¹ Oh! Here comes Willie! I love Willie! We will make him a great man. Good bye.

Frankie."

After reading the above I remarked. "It is *really* true that they see and hear us when Katie is not here?" The pencil wrote.

"Mamma we always hear you just as well only Katie is our speaking tube. (163) Now Mamma what do you say to that? Am I not a smart boy? We will come to-morrow,—bye-bye until then. I will rest near you to-night.

Frankie."

March 31st, 2½ P. M.—1870.

The day perfect. Great power manifested as soon as we were seated. The little table was rolled about, the large table lifted, the Doctor whirled around in his chair, the penknife brought from the little table, closed and dropped into the Doctor's sleeve, the Doctor's and Katie's gowns pulled vigorously, the Doctor's whiskers pulled repeatedly etc.

A pencil was rattled against the legs of the table many times, then placed in the Doctor's hand and he asked to sharpen it. He took it into an adjacent room and found it to be the blue pencil, and that it had been much whittled since last he saw it. He sharpened and then placed it upon the little table where they work. Some little time passed in their effort to again control the pencil after being touched by mortal hand. Soon as (164) they succeeded, they signified their success by rapping it vigorously against the side of the little table and then threw the "linen cloth" over my head entirely covering it, immediately asked to have the window opened.

They did not make another appointment, but Katie said they wished us to meet at twelve on the next day for directions. The Doctor and I did not understand it and at about six in the evening we were talking about it and the pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah, my child. The message sent by me, is, for you to meet for directions at half past twelve to-morrow.

Olin is near, but not free. He *knows* your wish which to him is a prayer and sends these words to you, sigh not, grieve not, bright are the days opening for you. All is peace.

Your Mother."

We now made some remarks about *when* the picture would probably come.

The pencil immediately wrote. (165) "We have chosen a Sabbath day, a day of peace. Frankie."

A little later in the evening, a forward girl of about eight years, came into our room and directly began very noisy attentions to Willie. He did not *seem* annoyed by it, but the pencil wrote.

"Mamma what a bold girl she is? Leila does not like her and I know she plagues Willie. Mamma make her go out.

Frankie."

I read the above to myself. Presently the child went out, then I asked Willie if she teased him? He said she *did*. I then read him what Frankie said.

April 1st, 12½ P. M.—1870.

Katie did not get here until one o'clock. The pencil then wrote.

"My dear Sarah I am here, not long waiting. We will not scold this *time*, but in *future try to be punctual*. We have been with you, and all the clouds have vanished, leaving a peace in which our souls rejoice.

(166) There are many here who *take an interest in you* and in the *manifestation* which we are preparing for you; but when we open the door to the *new* and beautiful things we are preparing for you, then great will be the circle of those who come to take part with us. We are preparing to give you what the new world has never witnessed.

(1) Willie entered the room while Frankie was writing.

The people of olden times, in Bible times, witnessed them and called them miracles. Oh! Sarah, can you *realize* how near we are to you? how thin the veil is? how great our happiness is in thus being able to bless you?

Meet to-morrow at half past twelve. Have the room darkened and all prepared, for we want more pencils *sharpened* and that requires power. Make no change unless we do *ourselves*.

Remember, we are not like you. We are *disembodied*, ethereal, spiritual, sensitive even to a *breeze*, therefore try (167) to adapt *yourselves* to us, try to come more in our spheres, then you will be more receptive, and we will be better able to do what we have undertaken. All is well.

Olin."

I now asked Olin if he could see more distinctly *what* the trouble was or is to be, to which he made reference a few days since? He wrote.

"Only *annoyances*, troublesome women, selfish and hard to *please*. Do not let it worry you.

Olin."

In the afternoon the Doctor was talking about his "old machine," saying it was worn out and that he must make it over when the pencil wrote.

"Dear Papa, let your old machine alone for the present. The Professor is going to help you.

Frankie."

My next inquiry was if Dr. Franklin still assisted in their work upon the picture?

"Yes, dear Sarah, Dr. Franklin still aids us in our work. He is *ever* with us when we meet *here*.

Olin."

(168) April 2nd—1870—12 M.

The rain came down in torrents and the pencil wrote.

"We think it may be a little clearer at half past two, therefore we have concluded to meet at that hour. George rest in the interval.

Olin."

At half past two the rain had ceased but the air and earth were full of dampness. We met, and they manifested great power, rolled the little table around, took hold of the Doctor several times very strongly, brought my portfolio from the bureau and dropped it on the table before

me with a loud crash which startled us to the soles of our feet. Once when the Doctor was taken hold of he jumped and cried out. The echoes said "Why shrink from me!" We recognized the Prof.

When they asked to have the window opened, I rose to do it and felt the linen cloth brush down the back of my head to the floor. We found it there upon opening our eyes. The pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah and George, had the atmosphere been clear we would (169) have given you great and striking evidence of our work, but it was very unfavorable, still, we succeeded in bringing the pencils, and to-morrow at half past ten we will bring them to be sharpened, so *do not fail* to meet at that hour, have the room dark. We have prepared this afternoon for a successful meeting to-morrow morning.

We have exhausted much power and feel satisfied. Be happy! We were *never* more happy than *now*! Dear Sarah you are doing *right* and your way will be made *easy*. I will help you to step over the obstacles. All were present today.

Olin."

April 3rd 10½ A. M.—1870.

No storm and no sun, a little fine rain has been falling. The power seemed very great. The Doctor's knife was taken from the table and placed in his hand before I had got my seat and Frankie soon said "Mamma the picture is here." The most interesting occurrence during the meeting was this. (170) Frankie said "Mamma do you feel Leila?" I replied, "No, but I wish I could." They said, "Keep eyes closed." Immediately I felt something brush across my forehead, then again. By this time I recognized the touch of a twig of evergreen which was left upon the bureau. I told what it seemed to be, then it was placed in my hand and the echoes said that "Leila did it." Upon my making some remarks about her Frankie said.

"She is like a little bird,
Listening for every word
That comes from thee.
Gentle as a little dove

In the Heavenly spheres above
She wanders free.

What do you think of that Mamma? Am I not smart?"

We replied that the Professor was helping him. They all said "Yes." "Yes."

I talked a little with Leila, but the echoes said, "Don't talk to her now."

After the usual going by the door, we (171) were told to stand by and open the window.

In due time we found the pen knife stuck into the window casing and the linen cloth hung upon it. The pencil wrote.

¹ "My dear Sarah I have lingered behind to tell you that we are perfectly satisfied and all is well.

The pencils we have to break off often for useful purposes.

² Willie told no story. We hear his remarks and his little heart can be at *rest*. I am going now to join the circle and consult regarding our next meeting. Meet for directions to-morrow at half past twelve. All is well!

Olin."

(172) April 4 12½ P. M.—1870.

"We are all here dear Sarah.

Yesterday at seven we had our consultation. The meeting will be to-morrow at three. We find that the atmosphere is *unfavorable* now, but to-morrow we think it will be *clear*, in which event we *shall rejoice*. We are here to tell you that each one, of us, thinks of you and works for you as *your daily lives go on*. There is nothing to come *between* our *interest* in your welfare, no petty feeling, no anger, no offence. We are placed too high above *such* things, and the more you go astray the harder we work to bring you right, to bring you back to the path of *peace*.

Sometimes we wonder and marvel to see how much discord comes out of little trifling things; but then reflection comes to us and we realize that we are immortal and unfettered by earthly

cares and our hearts go out towards you with love, *charity* and *mercy*. We have passed the (173) river of tribulations and sorrows.

Were we on earth we too would feel as impatient as you who are left to work with *heavy hearts*.

We are always happy when we see those we love peaceful, too high minded to be influenced by lower minds; and Sarah *that is one virtue* which attracts us to you, which gives us pleasure when we follow in your footsteps.

I will be brief and say that we are your guide. You shall be helped out of all difficulties.

Bear patiently with the quarrelsome, sick, nervous people with whom you are often *annoyed*. Trials, troubles, sorrows, all will pass away and peace with blessings will come in their place.

The children are to-day with Mother, (our Ma) are bright, happy and contented. I shall soon return and they shall accompany me in my duties. (174) Yours in every trial.

Olin."

The pencil continued to write.

"Friends, *dear* friends I must call you for *such* you are to me. I meet with you at all your sittings and am happy to be one of the circle. I am sure dear friends you will succeed in your work. I did not have the aid I hoped to have found in Europe, but it was all for the best as my life, to say the most, was stormy. I am now with those I love better than those I left on earth, for they appreciate me and make me happy in these heavenly spheres.

I am educating, at his own request, little Frankie. You will soon be astonished at his philosophy—his soundness.

I wish you success and happiness.

Prof."

(175) April 5th 3 P. M.—1870.

The weather was neither pleasant nor stormy. As soon as we were seated in our prepared room, *three* pencils were placed in the Doctor's hand with the request that he should sharpen them.

He went directly into an adjacent room and while he was gone they said "Hurry."

He soon came in and laid them upon the little

(1) I should have mentioned that we found a *quantity* of chips from the pencils they had brought and taken with them, from the blue pencil also, which the Doctor had sharpened for them but two days ago.

(2) Willie had been questioned, while we were meeting, about where his Papa was and he feared he had told a *story*, having been told *not* to tell the fact.

table. They now, apparently, went on joyfully with their work, the children diverting themselves by playing about us. Frankie rapped often on his Papa's feet, pulled his beard *repeatedly*, brought the pen-knife from the little table, closed and placed it in his Papa's hand, etc.

He said, by the echoes, "Mamma, Leila has the string that was around the pencils. Its color is the emblem of love."

Then I remembered that I had tied these three identical pencils, one white, one red, one black, and one blue which we had received a few days before, with a piece of *red* and white twine, and they were taken from the room *three* (176) months ago, and now not only the pencils had been returned but Leila had the string also. A little after, they said "Keep eyes closed." Directly I felt the touch of something cool against my forehead and at once thought I recognized a flower. The stem was soon placed between my lips and upon taking it in my hand I found it to be a white rose-bud from the vase of fresh flowers upon the bureau. Leila had given it to me.

I now felt something tickle my fingers. I felt with my other hand but could not find anything. She spoke, "Mamma did you feel the string?" I understood then that it was the string which Frankie said she had. Now she said, "They want it," and she did not speak to me again.

Her little echoes are very delicate, but of her presence I am *distinctly conscious*. When she plays about me, comes as near and touches me as much as the Angel form *can* touch the coarse material, my desire to get *nearer*, to *hold* her on my (177) lap, fold her in my arms and press her to my *longing* heart is *great*, Oh! *how great poor words can never tell*.

At five o'clock they went away, saying they had worked well, were pleased, had used all their power, would come to-morrow and give directions.

April 6th—1870—2½ P. M.

"My dear Sarah the atmosphere is clearing and electricity is coming into the elements, which will enable us to meet to-morrow at three. The circle all met this morning and we agreed upon the time. You see dear Sarah that we never forget

our duty and it gives us great pleasure, for we *know* that the day is near when you will be made very happy and in your gladness we shall rejoice. We are all pleased with the conditions. They are good and electrical as far as your earthly bodies are *concerned*. When you are all strong we work with great power and we advise that there be no meeting till *three* for (178) *this circle*. By following directions we can see *no failure*.

Let me say dear sister that I have looked in your pathway, in the future and I see that the blessings of God are with you. The flowers bloom fresh and peace is there unfolding new joys, new pleasures for you and yours. Let this *cheer* you for I speak from *knowledge* and not to *please* for the *moment*, but to give *true* hope; and hope is the brightest angel in the human soul, stands by the dying, the oppressed, the *condemned*, and by those who are living for the life to come.

Between your world and ours the distance is but little, the steps not hard to climb if the desire be to reach the haven of rest where no sorrow comes. On every step a loved one stands robed in purity, and ready to help those who *can not help themselves*. I have been to our old home and saw Father (our Pa). He seems a little disturbed, a little impatient with the (179) events of his life, but the clouds will pass away. Tell Em. she must not feel *worried* nor depressed. She has done right and her reward will come. We must all work, all help each other. I have often felt like speaking to brother Ralph but circumstances would not let me, and I fear we shall not again exchange greetings *until* we meet this *side*. Dearly as I should love to talk with him I *cannot* come without a *welcome*.

Meet to-morrow at three.

Leila seems to think that *this* is her home, that she was born here, for here she first awoke to *knowledge* of a *life*. She will understand better by and by. Her *love* for and memory of her parents will *never die*, that strengthens with time.

When she first came here she *cried* for you, her Mamma, and we were obliged to nurse her as carefully and lovingly as though she were our infant.

(180) Often when it was night on *your* earth we would place her in *your arms*, and in such ways satisfy her little heart. All is peace now and she is happy as a *little bird*.

Olin."

I read the above and sat thinking how *very* hard for *them* and for *us*, that we had not possessed sufficient wisdom to keep them, our *darling* children with us, as God and Nature intended it should be. The pencil wrote.

"Mamma I do not wish to come back here. I have everything just as I wish it. ¹ I want Willie to think of me when he gets his lessons so I can come and help him.

Be happy Mamma! Only think, you have a little Boy and Girl in heaven. You ought to be very proud of us in such a beautiful world.

Frankie."

(181) I read Frankie's little letter and sat thinking *earnestly* about them, and the pencil wrote.

"Mamma who is Eunice?" It was handed me. I read it. I replied that I had never known but one Eunice and she was an old lady, cousin of my Ma's that died many years ago. The pencil then wrote.

"She came to me just an hour ago and told me to give her love to my Mamma, and ask you if you *remembered* Eunice."

I asked Frankie who was then helping him about his writing? The pencil said.

"Mamma Uncle Olin helps me always. One thing more I want to tell you. I often plague Grandma by coming to look for you, when she wants to take me to see some nice old ladies.

Frankie."

(182) The Doctor told Frankie to ask Dr. Franklin if magnetism could be applied for the cure of the sick? The pencil wrote.

"Papa tie a magnet on their toes, on their fingers, around their necks, that will *charge* them.

Well Papa, no jesting, I will ask Dr. Franklin. Good bye now.

Frankie."

April 7th 3 P. M.—1870.

A spring day, cloudy but no storm. We took our seats on time.

We had been but little time seated when we heard the Professor around the room and the Doctor felt the pressure of his hand. Frankie pulled his Papa's whiskers and we heard my portfolio moved from place to place upon the table. Soon Frankie said, "Mamma don't lean forward on the table for I am fixing something for you."

At three different times after this I felt little fingers on the top of my head. (183) Our sitting continued for three quarters of an hour, during which, the Doctor and Katie were sent from time to time by the door, and at the expiration of which they asked to have the window opened, said they were very happy, had worked well and should admit one new spirit to their circle at the next meeting; bade us ask no questions, but meet the next day at twelve for directions.

When we opened our eyes, we found in my hair on the top of my head two blue violets, one small white flower, and one green leaf. On the table *exactly* in front of me lay the hand-glass with the face up, upon it stood a small glass vase of water, and near it upon the table lay the flowers, very tastefully arranged in three separate groups, one wilted flower having been thrown one side. I can give but a poor idea of the sweet little picture made by this arrangement, so noticeably that of a (184) child's fancy. The vase with the flowers in it we left upon the bureau, and the hand-glass upon my portfolio, face down and upon the backside of the table. Frankie said that Leila put the flowers in my hair and he helped her.

April 8th—1870.

Twelve o'clock came but Katie did not come. At three she appeared, having been in bed during the morning with sick-head-ache. At half past three we sat down and the pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah, we never complain when circumstances, which could not be overcome by mortals, prevent our meetings. We saw how things were this morning and know that they could not be otherwise, therefore we did not gather here

(1) Willie was sitting near me with his Arithmetic, studying his lesson.

at the *appointed hour*. We are all *here now* and feel happy to have the chain unbroken. (185) The atmosphere is *very clear and the conditions* will be good to-morrow afternoon at *three*. We want the room as before *well prepared, darkened and clean*.

Dear Sarah all is well! Heaven is filled with beautiful fresh flowers which keep company with *Spring*. We have all seasons here, only far more beautiful, more spiritual, all *seasons except winter* and here there is *no winter* nor old age. Occasionally our flowers droop and close, but that is only when we neglect some duty and take not the care which God puts upon us. There are times when our homes are not so full of flowers as we would wish, for instance, Sarah our home is one day to be *yours*, and it depends much upon you to beautify the part which you will call your own. You can cause a beautiful tree or flower to grow there daily, yes, hourly by your own acts. (186) I have been walking over our grounds to-day. I am well satisfied, I cannot give a sigh of regret so beautiful is our home. The *fields* are *green*. The *violets* all in *bloom*. The apple blossoms will soon be *out* then I will drop you one to look upon for an instant. You better get *no* flowers to-morrow for reasons.

The children are busy making little chains out of *flowers*. Oh! how *happy they are!* How happy! Can you wish them *back Sarah?* *No! No! you must not.*

The day is bright, the hour drawing near for our little gathering. We are going to make visits and repose in peaceful *flowery* avenues, so dear sister "Good bye" for the present.

Meet at three to-morrow and Katie come fresh, free from fatigue.

God bless you.

Olin."

(187) April 9th—1870.

A beautiful, clear, bright Spring day and at a quarter before three we took our seats, with everything arranged as desired.

The manifestations were very positive and strong. The Professor was around the room and the children full of play.

The Professor took the Doctor by the arm with

a firm grasp, Frankie patted his knee, pulled his dressing gown one side, took out his watch, unhooked the chain from the button-hole of his vest, laid the watch upon the Doctor's knee, took it up, opened it, said it was ten minutes to four, (which was the time) held it to the Doctor's ear, snapped the case together, put it back in the Doctor's pocket, and the hook into the button-hole again.

Before this, I heard a little noise near me and soon felt something at my lips. On taking it in my hand found it was a wilted flower, then another was placed in my hand. I could not tell what they were until after the meeting, when the first proved to be a wilted white rose-bud, and the other a little sprig (188) of immortelles. Where they got these we can not tell. There were no flowers in the room on this afternoon, neither were there any in the house, excepting three or four *perfectly* fresh in another room and none of those was missing. There was but *one* rose-bud when they were given me, and that *one* was still in the vase. There were many immortelles in a drawer of my bureau, but that was closed. We may suppose they opened the drawer, took out the little sprig and closed it again, but we can make no supposition where the wilted rose-bud came from.

They went away saying. "Call us not back, meet to-morrow at half past ten."

April 10 8 A. M.—1870.

The pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah the atmosphere is very electrical and we want you to meet at half past ten precisely. We are very happy to have good conditions. * * * * *

Sarah you can not see the little ones, but they are about you this morning, bright as the sun beams upon earth.

(189) God bless you! Oh! Would that you could see them! Leila is now holding her hands out to you. Little thing! Innocent child, thinks that you can take her in your arms. We shall work with great power to-day.

Olin."

The day was charming and at half past ten

we met. The echoes said "Sing, but first thank God for this beautiful atmosphere." We could not seem to sing, there was no music in my soul, and while we were talking about it, Frankie said, "Dear Papa you must not speak about my Mamma's eyes unless to call them beautiful. Leila's are just like them." This referred to remarks made before breakfast, but Katie could not understand it and thought it meaningless.

Directly there was a loud thumping upon the table and Frankie said "Mamma I have found something." Then he put against my face and into my hand a large awl.

(190) Soon Leila passed a rose-bud over my face gently and lovingly, then placed it in my hand. She had taken it from the flowers upon the bureau.

Directly she took my handkerchief from my pocket and held it to my eyes. These are the principal demonstrations, there was the usual rolling of the little table, the walking of the Professor, and after they were gone, we found the pen-knife upon the commode, and the linen cloth upon the carpet by the window. They asked us to meet at half past eight to-morrow night.

April 11—1870.

Half past eight came but Katie *did not*. At ten she came but in no condition for sitting. The pencil wrote.

"Dear Sarah and George, *now go to bed*. Meet us at half past five in the morning. The picture is near. (191) Murmur not at God's works!

Fail not to meet at the time, half past five! Ask no questions!

Olin—Circle."

We awakened Katie at half past five and the echoes said. "The forces will be better at half past twelve. Meet then."

After we had prepared the room at twelve o'clock, and were waiting for the sacred, unseen, loved ones to take possession, the pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah, while they are gathering I will speak to you a few words. All the Circle are now approaching the room with picture and pencils. I am happy to come through the sunny paths, no atmospherical conditions to contend

with today and we shall succeed. Blessed are the ways of Providence! Our souls rejoice, our hands raise in (192) gratitude! All is well! Be happy!

After your read this, go in the room which is sacred with the presence of sacred beings.

Olin."

April 12 12½ P. M.—1870.

The air clear and the day perfect. We took our seats and very directly Frankie said "Mamma do you hear Leila?" We listened to her delicate little echoes. Some other remarks were made about her which I cannot recall, but I do remember Ma's saying "She is our bud, our blossom, our pink, our violet, our Angel: and she knows all her pet names." Soon the Doctor felt her touch upon his head, and he remarked, how sweet, how beautiful! Frankie said. "Is it sweeter than mine?" His Papa replied "No, both are sweet." He answered. "Little folks are always jealous." (193) As *usual*, they wished us to sing, and as, often, we did not feel like it. Frankie very soon put his request in this shape. "Dear Mamma let us hear your sweet voice."

They seemed to manifest an unusual amount of good feeling. Upon our noticing it they said. "The Professor's wife is here." She was the "new spirit" they had told us would be admitted.

When an hour had nearly expired, they asked us to stand by the window, and after they were apparently through with their work and had taken the picture away, (for we heard them as usual working upon it) Frankie said "Mamma I am going to make you laugh!" "Keep eyes closed." "I must look for something that I want." "I have found it." (194) "Stand around Mamma." Another moment passed, my dress was pulled vigorously at the bottom, he said, "Open eyes." We found the linen cloth pinned to the skirt of my dress on the back side. A pin was the "something" he "wanted" and "found."

April 13 10 A. M.—1870.

Katie asked for the pencil and wrote a few words, the pencil dropped from her fingers as always, when the power or presence leaves her. It read.

"The circle is coming. Your Mother."

In perhaps ten minutes the pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah and George, we had a consultation this morning when the first ray of the sun shone in upon your window. We all gathered in the bower of *immortal flowers* and appointed the meeting (195) for to-morrow at *three*, when we hope that all will be as favorable as our last meeting.

Yes, dear Sarah, we are all here, and take this time and hour and circumstance to give these directions, as the power is fresh and the condition good. We also have new born souls to take care of this day. Many are entering the new world and anxiously gazing for some beloved one to help them over the line which separates *earth* from Heaven. Sarah, we are always ready to help those who *need* us. This is one of the *Great* duties marked out for us by our great Creator.

Marvel not, that we are not always present. Our duties are great and when we can come to you in love, hope and faith, with all the feelings we possessed when in the earthly form, we gather the (196) flowers of peace in *our* garments and rejoice in your presence, knowing that we leave you happier, less depressed, more resigned to the *will* of God, and while you sigh for your little ones, you at least have the sweet assurance that they are spotless children in the Eden of the blessed. *Grieve* not for those little *lambs*, those angels, they are so *happy*.

To-morrow at three, remember the hour and directions. Be free from fatigue and all will be well! We all leave you our *love*, our *blessing*, our protection. God bless you! George you require *much* rest. You have too little. We will help you! No more now.

Olin—Circle."

After reading the above, we inquired who the "new born souls" were? Answer (197) "We do not ourselves always know whom we are aiding. I would like to say much more, but dear Sarah cannot now.

1 I see E. Wells is troubled, tell her that her

mind shall soon be peaceful—for good news is near.
Olin."

April 14 3 P. M.—1870.

The air pleasant and summer like. The Doctor had been called as a witness in the trial of McFarland for the shooting of Richardson. He returned from the court about a half hour before we retired to our room. We were talking about the case when we went in and had remarked that we did not wish him hung, but thought he had done a very *wicked thing*. Immediately there came heavy, loud raps, first upon the floor, then upon the table before us. They sounded as though they might be caused by the heavy *very heavy* slap of the palm of the (198) hand, still it was not quite like it. The Doctor thought it more like the tremendous blow of the fist, still it differed from the sound made in that manner. The fearful noise spelled these words. "Don't you talk against my brother." At once the dear, loving echoes of Olin said. "Sarah, open the window wide and let this troubled spirit depart." I did so, and after a minute. "Close window." Then Olin said, "The unhappy one was McFarland's brother." Neither of us had ever heard that McFarland had a brother dead. That evening the Doctor inquired, of some gentleman, about it and ascertained that a brother had died some years ago.

I was greatly excited by this demonstration. The atmosphere was so very different from anything we had felt before. We were all frightened. Some minutes passed before we felt at ease again. Frankie brought my portfolio and dropped it on the table (199) before me, the small table was rolled rapidly around and various other demonstrations made of a familiar sort.

Soon the skirt of my dress was pulled and the dearest little echoes said. "Darling Mamma let me get in your lap." I pushed back from the table and begged her to come.

Now she tried, and tried to get herself up. I could feel her against my knees and partly on my lap. She seemed to be unable to raise her-

(1) When we went to Emma we found she had been crying and was much worried.

self *completely*. I wanted to help her and asked if I could not. She answered "Try to." I leaned forward and "tried to," but she was gone. Olin spoke. "Remember she is but a little child." Meaning that she was too little to understand that I could *not* help her. Then I asked Olin *to help her*, to bring her, and set her on my lap. Very soon I felt the pressure *squarely* upon my lap. Only an instant at a time but repeated with varying degrees of weight many times, only once as heavy as a child of four years would naturally be. Olin told me to lean (200) my face over toward my shoulder. I did. Then she seemed to stand or kneel upon my lap, lay her head upon my shoulder and her face against my face. She did this three times. The first and second, there seemed to be a fabric of some sort between her face and mine, but the pressure was *firm* and slightly prolonged. The third time there was *nothing* intervening, and the touch was exactly like the flesh of a child's face, warm, soft and life like.

They all expressed great joy at her success and said she was very happy. They said also—"You shall hold her on your lap on the evening of the 20th. Note the day. I tell you, you shall see us face to face."

Katie's hand now wrote in the dark and no human eye saw it until after they had gone.

Frankie ran his fingers through his Papa's hair, the Professor took hold of him several times and the work upon the picture seemed to be (201) rapidly going on all of the time. We could in fact hear the pencils upon the paper when ever we were sufficiently quiet. The following was written in the dark.

"My dear Sarah I take this opportunity to write a few important directions. Meet for *the* directions to-morrow at twelve. Katie *must remain* for us, as we can meet at *no other* hour and we have great success now. When we say, open eyes. Call us not back to-day. Katie must not fail to meet precisely at twelve.

Oh! How happy Leila is! She must go and tell every one before she is satisfied! All is well!
Olin."

Katie disappointed us on Friday and did not come until ten o'clock Saturday evening. She came in very bad condition, was unfit for any sort of service until she had slept. Sunday morning found her tolerably well and at nine o'clock the pencil wrote. (202) "My dear Sarah. God has in His *Infinite Goodness* again granted us *another interview*. The *appointments* we will *make now in advance* in order that they may be kept.

To-day at eleven, but have room darkened at half past ten, as we will require more time to get the picture in owing to the atmosphere. Tomorrow at three, Tuesday at three, Wednesday at half past twelve, Friday at three and Sunday next at half past six. No failure must be made or we cannot do as we wish on Sunday. Remember that is the day on which we intend to give *the picture*. All will be well if *these directions* are *followed*. God bless you! Tell Em. not to feel that I neglect her. I do not forget to sprinkle sunlight in her pathway. The little ones are here.
Olin."

April 17—11 A. M.—1870.

The atmosphere cold and damp. Rain had been falling all the morning. (203) Soon after we were seated the echoes said, "We are all here." The Doctor and Katie went repeatedly by the door, Frankie took a pencil from my portfolio, played with it upon the table, wrote his name in reverse hand, requiring a mirror to read it, upon each of his Papa's linen cuffs, and put the pencil back where he found it.

While we were sitting by the table we noticed the peculiar echoes, significant of consultation, for some minutes, after which, Olin said.

"Dear Sarah we shall consult with each other, and if there is any change in the hour or day we will let you know in time. Katie must be here daily and had better stay here each night during this week, then she will be *well*." When they were ready to leave they said. "Now all is well again. You must not break another appointment."

They went again to be disappointed.

(204) At 3 P. M. just before Katie went out the pencil wrote.

"My dear Sarah and all. I am here, very happy to be able to say a few parting words, not parting for I shall hover near you to-day. The atmosphere is against us but we can speak. Our Mother is here dear Em. She is walking by your side removing the obstacles, and although you may feel lonely here, when the dearest object of your existence is not within your reach, still *you know* other dear ones are, and the unseen are floating about you, lending blessings to cheer you on *your way*.

My dear Sarah I *will be with you at times when your heart calls me, when you reach out for those little ones whose forms you can not catch*. Yes dear Sarah, then I *will be with you to satisfy (in a measure) that unsatisfied longing*.

(205) Are you not blessed? You are *most* supremely. George also! I speak to both. It gives us so *much real* happiness to gather here. We look in your *faces and hearts*. We see you as you are, not as the outside world does, but the *interior*, and we *feel happy*. We will all meet to-morrow and talk with you in the morning at half past ten; *be sure* to meet then as the atmosphere may require an earlier hour for our meeting. We will be able to judge then. We can say no more now.

Emma I have a word for you from our Mother. She sends her love and blessing to you and wishes you not to be worried. Clouds can not last always, for the sun *must* shine and dispel the darkness; so be happy. Little Frankie is overjoyed to be able to use the pencil himself. Wear the cuffs to please his eye (206) to-day. He thinks he has done great things and tells all who meet him of his great success. God bless you.

Olin."

Some of our affairs were pressing heavily upon us and I asked Olin if he could tell us whether we should get smoothly through? He answered.

"Dear Sarah, I will *look* and see and tell you when I know. I can not now as my *vision* is confined to things beyond your earth.

Olin."

Katie broke her appointments and did not return until the evening of the 19th and came

in the worst possible condition. We put her in bed and did for her the best we could. At eleven she woke and said, her hand felt like writing. I hastened for the paper and pencil and this followed, in a miserably poor hand.

N. B. Katie says that the echoes compelled her to return by saying "Go to my Sister Mrs. Taylor!" with so much force and constant repetition, that the woman where she was became alarmed and sent her here.

(207 "My dear Sarah. I am here. Oh, how happy that I have Katie again in our power. You must not let her out again until after ¹ Monday." Then there was something written about fresh flowers and companions above. I could make *nothing* out of it, but he then followed with this. "Sarah I wish you to meet at ² half past ten to-morrow and at three. God bless you. Oh! How I feel for this poor child. Let her not again out of your sight. I will be here again. God bless you.

Olin."

I wish here to insert a communication which was given on Thursday or Friday when Katie was quite over her spree. Although much transpired between the two messages, which will be here recorded, still this second belongs here. I had the above message in my hand trying to decipher (208) it and asked Olin what it was. Katie asked for the pencil and he said. "Katie was on the *very* step almost of eternity and we knew that if she went out the next day, Wednesday, death would have come from the suffering she would have *endured*.

She would have drank her last; and we meant, that if Katie would only abstain for a length of time, she would have health and happiness and sweet flowers, sweet friends and angels should be her *companions*, instead of those vile roots which grow to weeds and drag down the *good* and *those who are easily led*.

We had the most serious consultation, which will *save her*. She was so sick when we tried to

(1) The first appointment, he changed to quarter past seven.
(2) This was Tuesday night.

write Tuesday night that we could not place our meaning understandingly. Dear Sarah, I have been with you for the past twenty minutes, for I saw your heart called me. (209) All is well and we go on rejoicing. The Professor will have Katie here by ten.

Olin."

April 20—7 A. M.—1870.

At about seven we took our seats. The first thing they said was. "My dear child, I am sorry you took your dress to that woman. Mrs. Taylor knows her." This disclosed a secret of Katie's that she was determined to keep from me. She was greatly vexed and I was much surprised. Our circle were all present and worked, for we heard them. They said but little, appointed a meeting at three and went away.

Katie was in a very *bad* condition, so sick that she left the room twice during the three quarters of an hour we were in session and vomited freely each time.

At three we met as directed. Katie was still sick and our meeting was very quiet. The Doctor and Katie were sent a few times by the door and the next appointment was at eight and a half.

(210) At half past eight we met again. They could not work as they desired, felt Katie's depression and spoke of it. At about the middle of the meeting however, they said. "Now the chain is whole."

We noticed the frequent and prolonged use of the echoes of consultation. We as always, wondered what it was about but they went away and we did not learn until two days after. They appointed the next meeting at half past eight on the following evening.

April 21, 1870.

On this morning, I was preparing to go down town, and made the remark that I would go then as we were to have no meeting until evening. Katie asked for the pencil and this was written.

"My dear Sarah, I am here with words of promise. There were between us words of consultation last night and we wish you to meet at quarter before three.

We will do all in our power to (211) leave happiness in your paths to-day, and we do wish you could understand how delicate the conditions are. We work not with *joyful hearts*; when your *minds* are *disturbed* our presence cannot come in contact with you, and we *must* do all that will be for the best. The chain is whole, the golden threads again brightening and all will be *well*.

We wish these *directions followed strictly*, for without *them there* never can be *success*. We must not blame Katie for having these feelings of *uncertainty*, they are natural to a temperament like hers, therefore as we have consulted and decided again on the hours for meeting, we advise that Katie shall do all in her power to bring peace to *her soul*. It would do her good to see how things progress.

We advise some reliable person to go with her, get her dress and as our meeting is at quarter before three, to-night, we will let her go and attend to her own little affairs. To-morrow our (212) meeting will be at half past eight, but to-night we shall have a meeting for other purposes.

All is well and we will soon have the *power to come visibly*. The dear little flowers are here and happy. They are anxious to make *their faces visible* and will be able to do so. We will have our meeting on Sunday at five and Katie can keep her other engagement which should make her happy. We have made this appointment earlier as we may require more time than usual.

Have the room nice and be happy. There will be no trouble about dress. Let some one go with Katie and she will return satisfied and our meeting will be a successful one. No more now. God bless you!

Olin."

After reading the above I said. Olin shall we meet to-night too? He wrote.

"We shall have a meeting to-night for *our own particular purposes*.

¹ Dear Sarah you did not *emphasize correctly*,

(1) This referred to a mistake I made in reading the above.

read over again. (213) We have had to put aside duties and to-night we shall have other things which belong to us *alone*. All is working *well*.

Olin."

April 21, 1870.

The day was pleasant and at quarter before three we were in our places.

The usual demonstrations, the rolling of the table, the going by the door etc. were made. Leila played with her Papa's hair, put her fingers into mine, brought a white rose bud from the vase on the bureau and put it in my mouth. The pen-knife was brought from the little table closed and put in the Doctor's hand.

At 6 o'clock that evening the pencil said.

"My dear Child. How the circle has worked to have all right. They are happy now and go to rejoice in the heavenly light where they will receive new *power*. I am one of the circle *but* in a *quiet* way and am better able to talk as I do not take an important *part*.

(214) You shall have rest *some* time when your cares become *less*. I have looked in the future and see that all will come out right. You will not be *embarrassed* much, so have no more *anxiety*. I will come with Olin and advise you and help you make your *plans*. *All is well!*

I see the children, and often Willie is made happy by his little brother and sister. They follow him when he rides and protect him. Often he is kept from falling by their power.

Sweet little flowers. Leila is very loving to her brother Frankie and will leave me at any time to be with him. She is learning to be patient daily and is amused when she can make the echoes.

I can say no more now Child. Tell Em. that I am with her and do not cease to care for her. When she is *discouraged*, I then approach her with *gentle love*. A Mother's love is only perfect when her children are happy and good. I can say no more now.

Your Mother."

(215) April 22—8 A. M.—1870.

"Our meeting will be at *three* this afternoon.

Now let me *advise*. The atmosphere is favorable and electrical. We will improve the time. I *do not* think best that you should *know* the time when the picture will be placed in your *hands*, as the anxieties, the excitement would mar the conditions. We have considered this with great care.

I advise you to let this girl go and see Charles. Let her mind be made free from these horrible suspicions which are death to all *peace*. I know her and the effect will be good. Go free from the wish to touch or taste that vile and killing *poison*. Make that firm determination and we will again trust her as God trusts and believes and forgives with renewed strength and hope for His children. Then she will sit down contented with *circumstances* which we will once more turn into sunshine. Meet at three and Sunday at five. Meet as though you were (216) in reality going before the opened eyes of those who compose your *circle*.

Katie how little you realize that we see more *clearly* than earthly eyes. God bless you! I will speak to you after the circle but now must go to duties, and as I am a punctual man *at all* times, I shall not expect you to be behind time one moment.

B. F."

April 22—3 P. M.—1870.

Katie did as directed and at three we had a very fine meeting. The air was delightful, Katie was happy, the Doctor was rested and the spirits were filled with joy. As my hand lay upon the table I noticed something brush across the ends of my fingers that felt like cloth of some fine sort. I felt it again and mentioned it. The Doctor soon noticed something of the same kind pass over and cling to his shoulder. The fabric seemed (217) to be detained or held by roughness of his coat. The echoes said that each time it was Leila and her dress we felt. During the session they said "Now we will tell you the cause of our *not* having a meeting last night. First, we had our *own* duties to attend to, secondly—no, we will write it for we do not wish Katie to hear." Then Katie took the pencil and in the darkened room, with her eyes closed the pencil wrote as follows.

"First dear Sarah and George, we had our duties, and we felt the need of reposing in the sunlight, after which Dr. Franklin called us all together and we had a most profound consultation about Katie, how we should keep her in the right path. As we are not always able to be with her, and as we saw clearly that something had to be done without the least uncertainty, we gathered for that express purpose. The circle (218) were all present. Dr. Franklin consulted with a power even higher than himself, and out of the whole number he chose Professor Kenyon and his wife to stand by Katie almost constantly, for a time *unlimited*. When they repose from that duty it will be when Katie is in other hands as good. This is Professor's duty, designated for him because of his love for you and our family. It will be as sacred a duty as any we have here. She shall not sleep out of his influence, and it will be far greater than earthly vigils. Now Sarah, you can feel at ease. No anxiety, no care, no feeling that Katie is going to fall, at least for a long time, as we have in preparation greater things, after the picture is given. Let her keep her engagements with others also, when we have none. She can go with these invisible watchers and always return as she (219) goes, spotless from that poison which is death. Yes, death to everything. Now Sarah feel no anxiety, take no thought but witness the power of the circle who surround you. Katie's Mother has not the power to do all this. Are you not happy? We are and now you will have a proof of our power and also the greatest test you have ever received. Dr. Franklin will linger to make the next appointment. Be happy! All is well!

Olin."

"I am here with the circle. Mrs. Kenyon."

"I went with the circle, and now seeing you have finished the message I am here to appoint our next meeting at twenty minutes after nine to-night. I think that there *are* persons on earth who require the care of *immortal* beings here. It is a duty as great as duties here, specially when they are persons who are the channels for good, *pure* spirits to come (220) through. You have

all our *signatures* to this. Be free from anxiety under all circumstances, *only* say I *trust*. *Remember* we never deceive. B. F., Olin and all the circle." "Your friend and teacher Professor K. and all."

"The next appointment will be made to-night. Farewell.

B. F."

April 22, 1870.

At twenty minutes past nine we were in our places. The evening was fine and all were happy. The Doctor was greeted in the usual manner by the Professor and I felt Leila and her clothing distinctly on my shoulder at two different times. I thought she would sit upon my lap, but that was expecting too much. They asked for paper, and put the pencil into Katie's hand and wrote the following in the dark.

(221) "We must bring pencils in the morning quarter before eight. You need not darken with blankets if you will keep eyes closed faithfully. ¹ This paper will do. We want to try the pencils on white paper after we sharpen them.

All is well! Be happy! You see how we *guard* and *watch*! God bless you!

Professor and Circle."

April 23—A. M.—1870.

At quarter before eight we were waiting for them, but not one half minute passed before they announced themselves. They rattled their pencils and after a little delay took the blank paper from the table and tried their pencils, gave one to the Doctor and said, "We are through with this and will leave it." They asked Katie to write and handed her the blank sheets as fast as they were needed. Katie's eyes were *blindfolded*. The following was written.

(222) "My dear Sarah. Bright and lovely is the morning, bright the hour, lovely the flowers and we are all here. Oh! How happy we are for now no shadows fall upon our prayers. We know that the strength and power Professor Kenyon has will keep all anxiety from you; and

(1) They had already told us, by the echoes, to have blank white paper at the next meeting.

no matter *where* or under *what* circumstances Katie is placed she will be protected.

Sleep with this sweet assurance and know that the power above is the only saving power. Meet at three. Better be ready at half past two. There will be no meeting to-night, one at eleven to-morrow and one at five. Call us not again until we make our presence known.

Be as free in mind as the birds whose warblings greet your ear. All is well!

Olin."

"George you felt my hand, this morning, touch yours. It is a helping hand.

Olin."

1

"Meet at three. There will be no meeting to-night. The Circle.

B. F."

(223) April 23—P. M.—1870.

At three we were again in our places. The work went joyfully on. I should say here that at each of these meetings we heard almost continually the pencils upon the paper. After an hour and half, while we stood by the open window, the echoes said, "We had not power to put signature, it should be B. F. and the Circle." This was the first hint we had that there had been any writing done during the meeting. After they were gone we found the following, written in a firm clear hand.

(Autograph)

"My Dear Children. We are so happy. All is well. Meet at eleven to-morrow. We do hope that the atmosphere will be clear; at five all will be well. We all go now and will speak after the morning meeting. God bless" Here the power failed.

April 24—11 A. M.—1870.

One of the sweetest days the Spring ever brought to mortals was this 24th. The dear invisibles worked so quietly that we could but notice it. We heard no rustling of paper or moving of pencils. The Doctor and Katie were sent twice by the door, and at (224) one time they remained several minutes much longer than

ever before. The Professor, Father Taylor and Frankie each took hold of the Doctor. Father said. "Write to your Mother. She will not remain long. Her heart is lonely." Frankie or Leila put fingers in my hair. They told Katie to take pencil, and they wrote the subjoined messages, in the dark. As soon as the pencil dropped the echoes said "Dear Sarah and George, the birds are singing for the children, and with the blessing of the whole circle we say farewell. Open eyes, get light." While they were saying this I felt Frankie's or Leila's fingers still playing in my hair.

"Twelve o'clock and all is well! We are all here. We are doing our work. We shall do all for the best and all we ask is that you will not hurry us. We cannot now, after retaining the picture so long, give it without giving it as we *desire*. We want it to please us, to be like Leila, and a day or more detention will not harm you but help us, therefore be happy. We have all the conditions on (225) your side that we can desire. We do not feel a shadow. You must *not* know the day, but have faith. The time is very near and you will rejoice. Meet at five. We find that it is a most electrical day for our work. We wish you to have paper on this table. We will require time, so be ready at five to come in the room. Marvel not! Be happy! Full directions and explanations shall be given this day. God bless you! We are happy for all is well. When we are ready we will make known our presence.

Olin."

"We have been working above on the picture this morning. It has not been in the room, but this afternoon have room all ready and window open at half past four. We had to work on the picture in our own homes this morning, therefore we were silent.

B. F."

"Mamma I am so happy and so is Leila.

Frankie."

April 24—5 P. M.—1870.

The afternoon was just as fine as the morning. At fifteen minutes before five the echoes told us to "Go in." We took our seats and heard the

(1) This was written on the blank sheet by B. F. himself.

work upon the paper very directly. (226) The Doctor and Katie were sent by the door as usual, the little table was rolled and pushed about, the round stand was walked up to the table at which we were sitting, the Professor saluted the Doctor with his usual slap and grasped him firmly by the arm, Frankie took one of the curls that was hanging over my bosom, lifted it up and said, "Mamma, pretty curl." Katie's dress was pulled, but they seldom take hold of her in any other manner, owing perhaps to the fact, that every touch *alarms* her *greatly*. At six they told Katie to take the pencil. After the writing (which is *now always done in the dark*) they went away in the usual manner.

"My dear Sarah and George. We had to efface some marks on the picture this morning in our own homes, therefore we are not able to bring it to-day, but be not disappointed, it will be all the more beautiful and perfect. We *ourselves* are delighted, overjoyed with our success and so you will be. Remember these words, God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. Be contented and (227) happy, knowing that we are watching. We have used all our power and can not talk freely. Meet at three to-morrow and in

the meantime be free from anxiety of any kind. Katie will be guarded and will keep all of our appointments.

The work is pleasing to us and we all rejoice, and in a few moments angels will be looking down upon us, to see us approach our homes with our charge.

Dear Sarah all is well! The conditions are perfect. Call us not back to-night.

God bless you!

Olin."

April 25 3 P. M.—1870.

The day had been very cloudy with some rain, but at about three the air cleared, the clouds disappeared and the sun shone gloriously. At three we were seated around the table. The Doctor felt the touch of the Professor and we heard his step almost at once. The Doctor and Katie went as usual by the door, the table rolled about etc. While at the table the echo said, "We shall want the knife no more." At a little before four they said "Katie take pencil." I reached for the paper which lay upon the table, but it was too far away, still it was handed to me by some one; not the Doctor or Katie. I asked who? The echoes answered "I did."

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FRANKIE

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April 25 4 P. M.—1870.

"It is a pleasure for us again to record, that all is well and the conditions are well. We have a good atmosphere and our work goes on as we wish. We are very much pleased and happy.

The whole circle is here and rejoices in the blessed day of purity and freshness. Dear children be you also happy and know that the day is near when your hearts will be made glad.

Meet for directions at half past ten to-morrow. We have no power now to say more. The little ones are bright with flowers, ¹ and you will know when to get some, after ten to-morrow. We will soon fly away with the picture, veiled from the careless eyes of the world, too sacred to be looked upon by them.

No more now. Farewell.

B. F."

April 26—10½ A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Friend. The circle are all engaged and I have only come to give you our directions. They send me and these are our wishes. Meet at three, the atmosphere will be so clear, and all will be well. We will all come then and talk. I must keep my eye on Katie and also other things. Have no anxiety all is well.

Prof."

Katie had come in fresh and well. She had not tasted the horrid cup for nearly a week. The pencil continued writing thus. "Do you not dear child see that (2-Vol. II) I have power given me to protect and keep from evil? Have no anxiety for there is no danger. Oh! How much I shall have to say in a few days.

Prof."

After a few moments he wrote.

"There is a spirit here who wishes to talk with you, but as she is not strong we can not let the power be used at this time. One word she can say through me.

Prof. K."

This followed.

"I lived there, I live here with children.

Polly."

On reading the last sentence I exclaimed Aunt Polly! The echoes said "Yes." Aunt Polly was a dear woman who died the next year after Ma. She was not a relative of ours, but was everybody's Aunt and everybody's friend. She had never attempted to speak before although I had several times inquired after her, but now a grandson of hers was calling on us and at this moment was in an adjacent room. I at once inquired if his coming had brought her near us? They answered "Yes." I made another inquiry and the pencil wrote. "Sarah wait until after the meeting, and then she can come and I will help her. Call no more.

Your Friend and Teacher."

April 26 3 P. M.—1870.

The day was perfectly beautiful and our meeting apparently satisfactory. The children were particularly happy over a vase of fresh flowers which stood upon the bureau. There was a solitary flower put between the Doctor's lips and very soon one given to me.

(3-Vol. II) The echoes said, "Dear Mamma we are going to make something for you." Soon they put the vase into the Doctor's hand and he found it empty of flowers.

They now wrote through Katie's hand, but when she wanted the paper, they would not let me reach across the table as before, but had me go around to the opposite side for it. This gave us an intimation that the "something" they were making was on the table. All the other demonstrations were as usual, the going by the door, the rolling of the table, the pencils upon the paper etc. After they were gone we found a beautiful cross made of the flowers and tied with spool-cotton, the thread still unbroken from the spool. The arrangement was exquisitely sweet. The spool they must have taken from a drawer which

(1) This referred to remarks made by us about flowers for our meetings.

we left and found closed. The writing in the dark was.

"My dear Sarah and George. We are rejoiced to say that not one thing is wanting now. The picture will be given one day this week, so ask not when, the day leave with us. It is almost finished. To-morrow meet at three precisely. I could tell you now the day but I am not permitted to for reasons. Are you not happy? George be not impatient, you must not be. We are not working in vain, so be patient, the great reward will come. (4-Vol. II) The little ones are so overjoyed. They have arranged the flowers and feel so happy. Their little hands have placed them as you see them. Are you not blessed to have them so near? After the picture is given there are many friends here who wish to come and talk with you; but we, the circle, think till then, you and they better wait as we want to introduce them and have a family gathering. The next night after the picture is given we want a meeting for our whole family.

Have the lights bright for them, the room nice, and flowers. They will prepare too for this visit.

Have Em. present, and Oh! how happy we will all be. Call us not back. God bless you.

Olin."

April 27 3 P. M.—1870.

Another pure, perfect day. Just before three we entered the room, I was last and as I left our parlor I took the Doctor's hat with me and laid it on the bureau in the intermediate room, fastened the door after me and followed them. Our room was as usual, with the addition of a pot of white pinks which sat upon the table around which we seated ourselves. The Doctor was directly accosted by the Professor, who said, "My efforts have not been in vain even with Katie. I will continue to show my power." Very soon the stem of a pink was placed between my lips and Ma said "Dear little Leila gave you that." I asked who broke the (5-Vol. II) flower from the stalk? Ma said, "She did. I held her."

Now Frankie put a flower from the vase in his Papa's hand and then the echoes directed the Doctor and Katie to go by the door. As they

were getting up, or leaving their seats Frankie took the flower from his Papa, and when they returned gave it to him again. The next time they were sent by the door he did the same thing, returning the flower as his Papa was seated. This was repeated three times. They wrote in the dark and went away. We returned to our parlor, and Frankie said immediately, "Mamma look for Papa's hat." My sister and Katie exclaimed "What does that mean!" "Where was the Doctor's hat?" We all went in to look for it. I looked on the bureau where I left it, but it was not there. We looked by the bureau on the carpet, on the bed, under the bed but could not find it. We then went into my bed-room. The echoes said "Mamma you are cold." We went back to the intermediate room and looked again. When I touched the bed, he said "Hot! Hot!" On taking up a large feather pillow, the hat lay close in the corner, behind and entirely hid by it.

"My Dear Sarah and George. The whole circle are happy with our success which will soon gladden your eyes. We are all going to meet after this sitting for consultation and to-morrow meet for directions (6-Vol. II) at half past twelve. The room will not require darkening. We wish no appointments made for Friday, none at all, and this you will understand after our directions to-morrow. We only hint this to Katie in order to prepare her if any one should wish an appointment. If we appoint a meeting for Friday night, there will be, must be no meeting during the day. Oh! How happy we are, the chain is so perfect, and after the picture is given we will have such good conditions that we can go on with other things and make our explanation of heaven so plain that you will see us walking in our paths of glory. That which you long so much for, Sarah, shall be explained. We will raise the curtain! You shall see your children face to face. We will keep the conditions pure, the chain whole.

We shall go on with the explanations and everything, every word as promised shall be fulfilled. Why this is not to end here! This is the step to very great things, and while these bless-

ings are bestowed so freely hold fast to them for God gives us power to do all these things through our love for you and our children. Be patient! Ask not when! Believe the hour is not far off. God bless you.

Olin."

(7-Vol. II) April 28 12½ P. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. It is pleasant to sit down with you alone, undisturbed, and without feeling the chilling influence of curiosity. Sarah can you understand this? Yesterday we had our consultation, and now let us prepare you for an event which will not in a long time occur again. To-morrow meet at three, and Saturday call not upon us till we call you to witness your heart's desire.

The meeting will be at half past eight Saturday P. M. How happy we are, how rejoiced, for now all our plans are sure, our hopes to be realized. We do not wish you to feel anxious or excited. Be calm and let your soul be peaceful for great are the blessings, which in a very short time, will be placed in your hands. ¹ We wish you could meet without the confusion which attends these great meetings, at least do all you can, you can do no more. We shall be happy to give you this sweet tribute, and as the colors may fade, or the picture become marred, we advise you to preserve it in some way. We know you will feel a happy sadness when you look upon the picture, but it will give you great peace all through your life, and happiness which the world can not take from you. To-day there will be no further meeting. The little ones are so near you, almost in your arms, and Oh! would that I could (8-Vol. II) make their faces shine upon your vision. Let me beg you to be free from fatigue on Saturday. We have duties to perform, and still we shall be near to advise if we are needed; let us judge of that.

²There are influences dear Sarah which we can not over-come. We find it difficult now to write, seeing the thoughts and feelings, the spheres in the back room. It is this keen perception, sensitiveness, inward feeling which makes Katie the

medium she is, and although the cold world can not understand it, you can. Be patient! All is well! But now let me speak on a subject foreign to this. Feel no anxiety about your business affairs. I see that you will come out clear as gold. One thing we blame ourselves for. It is this, that we did not sooner take Katie under our special care, that we deferred the time so long. Surely she was worthy a consultation, she through whom we can do so much. But we rejoice now, for no power on earth can overcome the greater power. Keep your own counsel.

We can say no more now, but remember the directions, which are to meet at the named times, rain or shine.

Olin."

April 28 7 P. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. I wish to advise to-night. ¹To-morrow at three I will know if you can meet at (9-Vol. II) ten the following Saturday night. Katie, I know will have no meeting, and all will be well. I think however that she requires rest and better go to bed early here, and to-morrow she can go and meet her friend as early as she pleases, but to-night do rest in order to be strong to-morrow. The picture is so beautiful and so nearly finished that we feel now like walking in flowery paths and sun-lit groves. If Katie goes now she will be urged over to Mrs. Tyler's and no rest. God bless you Sarah and Em.

Olin."

This last message, with the exception of the sentence about the picture, was all answers to different matters we were discussing.

April 29 3 P. M.—1870.

Rain fell during the morning and the afternoon was damp. Directly after we were seated the Doctor and Katie were sent by the door and we heard the pencils with perfect distinctness upon the paper. We wondered how they could bring it through the wet atmosphere. We found our query answered in the message they left. While we were sitting by the table I felt flowers falling over my face and soon found near me the large

(1) I was called upon several times while he was writing the message.

(2) In the back room were Louise and Mrs. Wells.

(1) I had asked to have the half past eight appointment deferred to ten.

pot of pinks which we left on the stand by the window. We heard a great deal of rattling of paper, but our meeting was very short. They wrote the following before we admitted light.

(10-Vol. II) "My Dear Children. We have nearly finished the picture. Meet to-morrow at three, and at ten P. M. Oh rejoice! We shielded the picture with a thicker paper, and we have now all as we wish. We will not say whether we return it at three or ten. We have had the elements against us, but we are satisfied, and now let me beg that all future appointments will be kept faithfully, for we can come face to face. Call us not again to-day and try not to think of us.

All is well! Have no anxiety! We will not defer our promises! God bless you! To-day ends nearly all our work on the picture. Meet at three to-morrow. The picture is smooth and beautiful. Fear not!

B. F."

"My Dear Sarah. We wish the meeting at precisely three to-morrow afternoon. It will be a short meeting, as the great meeting will be at ten in the evening. All is well! The pencils will be returned when the picture is finished and we wish you to note this: there are no shadows, no obstacles, nothing to interfere, and we all congratulate you on having a beautiful picture. We will at a future time give one of our Ma.

The meeting of all our friends will take place the same night that the picture is placed in your hands. We are only too happy to be able to tell you this; (11-Vol. II) so sleep happy. We give you our word, our promise that all shall be well with Katie. And now let us say; be happy! Call us not again until we announce ourselves."

Katie has come in this afternoon in very irritable mood, with the manner she usually has when she has imbibed slightly. She was going out again. I was distressed with anxiety. Judging from the past I knew the appointments for the next day could not be kept. I thought that her bad humor had shortened the afternoon meeting! My heart sank down, down.

The pencil wrote.

"My Dear Child. All is well; be not in the least disturbed. You shall not be disappointed. We did not require a longer time to-day. Let me say that you should trust me. There are times when I wish to speak in an audible voice, and say, trust me, trust us. Katie has not, I will answer for her, taken ardent spirits and I will keep her from it; but we influence her when you least expect. Being nervous she mistakes kindness for unkindness. To-morrow the picture will come. We can not say at which hour, three or ten, but believe us and fear not. The drops for stomach ache did not help Katie and she did not do wrong to take them for she knew not their effect. (12-Vol. II) At all events I am sentinel and watch at the door. Katie better come here to-night and sleep. Sunday night we will give her liberty to stay at Mrs. Townsend's. All is well! The picture is lovely. I am delighted with it.

Prof."

After reading the above message Katie was happy and did not wish to go out until after tea.

Later in the afternoon while Maggie was arranging some cologne bottles on the bureau, she took up, without thinking or knowing, the white crayon pencil which they had returned to us. Katie and I were at the opposite end of the room and did not notice her when the echoes said "Maggie do not take away my pencil." Maggie came as soon as she heard her name, and when the sentence was finished did not know its meaning. I explained to her, then she said she had taken the pencil up and laid it down again.

After tea I was to send an escort with Katie. At half past seven she started up and said, "Now I will go." The echoes answered "No! Wait! Some one will come to go with you." She said, she did not believe it, that her impressions were pretty correct and she felt it was not so; but finally consented to wait a little, and see, saying it would be a good test. In about fifteen minutes the door-tender announced one of her best friends, who took her (13-Vol. II) to Mr. Townsend's and back again.

Just before we retired the echoes said "Meet at half past seven in the morning. The atmos-

phere will be fine. Meeting will be short. Need not darken."

Saturday April 30 7½ A. M.—1870.

The morning was exquisitely fine, and after we had prepared the room in the usual manner, except that we did not darken it, and laid, by their request, Frankie's picture, which they gave us three months ago, upon the little table, we seated ourselves as always.

Directly we heard the rustle of paper on the table before us and the echoes said. "Dear Sarah we are going to leave the picture with you, but do not look upon it until after our meeting at three. We could not of course give her great spiritual beauty, but we have done all in our power.

The blessed atmosphere has aided us to come with this sacred gift. Examine the hair and the little band which the child now wears."

We thanked them and God for their great pains in doing for us. They answered. "Thank God first for He gave us the power. Remember and secure the pictures from being marred." We now inquired if we should open our eyes? They spoke almost simultaneously and said. "First my dear Sarah let me fulfill my promise." And at the commencement of the sentence the picture was placed in my hand, (14-Vol. II) and at the same time Frankie's was put in the Doctor's. The very same paper that was taken away by angels three months before, and had been kept in the realms of the blessed, and worked over and upon, so mysteriously, by the hands of the purified, now lay again in my own material hand, now was looked upon with my own mortal eyes.

It was now eight o'clock, our breakfast hour and Olin wrote the following as I laid the precious pictures away carefully under lock and key to await their next bidding.

"My Dear Sarah and George. You are now going down in the crowd with the knowledge, that you have that which the world can not give nor take away. Oh! How I do shrink from having curious eyes look upon this little face.

Olin."

As soon as the above message was read, we

made further inquiry and the pencil wrote again.

"Wait! Call us not until we make our presence known! We are going to have a meeting and will talk with you in an hour.

Olin."

9 A. M. At the expiration of the hour he was here.

"My Dear Sarah. We wish the meeting for seeing the picture at three, with you, George and Katie, (our circle) no more. Then we leave it to your discretion to show, as you have good judgment.

(15-Vol. II) Are you not happy? We have put aside much to-day in order to get all the dear ones together for the meeting to-night. Now we want to give directions for the purpose of showing the little one to you. If you follow strictly our directions there will be no failure; and we are happy to have a good and lasting control over the conditions. To-day all will be well, we will watch when the sun rises, and when the mantle of sleep falls over those we love we will stand and watch. Oh! How happy we are! And now soon you shall have a picture of your Mother (our dear Ma), who is now holding Leila in her arms to let her pull down the flowers which she can not reach without aid. We shall to-morrow take these little ones and meet in our own lovely bowers.

Meet to-night at ten. Tell Em. to be present as we are all coming. Wait till I see who is calling me." The pencil was still several minutes after which it continued as follows. "You remember Aunt Polly? She desires to come and I have given my consent. Caroline also. I would like to have you punctual, as all will wish to say a few words. Dr. Franklin shall speak first. Wait! I am called again." The pencil was again still, and longer than before after which it commenced as follows. "Prof. Hare and his (16-Vol. II) friend, Rev. Pierpont. I should be happy to have them, but more will not be able to talk, therefore our number is now full. All are happy and satisfied. You dear Sarah must have a welcome for all. Meet at three.

Olin."

Willie was present when we read this last message and I asked him to meet with us at ten, to which he gladly assented. The pencil then wrote.

"Oh! Willie. I am so glad that you are coming! You will not be afraid to feel my little hand, will you?

Frankie."

April 30th 3 P. M.—1870.

The day still perfect. I did not darken the room, laid the two pictures on the little table and we took our seats. We had been but a minute or two in our places when a white pink, from a vase upon the table, was placed in my hand, the long gone pencils rattled upon the table, and one of them was slipped into the Doctor's sleeve and one into mine as I held my hand to my face. The echoes then said, "Get baby's picture, bring it here. Let us all congratulate you! Joy be with you." The picture was again laid in my hand. Now they bade us "Open eyes, read and look at picture." The following had been written while our eyes were closed, by an unseen hand.

"Let us all wish you joy. Meet at ten to-night. We will all speak then. Benj. Franklin and the whole (17-Vol. II) circle. We can say no more now." Then we looked upon the picture, the picture of an angel made by the hands of angels. Sweet little Leila with her golden hair; longer and more curly than when she went away three years ago. A plain blue band around her head with no loops or ends, (while here she wore a blue ribbon tied on the top of her head.) Her heavenly blue eyes are raised upwards and Olin says she is looking at the birds which are singing above her. Her cunning little nose and sweet, loving mouth are there true to life, her little double chin and plump round face are all there, and the whole is infinitely sweet and sacred, marvelously beautiful and the work is exquisitely fine. The first look at the picture gave us the impression of a darker complexion than she had. They saw our thought and said. "We will make it lighter if you wish."

The entire process of this wonderful work has been and is to us a grand and surprizing revelation. The glimpses we have been able to catch

and the ideas we have obtained of the next world are dearer and sweeter than any views or knowledge we have gained besides. The two worlds are blending together, and our children there are our children still, and are here so much and so often that we feel their presence and converse with them at times as freely as with our precious (18-Vol. II) Willie, who is still left to our care. And Willie too talks with his brother as though he saw him by his side. And now let me state here, that during all this long time, through each of the meetings described, Katie's hands have both been held all of the time, and no other human being but we three has ever been in the room, so that the possibility of deception of any sort does not exist.

I thank my God and my angel loved ones for my knowledge of and acquaintance with this poor, helpless Katie. So simple and childlike, still bright and quick; as sensitive as a quivering leaf and irritable as an inflamed eye.

April 30 10 P. M.—1870.

I arranged our private parlor for this great meeting, placed the angel pictures of our angel children in a conspicuous position and at quarter before ten our unseen friends announced the arrival of some of the company. Katie took the pencil and the speaking commenced.

"My Dear Friends. After the picture is photographed we will make it lighter if you desire. You will see Artists, who will make all clear to your mind.

B. F."

We made some reply to this, then he continued.

"We will take it and make it lighter, fair as a lily which she is, just as soon as you are through with it, and if you desire to have it done before, we will, (19-Vol. II) but it will not take so good a photograph.

B. F."

Now Frankie said by the echoes "Mamma what do you think of your little boy and girl?" After a little more conversation about the picture the speaking really commenced.

"Dear Friends. We are all here and it is the wish of the circle that I should speak first. We have all felt a great desire to give you a perfect

likeness of your little one. The picture is a fine one, the features and appearance of the little girl, but much darker as we from the first, desired you to have it taken in a form that you could always retain. The picture shall be taken Thursday and made to please your eyes, for she is fair as a lily and we will make it so. We are all happy to come here. We have done the best we could and you must not feel one shadow of disappointment. We will keep the picture but a very short time, only a few hours. We have got control of the conditions now and we can do almost anything in the way of showing our presence.

I feel an interest in you and your family and when I can aid you, it will always be a pleasure.

Let these meetings be a fresh green, ever in your hearts, and remember that you are blessed. My power to aid in showing the faces of your dear little ones would be greater than in making pictures, as I never had artistic skill. I can aid and direct, but not paint. You must be happy, for as we have told you before, (20-Vol. II) greater things are coming. I will give way now to others as the room is filling with anxious friends.

I admire your little son now living in his earthly home. Fine little boy, who will live to be a good man. I hope and know he will as I shall ever have an eye on him. Farewell.

B. F."

"My Dear Sarah and George. I believe that I come next to wish you joy, happiness and long life, a life to guard and help the living who look to you for aid, a life to help your child who looks to you for support.

I see the little shade of disappointment on your hearts. Oh! Cast it off, for we can make the little face fair and just as you desire. Think no more of the shadows, they are easily effaced and shall be.

Sarah and George we are here: through flowery paths we have come. Leila and Frankie are now on their way, with their Grandma hand in hand, skipping along, laughing, playing, singing and kissing each other every alternate step. They

want to touch Willie before he sleeps, so that he will feel them."

At this point Frankie said by the echoes. "Willie, let me touch you, then you go to bed." Willie assented. "Willie bring the flowers." He brought the vase and set it upon the table. "Willie set it under the table." He did that. "Now Willie put your hand under the table." He did so, and a beautiful rose-bud from the vase was placed in it, and Frankie laid his (21-Vol. II) hand against Willie's. Willie was delighted, said Frankie's hand felt warm and as soft as a pin-cushion. Frankie then said. "Now dear little brother go to bed." Willie answered "Good night Frankie." Frankie said "No." Meaning I suppose that he should be with him. After Willie went out flowers were put in each of our hands from under the table until the vase was emptied, then Frankie said "Papa put hand low under the table." When done, the vase emptied of flowers, but full of water, was put in the Doctor's hand. The Doctor, Em. and I felt the hand, distinctly, that placed the flowers in ours, but we did not see it. The gas was burning and our eyes were open throughout this meeting, but we reached our hands under the table to receive the flowers. Dear little Katie sat with her hands upon the table, and while we were receiving the flowers and bringing them above the table, she said "Oh! I do wish they would give me one." At our request, she placed her hand under, and when they put a flower in it, she was filled with delight. Now the writing was again resumed and continued until the power was exhausted.

"We have all enjoyed this meeting. The giving of the flowers were the children's gifts; and children are flowers.

You dear Sarah and George have taken many steps upwards. Oh! How easy it will be for you to go through the Golden (22-Vol. II) Gates. There will be no hesitations, no reading of records. Your little ones will stand with open arms, a youth and maiden in their Father's mansions. You will like their garments and say how beautiful. Dear Em. I feel sorry to see you not in your usual health and I do think that you require a

day or two rest. There is a tree of buds in the future for you; each one will bloom into a beautiful flower, and you will leave all dark clouds to walk in freedom and happiness. Changes come daily, but let me tell you dear Em. the happiest change in your life is yet to come. You have that knowledge, that bright star to make all your trials easy to bear. Be happy and I will come often. Now, I wish you pleasant dreams and a brighter morning.

Your Brother Olin."

"My Dear Children, George included. There is no night with us, no late hours. We only feel the changes when we draw near earth and come directly in your presence. What shall I say? My heart is full of affection for you, and while part of yours lives with me, the dearer part, I feel how near the two worlds are together, and that there is no separation.

Little Leila and Frankie are in form here. You can not see them, would that you could. The veil is very thin, but patience children, you shall see us some day. I have no anxiety for you as I know (23-Vol. II) that you are all doing well. I love you all and will help you. Em. you must all, call on me often. My arms are open. We can say no more now. Oh! Sarah I would not give up these little ones! I could not give them back! They are mine now, but sometime they shall be wholly yours.

Now rest your heads on your pillows and my blessing shall be there with you.

Ma."

"My Dear Friend and Pupil. You will be pleased to hear from me. I shall continue my watchful care over Katie and you shall have evidence of my presence in this way. God bless you! My wife joins me in love to you all.

Prof. Kenyon."

"Well! Well Sary do you think I am going to be out of the way when all the rest are here? God love you.

Sabry."

"Dear, Dear Em. This is new for me. My life here is more beautiful than I expected. I did not wish to leave earth you know, but I am now

reconciled. I wish you joy Em. in future realities, anticipations of which make your life happy now. I will come again at a future time. Ever thine

Carry."

"The power is too far exhausted, we speak the sentiment of all who are here and now dear Sarah we can say no more. We must now take up (24-Vol. II) the chain of duties and shall not be able to talk again for a day or two. Call us not unless we announce our presence, but our promise for Thursday shall be kept, and on Monday we will give directions for other things. We can say no more.

Olin."

"We will each say good night through our separate echoes.

Olin."

It was nearly twelve when they went away.

May 1st 10 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. How beautiful the morning is, nothing to complain of but your own feelings and I see that Em. feels heavy. Go to church Em. or ride and you will come back feeling better. This week will bring you good news, so be happy. The sweet companionship of the unseen loved ones should cheer you, and mine may at least, so I flatter myself. I wish you to meet to-morrow for directions. Katie come home to-morrow by eleven and I will announce my presence when I am ready to give directions. All is well! I am now going to join another circle and leave my blessing with you, Sarah. God bless you! All join me in this.

Olin."

On reading the message I said, "Olin did you mean my feelings? I am not unhappy!" The pencil wrote.

"No! My dear sister Sarah, I did not mean your feelings, for while I look in your heart I see a (25-Vol. II) peace there which gives me joy. A mind at rest with itself needs no outward beauty to rob it of its desolation. The heart when heavy can not be made light even though flowers and music cheer and gladden. The heart when happy will not be saddened by leafless trees and rainy

days. You my precious sister understand this.

I have looked in the little faces of my children flowers and they will use the whole day in their description of last night's meeting. Now, dear Sarah, not long will we be away. Remember, I can hear you call.

Olin."

Katie did not come on the 2nd but on the morning of the 4th she was here and the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. We are so happy to have another interview, another opportunity to talk and manifest our presence. We have been with you and witnessed your feelings over the picture. We know it is beautiful and can bear criticism. Still dear Sarah we have made it a little lighter. Now you will see what a beautiful photograph it will take. To-morrow night we want you to meet at half past nine for preparation as we want to make Leila's face visible; and we want you all in good condition. Dear Sarah we always have forms, but when we come to earth we materialize our forms and robes in order that (26-Vol. II) you may be able to see us more distinctly. When in our homes above we are very ethereal and purely spiritual. We wish no meeting during the day to-morrow as we shall need all the power. I am willing that Mr. Gurney should come before the meeting and see the picture. We are all satisfied with it. We shall to-day be engaged with our duties and to-morrow night be with you. Have a cover made so as to subdue the lamp light when it falls upon the face. All is well! Dear Sarah be not anxious the future is bright and you will meet all your expenses without difficulty. I will announce my presence if any changes are to be made before to-morrow night. ¹ I was here in form last night when I made the echoes. You shall know from the Artist himself, who painted the pictures as we shall all be present. We can say no more now. All join me in love to you.

Olin."

We met on the evening of the fifth as directed.

May 6—10 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. We are happy to come this

morning for the conditions are not disturbed, and when we find them so, we are always happy to manifest our love, our presence and our care. Yes, we are here to give full directions. We want the little ones to come face to face, for the vision will be a lovely one, and we want the conditions so that they can come. (27-Vol. II) Prof. K. will again take his post and guard Katie more effectually than ever. Now Sarah these are the directions which we want followed. The preparation is very much like the preparation for the picture.

You know they have to get familiar with coming in your immediate presence. They must become acquainted with the earthly conditions, therefore we wish you to meet at half past twelve for preparations, and if you keep your eyes closed there will be no need of hanging up the curtains. We want to have the conditions so that they will be able to come first at twilight, but in case they cannot we would like the lamp prepared. My dear Sarah all is well, we will require but little time for preparation, not many meetings, but sufficient to enable the little ones to come easily.

We will appoint to-day, to-morrow and Sunday morning, and Monday morning for preparation and Monday night for coming visibly. In the meantime Katie be happy and may God bless you and help you. All is bright again. The birds are singing, the children are happy and so is the spirit who will guard you this day. Sarah on the wings of the wind the children send kisses, blessings and flowers of peace. ¹ We will control the echoes and make them gently.

Olin."

(28-Vol. II) We met at half past twelve, were in session about a half hour and they appointed another meeting at ten that evening, but a heavy storm came down at night and when the time arrived the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Friends. We are here to fulfill our promise and appointment, but as the weather, the atmosphere is so very much against us, we would only harm ourselves by trying to come in form; therefore my friends wait patiently and

(1) We heard his echoes in the night when we were all in bed, Katie in the next room.

(1) An invalid occupied the room beneath us.

all will be as we have promised and as you anticipate. Oh! How your little ones wait, how anxiously, how impatiently, they will come and you will recognize them.

Be happy! Farewell.

B. F."

"My Dear Sarah. I almost controlled the pencil, so anxious, was I to come. I know that the flowers bloom to-night as freshly as when the sun shines, but you do not know this, some day you will. We can say no more now and as we are not able to come in form we will go to our own duties. God bless you. To-night we will soothe and comfort you, give you rest and quiet slumbers.

Olin."

May 7—Saturday—1870.

The house was full of confusion, sweeping, dusting, sewing and dress-making going on. Instead of meeting the pencil wrote.

(29-Vol. II) "My Dear Sarah. I see the confusion, and utter impossibility of our meeting. I once told you about the conditions, how delicate they are, like a pure stream, when a pebble is thrown in the waters are disturbed. Sarah the dear little ones are very happy. We would deprive them of much joy were we heedless of their requests, their desires, which are prayers from their pure souls and we never let the conditions be such as to harm or distress them.

Olin."

Saturday evening Katie kept an engagement with a very fashionable family on Fifth Avenue. She went well and happy, but came back at ten o'clock, sick and crazy with brandy. The next morning May 8th the pencil wrote. "Oh! How I tried to enter the circle last night in order to protect this poor girl, but I could not for the spirits there were dark and powerful.

Prof. K."

May 8th—9 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. I am here this morning, so happy to be able to come free from shadows. I read your thoughts yesterday, but could not come near enough to you to say what I wished to; and

as the circle were all here I felt disappointed and had to occupy the time in explaining to them.

Now we will meet at eleven.

+ + + + Olin."

(30-Vol. II) May 8th—11 A. M.—1870

We met for the children. Soon Frankie said "Uncle I can't get on Papa's shoulder." After a little time, the Doctor felt the weight of Frankie's body on his shoulder, or what seemed to be it, and so heavy as to make his shoulder yield for an instant; Uncle Olin, apparently, having come to his aid. After a little longer sitting Frankie said, "Mamma, Leila is sitting in the little chair so very near you." I listened, but thought, she could not be particularly near me for the little chair was at the further end of the room. They wrote with Katie's eyes closed, and went away. When we opened our eyes, the little chair stood on the table in front of us. Now I understood what Frankie meant by her being so close to me. The chair had been placed there without the least noise. The following had been written.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this morning, the dear little ones almost in form and will soon be able to make their beaming faces distinct to your vision. Do you want to know what they are doing now? I will tell you. Learning the way to approach you in visible form with ease and patience, with quiet and firmness, for their great joy, their impatient desire to get in your arms would so destroy the conditions that they (31-Vol. II) would not be able to retain their forms. You too must be calm and let them imbibe your feelings, this you can do if you try.

George one little word of advice to you, do enter in this with Sarah, feeling the same interest, the same love and let not shadows come over your pathway for Sarah feels and bears all that you do, and often there is a cold breeze from your appearance which enters in her spirit although it comes not in yours. I see your heart which is an evergreen of affection for Sarah and that gives me joy beyond expression. I am very happy to be able to write these few words to you.

We are in a world of light, a world of peace, of blessings and when we can strew some in your paths we are happy. This morning early we stood by the bed of that poor, departing soul. She had other friends to greet her, but we were able to give her pleasant visions. She was dying last night.

We will come to-morrow and see when the way will be clear, the atmosphere favorable, and appoint the meeting for the little ones. It must be at night when there are no interruptions.

I must go now and help the children although Dr. Franklin is the principal aid. Call us not back until we announce our presence.

Olin."

(32-Vol. II). Here now occurs a serious break in these sweet and to us precious messages. I could not always copy them as soon as written, and when Katie came often and I was very busy the papers accumulated to dozens of pages. This was the case here and when I looked over my papers, a long one containing several messages, and at least six pages for this book was missing, also a second paper containing two pages, but not next in order to the first. The date of this part of a message which follows I believe to be May 11th, 1870 "and all the circle will prepare to come with me. Oh! How we long to give these little ones an opportunity to show their love and affection for you. God bless you. All is well in every thing. Dear Sarah I will bring the little children very near you to-night and that will make them happy. George fear not for the future, all is well.

We can say no more now. Get up fresh and let us talk with you when the power is fresh.

Olin."

May 12—9 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah and George. This is the first time for some days that we have been able to come without difficulty. The clear atmosphere is lovely for us and we can now appoint to-morrow at half past nine for the children, half past nine P. M.

We see no clouds, no shadows on the pathway (33-Vol. II) in which you tread. Read this now

while the circle are here and tell me if it meets your approval.

Olin."

As soon as we read this the pencil wrote again.

"My Dear Friends. I think that I better understand this thing, better understand the conditions, and as you are going out to-morrow and circumstances will call upon you to give a meeting, I see that the power will be much used, therefore let the meeting be at half past nine, or nine the following night. I want the first power, the first, fresh conditions are always better and there is little use of our trying to make a physical or visible manifestation after a previous meeting. I will be here at the moment. You need have no flowers as we can supply them spiritually. My friend you can invent anything that will be of use. You see I can read your thoughts. And now let me say God bless you and farewell.

B. F."

"My Dear Sarah. I will go with you to-morrow and give you a pleasant day: Should you be prevented from going I will come and bring the children and give you many tokens of our actual presence. I was with Em. last night and I know she is better this morning.

All is well! Be happy! The flowers, where we are, open and close at every gentle breath and we feel how much (34-Vol. II) quieter our lives are than the earth can afford. We keep the Golden Keys in our hands in order to unlock the doors for the pure and good to enter where the pure and good above dwell. Angels of light and love are singing continual praise."

Here is the second break caused by the missing paper, and it was at this point we discovered that any were missing. I made inquiry of Maggie (my maid) and she looked as I had already done but could not find them and in the meantime the pencil wrote.

May 15—8 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. We are going with you to Greenwood this lovely morning. The birds will welcome you and the children will walk by your side. Oh, would that they could be seen, would that their little forms were visible to your eyes.

They will follow you but they dwell not there. The sweetest flowers in your pathway will be your two little ones. Now they are here, so spiritual that the earthly eye cannot behold them, so fine, so pure. Greenwood is not the home for the disembodied, for the living beautiful forms, but for the shells which are thrown aside. I want to talk with you Sarah, when you return. I will have much to say, for you will feel sad. But know this Sarah, that you do not leave the children there.

(35-Vol. II) Prof. K. was here this morning, the meeting will be especially for him next time as he wants to make a few explanations.

I see that two of our papers have been destroyed. Dear Sarah take charge of them or there will be more taken. God bless you.

Olin."

This last sentence surprised me and I asked if the servants had touched them? "No." If some one took them to read. "Yes." Who? You had better not ask." But I did ask and he told me.

I then inquired from what place they were taken? And he wrote. "Dear Sarah, you left them under the little table or they would have taken more. It was for want of access to them.

Olin."

I remembered then, the circumstance of a portion of the papers rolling off from the little table, and my setting it back over them hiding them from view.

Some one present now inquired if I should speak to the abstracter. The pencil answered.

"Bear it patiently Sarah, for they would not own it, and it would create hard feelings for life, mean words, and strife." Katie did not come again that day but did come the next morning.

May 16—10 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. We were with you yesterday, over the grounds of the bodies of the loved ones, who now with their new forms walk unseen those sacred (36-Vol. II) paths. How few understand the reality of life. The reality is here Sarah, the perishable is on your earth. The flowers fade, the grass withers, the world mourns and sorrow comes even when all things seem the brightest. There-

fore Sarah, do you wonder that we love our homes, our eternal world, our life, our duties? No! I see a response way down in your soul which seems to say No! No! And were you not to feel so, our sensitive plants would wither, and grow discontented and wish they were back again with you to grow and thrive, so little do they understand this world. We are educating them and as they grow in knowledge they will be less affected by the feelings of those dear to them. We were all with you. I mean Ma, the children, Prof. K., his wife and myself. I heard you sigh Sarah, saw the feeling of regret, and I appreciated your tender grief. I thought, my sister has a vacancy in her heart which cannot be filled. The bright flowers that were taken away, took a part of her life, and I can not chide her if she grieves. But Sarah, let me say, that you have so many comforts, so many holy blessings that you must be happy, such pure love and tender hands to smooth your way.

Now I have a request to make. It is this, that you get another sheet of paper, drawing paper (37-Vol. II) such as Leila's, and crayons. Prof. K. wants to take them himself, for what purpose you had better not know until it (the paper) is returned. To-morrow when Katie returns we will appoint the meeting which will be at night when others will not come between. The Professor loves you all and will be of great service to you and George.

Poor Em. I am sorry to see you sick, ¹ but be of good cheer, you will soon get over this and come out all right, better than you have been for years! Remember I love you and will guard you. Dear Sarah. God bless you! We all do, and ever shall.

Olin."

May 17, 1870.

On this morning money had been taken from one of our servants and Maggie told me that a pin of some value had been taken from her room on the evening before. She was much troubled about it and at just this time Katie came in and the pencil wrote.

(1) Sister Em. was ill with jaundice.

"My Dear Sarah. We appoint to-night at nine for our meeting, as we will then have power to do as we wish. Now we have not as our duties call us elsewhere. We want the paper placed on the little table and the room darkened. All is well! Tell Margaret she will get her pin.

Olin."

After reading the message, I told him about the money. He said. "I will call the Prof. I was not here."

(38-Vol. II) "My Dear Friend and Pupil. To discover such things we are obliged to enter in an entirely different atmosphere, almost revolting, but I see that there is a thief about the house who will be discovered. Who I am not now able to tell.

God bless you! I will be here at nine to-night.

Prof. K."

At about two o'clock Maggie's pin was returned to her and the \$25 was returned that day and we are yet in complete ignorance about who the thief is.

May 17—10 P. M.—1870.

Katie did not get here at nine as appointed, but came at ten. We went at once to our room, placed the drawing paper on the little table, turned off the gas and sat down. No sooner were we seated, than the Doctor and Katie were told to go by the little table. They went and immediately we heard the paper rattle and the echoes said "Stand by the window." Doctor and Katie stepped towards it, and the blinds rattled, but they were hooked so snugly that the spirit hand could not get them open. The echoes now sent the Doctor and Katie to their seats and told me to open the window. As soon as done the Doctor and Katie were again directed to stand by it, but as they reached the window, a servant came to the door and I was obliged to speak with her, (39-Vol. II) and while doing so the Doctor and Katie took their seats again. As soon as the door was locked, the echoes said "Open both windows." As I stepped to the second window my dress was strongly pulled repeatedly, as a child does when it wants attention. I said "Yes! Yes!" And as quickly as I could get the blinds

back and window open, I turned around and my dress continued to be pulled, now in front, and then a little hand was laid on mine as it hung by my side. The touch was soft but firm, was not cold, neither did it feel like the human hand. The Doctor as always held both of Katie's hands, and from the time the gas was turned off until it was again lighted, they both felt distinctly a person or form moving about with them and standing between them. Now they went away, the paper also went, and we lighted the gas, it having been turned off less than ten minutes.

Before retiring the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. We were all here at nine and could with difficulty retain the power. You see how important it is to be punctual.

We are more than happy, we are rejoiced. The Prof. has great power and now you see what we can do. We wish to meet at three to-morrow for positive directions. Sarah we see (40-Vol. II) all prosperity before you, and we are very anxious for this to be accomplished. We have been with poor Katie all day. She can and shall be saved by us. All is well! The house is going on well, only a little dishonest person who is not vicious, who will return all. Be happy!

Olin."

May 18—9 A. M.—1870.

In the morning Katie recollected an engagement which would prevent her being here at three so now the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. I am happy to come for the Professor and give his directions.

We were so happy to have had such great success last night. Our power was great, our work will be still greater. We wish to meet, when Katie returns to-night, in the same room for the purpose of admitting the whole circle and then we can give positive directions. We can not now as the circle has arranged to meet at half past ten to-night. Be happy, for all is well!

We will not let shadows come, we will keep them all away, and soon, very soon you will again be very happy and rejoice with us in our happiness. Can you realize how great the meeting was last night? How like the work of heaven, that

unseen world? Little hands pulled your dress, little hands touched yours and (41-Vol. II) we were happy. No earthly power, dear Sarah, could have done what was done last night, what is daily being done. God bless you.

Olin."

May 18—10½ P. M.—1870.

We had made no preparations for the meeting because we had received no directions and did not know its object, but at about five minutes before the appointed time, the echoes said "Go in the back room (our bed-room) and get crayons." We did so. "Sharpen black and white ones." That was done. There were two black pencils and they selected the softer of the two and directed me to tie a string around them, the black and white. As soon as the knot was tied, we opened the window, turned off the gas and sat down. We were scarcely seated when the echoes said, "George take pencils." He took them from the table in front of us and at the same time felt some body or substance against his knee. They took the pencils gently from his hand and at once said "George and Katie go by the window." As they approached it, the blinds slammed and the echoes said "Meet Friday at five for directions." We got light and the two crayons were gone. It was now thirty-five minutes past ten, the gas having been turned off less than five minutes.

(42-Vol. II) May 22—10½ A. M.—1870.

Katie did not come on Friday and we had no meeting until this Sunday morning. We were directed to get brown, red and blue crayons; sharpen and place them on the table. When done we took our old seats with closed eyes but windows not darkened. In a very few minutes they took the crayons away and the pencil wrote with Katie's eyes closed the following.

"My Dear Sarah. We have now all we wish to work with. Meet at half past eight to-morrow P. M. in this room. Do not fail as the Professor desires that day and hour. We can say no more now as we are called and must attend. God bless you! I will meet you tomorrow at half past seven

and talk with you before the sitting. All helped to take the pencils. All send love to you.

Olin."

May 24—4 P. M.—1870.

Katie did not come the next day, but came Tuesday afternoon with a very unsteady head, still she was going out to meet an engagement that evening. Before she left the pencil wrote.

"I, the friend of your youth, the friend of all your hours of study, come to you now begging that you will give me an opportunity to try my power. Send for Katie at ten (43-Vol. II) and then I can come as I desire. Katie better go now so that we can get through, but send at ten.

Prof. K."

May 25—9 A. M.—1870.

Katie came back and the following morning Mr. Robert Dale Owen called, and obtained from Katie a promise not to touch wine for six months. Several messages were written and among them was this.

"My Dear Friend and Pupil. I have hard work to retain the paper and pencils, but there is no use of meeting till we can have all the conditions. We want the first power and I now appoint Friday night at half past eight.

Oh! how happy we are when all goes well. The mantle of peace is now over this little circle and happiness is on our spirits. Sarah you must be happy and enjoy the blessings which we are permitted to give to you.

We are happy to have Mr. Owen here this morning, and we will register Katie's promise in heaven, in the home of her Mother: we will register it in flowers and her eyes shall some day behold it. Mr. Owen we will tell you how Katie can be kept from touching wine; by keeping from temptation.

Now go and rejoice Katie, and live. (44-Vol. II) There are two paths, one happiness and peace, one misery and death! Choose the former and great will be the golden reward.

Sarah we can say no more now. All unite in love and blessings to you. Olin is throwing in his sentiments also and wishes me to say that

he will come on Friday and bring the little ones.
Prof. K."

In the afternoon I had a severe headache and lay upon the sofa. Katie sat by me reading some story to herself. I finally dropped into a doze from which I awoke much refreshed and at the same instant Katie said her hand felt like writing.

This followed.

"Mamma

The roses are all in full bloom,
The lilies perfuming the air,
And when we glide in your room
We twine some into our hair.

The birds sing low and sweet
While we gather about your bed
And we dance with delight to greet
Our Mamma and soothe her head.

Frankie."

May 26 3 P. M.—1870.

Miss Emma Wells was intending to leave the next day for Western New York. We had designed letting Willie accompany her to my Father's in case (45-Vol. II) she remained here until the weather was warm, but it was so very cool at this time, that we had already told Willie we preferred to have him wait two weeks longer, still I felt a little anxious for I feared he would have to make the journey alone. The pencil said.

"My Dear Sarah and George. I am here to speak to you, to say a few loving words, a few words of advice, and to let you know that I am conscious of your surroundings, your thoughts which to-day seem to hover between sunlight and shadows; and I want before I leave to dispel all the shadows and leave only sunshine. I have been looking into the future, in the paths of those dear to you, and if my advice can be taken, I shall feel that all is well. Since Emma is going home, and as Willie is willing to go, I do advise her to wait till next Tuesday morning or evening; then if your hearts respond, and feel that your judgment coincides with mine; let Willie go with her. He requires a change and will gain great strength in a different atmosphere. I can tell you daily how he is. Oh! Sarah how happy we all shall be to-morrow night. Meet at half past eight, then

we will all come. Now my sister say to George not to worry, he has no cause to be anxious. God bless you!

Olin."

(46-Vol. II) May 27th—1870.

On this morning I got out the wardrobe and toys that my children in heaven had left behind; and as I looked them over, unfolded and refolded them, took up, looked at and talked about the little worn out and half worn out shoes, Olin sent for me from an adjoining room where Katie was. At once the pencil said.

"My Dear Child. The little clothes brought the children very near you, and Leila wanted me to put the little shoes on her feet, but I convinced her that I could not. They have gone home happy with my Mother. God bless you.

Your Ma."

I read the above, and expressed my surprise that Ma's Mother was here. I had not heard them speak of her before. She died when she was only thirty-four, and I think forty-seven years ago. I also made some remark about this "wardrobe of dead babies' clothes." The pencil wrote again.

"Dear Sarah and George. Ma lingered behind to speak a few words to you and the little ones went home with Grandma who is a lovely spirit. Now Ma has gone to them and oh! how happy they all are. Sarah are you not blessed? The cup of sorrow that has been yours to drink has been emptied, and blessings overflow it. (47-Vol. II) Feel no more sadness, this sweet, this holy communion is a recompense, and God has sent the circumstances which permit us to come; let us cheer your hearts and leave them happy.

No, my sister, not a "wardrobe of dead babies' clothes." Oh! Say not so, for they live and have only gone to put on brighter garments, more fitting for their purity. All is well! We will use no more power now, but meet at half past eight to-night.

Your Brother Olin."

May 27th 8½ P. M.—1870.

We met at last but the evening was very damp, almost rain. The sitting was conducted as usual. We heard the paper rattle and the pencils on the

paper. Before they went away they gave one pencil to the Doctor and said, they would leave it for him to sharpen. It was the black crayon.

I asked Olin to look at Leila's picture and see if it was marred. I was afraid some one had tampered with it. The pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. All goes well! We cannot say much to-night as we have used the power and the night has been unfavorable. We wish you to place the cloth on the little table and place Leila's picture on it before you go to bed. If there are any marks we can remove them. Tomorrow morning we will give full directions. (48-Vol. II) We see all bright and are glad that Willie is going. We will return to-night when you are not conscious of our presence.

Olin."

May 28th 10 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. We were with you last night after you had fallen in the repose of quiet slumber, and looked at the picture. There is no mar upon it and we thought best not to touch it.

We are going to give you a great surprise in the next, but ask not what or who. The uncertainty helps us very much and keeps your mind off of the point. All will be well! We are happy to have the means of accomplishing our work and we hope now that nothing will interfere. We would like a meeting at five but all must be present. There are bright changes weaving into the conditions brighter than have been for a long time.

My dear Sister how sorry I felt for you yesterday, but did you not feel calmer, better and more resigned, when you were looking over those sad things than you have before? Knowing that we were with you in life as much now as ever we were?

We will all be here at five and the Prof. will then give his own directions. This is the request he left with me early this morning. He is engaged now and can not come. George be not worried, for your pathway has no thorns to pierce your feet (49-Vol. II) and we stand in your road to keep evil away. Go and attend to all you have to, and then be fresh for five o'clock. Willie will

be well protected. He requires the change and will be well.

Your Brother Olin."

May 29 Sunday morning—1870.

Katie did not come at five o'clock, but at ten, and in very bad condition. We put her in bed in an adjoining room, and the echoes told us to place the pictures again upon the little table before retiring. We did so and laid the crayon, which they had not yet taken, there also. In the night the Doctor and Katie were awakened by loud and continued raps, but he thought that some one was rapping at the door of an adjacent room, and Katie was afraid of disturbing us by calling the alphabet, so the unseen and unseeable friends went away without speaking. In the morning we asked what they had desired to say. The pencil wrote.

"The Prof. wanted the pencil on the picture, and you to stand near the little table while he took it, as he had power and could have used it. We will take it this morning. Meet at half past ten. You must keep your eyes closed and then there will be no need of hanging up the curtains. Katie ought to have minded her (50-Vol. II) Mother and not gone with her sister to that place. We hope she will keep away now.

Olin."

May 29 10½ A. M.—1870.

We spread the linen cloth on the little table and arranged as we did of old. On the cloth we put the black pencil. Very directly after we were seated we heard the pencils and paper and very many evidences of great electrical power.

At one time there was a loud explosion, apparently on the table in front of us, which startled us greatly. The echoes said. "Dear friends I could not control the power."

B. F."

Just before they left the pencil wrote with Katie's eyes closed the subjoined message, and when we opened our eyes we found the names Eliza, Olin, Frankie, Leila written one in each corner of the large linen handkerchief which was spread upon the little table and the hand-writing was distinctly Ma's.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here! Oh how surprised you would have been if you could have looked in this room and have seen us gather. We were as real, as palpable as you are. How we greeted each other hand in hand and then when the door opened we so quietly withdrew from your eyes. Ma wears a light purple to- (51-Vol. II) day, ivy in her hair. The Professor's wife wears a rose color and a wreath of roses in her hair the same color of her dress. Leila wears white, rose-buds of white for the trimming, a blue band in her hair, blue sash, blue shoes and white stockings. Oh! How beautiful she is, her hair is long and thick, her eyes blue as heaven, oh! how surpassingly lovely. Another spirit here, is very beautiful, our Grandmother, young, fresh and fair. I do not call her Grandmother, I call her Mother, and our Ma, Ma.

Be patient dear Sarah and George, you will be rewarded. Oh! How beautiful is faith, and yours my darling sister is without a blemish. Your faith will save you from danger, from evil, from sorrow for we can easily approach you and put protecting arms about you. Always trust Sarah and you shall not be deceived.

We wish a meeting at quarter before six to-morrow; till then we shall not be able to say much. ¹The hurry, the confusion will be over at that hour. Let Willie go without tears, without sighs, without sadness. He will return well and strong. Fear not, we will shelter him, watch over him and daily bring you tidings of him. You must not fail to meet to-morrow at the appointed hour. Call us not back. God bless you!

Olin."

(52-Vol. II) May 31 9 A. M.—1870.

Katie did not come at "quarter before six," but at half past ten, saying as she came in that the spirits had commanded her to make no engagements where she was for the next evening, but to keep it free. In the morning the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We have ourselves, saved this night for our meeting. We are all here. Meet at nine to-night. The painting is in progress, and we wish no other meeting to-

day. We hope you can all be punctual at nine. I have been with Willie, he is well and very happy. You need have no anxiety about him, he is impatient to go on his journey and I will keep you informed of him. God bless you! We are now on our round of duties and will return to our appointment at nine: have room prepared a half hour before the time. We see the future bright and cloudless. Now my dear Sister, trust in our protection.

Olin."

9 P. M.

At evening I was ill, unable to leave my bed, but the Doctor arranged the room, placed the table at which we sit by the side of my bed, put the linen cloth upon the little table by the folding-doors, opened a window wide and left (53-Vol. II) the room with me in it. When he closed the door I closed my eyes. I heard no sound during the half hour, but as soon as the Doctor and Katie came in, the echoes said "close window" and we heard the paper and pencils. The Doctor and Katie were sent by the folding-doors two or three times and finally after a half hour, were told to open the window. As they approached it from the folding-doors, they felt and heard the paper, and when near the window they were distinctly conscious of a third person standing with them, got between them once and pushed the blinds together after the paper and pencils had passed out. The Doctor said that it seemed exactly as though I were in my place. After getting a light we found the handkerchief from the little table on the pillow just above my head and touching my hair, and the pen-knife which was left, upon the little table, we found on the table before us.

The pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. The Professor has gone with his treasures. Oh! How happy we are and now we will leave the handkerchief on your head Sarah and gently magnetize you and give you strength. God bless you! To-morrow you will feel that we have helped you and you will be happy. God bless you! Meet for (54-Vol. II) directions at nine to-morrow morning.

(1) Miss Wells and Willie were going Monday morning (instead of Tuesday) to my father's.

We have had a good meeting. I took your place.
Olin."

June 1st 9 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Friend and Pupil. I am happy to say a few words this bright, lovely morning. Last night I could only make my presence known by signals. I was here with my 'treasures' and was obliged to depart with them as soon as I was through. I want you to mark this. Dr. Franklin and I are great friends. I can aid him in some things, I hope; and now I want to tell you that you are going to have something that will always last and show you that Dr. Franklin is in reality here as much as you are yourself. I wish a meeting to-morrow at quarter before six and hope then to have your dear presence at the table as I cannot spare Olin out of the circle. All is bright, well and cheerful in the circle who attend you.

Prof. K."

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are here, your little circle of loving kindred. We gathered about your bed last night and tried to soothe your head, but time did much for you as well as the loving hands who would ever keep sorrow from your pathway. The children we kept (55-Vol. II) from realizing that you were ill and Ma took them to see the flowers open this morning. They are here now and happy. We are going to take them to see Willie to-day, and they will enjoy his pleasures. He is well and bright.

Sarah, some pleasant, peaceful arrangement must be made for you this summer, you must have diversion and change after this paper is returned. I want to tell you what is coming, but the hand of Dr. Franklin is raised and I obey, so wait patiently and you shall see; but you are going to have a great and wonderful vision. We have talked it over. Do not feel depressed my dear sister, there is no grief in the future as far as I can see and you should be happy. I will come and gladden your heart, constantly give you little surprises and make your life pass sweetly on while beloved ones wait on the shining shore.

God bless you! Next meeting will be at quarter before six to-morrow, no more now.

Olin."

June 2nd—1870.

Katie came in at half past one, tired, completely exhausted and very irritable. She had an engagement with Mr. Owen at three in Madison Ave. and I saw she would be in no condition to meet with us at quarter before six. (56-Vol. II) She was putting on her gloves to go when she drew them off again saying "my hand wants to write." She wrote a few words and stepped towards a mirror to read it, saying "It is about me. I know my name is written there." I at once took it, telling her that I must see it first. I read this. "Private. We will meet at nine, but say nothing to Katie. B. F." She returned before five to be ready for our meeting and the pencil wrote. "My Dear Sarah. Put Katie to bed. Poor child, her strength has been tried. Ask her about yesterday, and I can tell you Sarah, she deserves great credit. We were with her and she must not go to see how Maggie is to-day.

Olin."

Then she told me a sad story of "yesterday's" experience with her sister Maggie whom she found away from her home in a fearful state of intoxication; and it was over this sister that she had worn herself out for the day. I persuaded her to go to bed, assuring her I would call her in time for the meeting, but did not tell her the hour was postponed. After her hair was down and she in complete undress so that she could not without much effort prepare herself to go out they wrote. "Meet at nine. B. F. and Olin." As soon as she read it she said "If I had known this I would not have come back now, I would have gone to see Mag." They are continually doing this sort of thing through her own hand in their effort to keep evil from her.
(57-Vol. II) June 2nd 9 P. M.—1870.

The evening was damp. We met as directed. The echoes soon told us that they were all here. During the first half hour of our sitting there was very fine piano music in the room over us, and all the windows being open we heard it with perfect distinctness. The echoes said "The music aids us, we work with double power." The Doctor and Katie were sent by the door many times; a

rose-bud and a white pink were taken from the vase on the table and put in my hand. Just before they went away the Prof. said by the echoes, "I am very happy, for I shall to-night receive an old friend. He is now passing into Eternity. Meet to-morrow at seven."

June 3 7 A. M.—1870.

A fine mist hung over the earth and we felt sure the paper could not be brought, still they long ago told us to keep every appointment whether it stormed or shone, so we took our seats at ten minutes before seven. Directly the echoes said. "We are all here" and very soon told Katie to take pencil, and she with eyes closed wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. The atmosphere will not admit of our bringing the picture, we are however happy to have the chain whole and continued. We will have a meeting at half past twelve; if the atmosphere clears we will bring in our "treasures." (58-Vol. II) All is well! Be not disturbed, be not anxious.

The Prof. wishes me to say that his friend old Dr. Morse, came to his home last night. He is still unconscious of his existence in the world of light. You see now dear Sarah and George how our time is engaged, how useful, how happy to make beds of roses for those we love, when they have done with earthly cares. We are all here. The weather will not permit us to form, but we see you and rejoice to see all going well. We wish that we could take you in our pleasant paths to-day, while clouds obscure your sky. You would find our earth sunny and beautiful. Life dear Sarah and George goes on here daily, but no end, while yours must have an end; and to cares, to strife, anxieties, pains and suffering, these all end and you step into higher holier duties.

We will meet at half past twelve. Willie is well and Frankie has learned the way to find him. No more now.

Olin."

June 3 12½ P. M.—1870.

At twelve the room was prepared and at half past we went in. The power seemed excellent. The Doctor and Katie were kept very busy going to and returning from the folding-doors and we

three continually singing for more than a half hour.

(59-Vol. II) We heard the pencils upon the paper a large portion of the time and they moved with great rapidity. The manifestation was very little besides. The pencil wrote with eyes closed as follows.

"We have all been here at work with great power! We are satisfied. Our next meeting will be Sunday morning at half past ten, have room prepared as now. Katie must sleep here to-morrow night, in the mean time we will protect her. All is well! We can linger no longer to speak.

Olin."

Before retiring the echoes told us to meet directly after breakfast. They had changed their plans.

June 4 8½ A. M.—1870.

The morning damp. We took our places and the work upon the paper at once commenced. The sitting was as usual; the going to and from the door and the Doctor feeling from time to time the hand of the Professor: Sometimes it is a slap upon the shoulder, sometimes a clasp about the wrist, at other times a sudden and firm grasp of his leg when sitting and again the hold is gentle but still firm. Frankie took hold of his Papa's foot and said "Dear Mamma, Willie is well and thinks of me." Katie's hand wrote with eyes closed and the dear ones went away.

(60-Vol. II) "My Dear Sarah. I am rejoiced to give the directions for the circle. We have all been here this morning and all goes well. We will meet at half past ten to-morrow morning and trust that the atmosphere will be clear as there will be nothing else to interfere. And now since a shadow is over Katie let us tell her, that she will be well enough to keep her engagement, and we will return her home safely to-night. She must not leave till five this afternoon.

Dear Sarah our avenues are all in blossom, the children roam through the fallen flowers and the leaves rain down upon them leaving blessings on their little heads. Leila is dressed to-day in pure white, no colors except the blue band on her hair. Frankie is dressed in white also and according

to the fashion of the day which distinguishes him from a girl. I wish you could see him and dear little Leila. They see you and wonder that you do not grasp them. We will keep all sorrow away, and now call us not until we announce our presence. The Prof. is happy and satisfied. All is well!

Olin."

June 5 10½ A. M.—1870.

The day was fine and the room prepared in the usual manner except that upon the crib lay the "little clothes," of which mention has been before made, (61-Vol. II) in a large rough-dry mass, having been brought up from the laundry the previous evening. We left the room and locked the doors at quarter past ten: At half past the echoes said "go in." We obeyed and the dear little echoes spoke at once "Mamma do you hear us laugh?" I answered "No, but I wish so much I could," and at the same time I felt Leila against my lap pressing strongly some minutes. Frankie continued, "I am helping Leila do something that will make you laugh." "We have been among our little clothes." The Doctor and Katie both heard the tumbling about and pulling over of these clothes each time they went by the folding-doors, the crib standing very near.

The Doctor was several times touched; the rattling and moving of the paper was very loud as was also the pencils upon it. Father Taylor and Frankie both talked with the Doctor and once Frankie said "Papa, you are a great, good man." "Papa I am here in form, cover your hand." After which he grasped his Papa's finger so firmly that the Doctor felt it for fifteen minutes.

During the meeting the Doctor mentioned with considerable anxiety his failing eyesight, and at times, dullness of hearing. We discussed the matter somewhat and presently they told Katie to write.

I went to the bureau to get paper and pencils; took (62-Vol. II) up the paper but could not find one of the pencils. I felt about and thought they had taken it. I inquired and they answered "No." I then asked if it was on the bureau? Answer "Yes." I now felt carefully over the part

where I left it and Frankie said "Cold." I moved to the right "Cold." I moved towards the left "Hot." I continued to move in the direction to which he continually responded "Hot," "Hot," until at the left corner of the bureau, close by the edge I found the pencil. After Katie was through writing and they had gone, we found on opening our eyes, the little rocking chair, on the table before us, which we left in the corner of the room, and in the chair were two little short dresses fixed as though the form had slipped out of them.

"My Dear Sarah and George. This has been one of our most happy meetings, the children have been so overjoyed and delighted to come as in life. The power has been great and is very much exhausted. Leila and Frankie brought the two little dresses and were here in full form. Oh! Sarah are you not blessed as few are, thus to be able to have your dear ones back to life?

There is no death, no shadow of decay here, we are life-like and pure, free from sorrow, sin, sickness, or death; yours forever. ¹George your (63-Vol. II) profession will never end, you will go on treating the sick on earth. You will come back and give others power to help and cure the sick, just as physicians are helping you now. Fear not, you will not get deaf or blind, but read not lying down, neither let your mind become morbid upon the subject.

My darling Sister the day is approaching when your children shall stand face to face with you! Do you doubt this after all the proof you have had this morning? No! No! doubt not but believe. We must go now to other duties, I can not say all I wish, but meet for directions tomorrow at half past five. God bless you!

Olin."

June 6 10 P. M.—1870.

Katie did not come at five but at ten and had just taken ale. The echoes asked for a meeting at once. We prepared the tables, left the room and in a moment were ordered in. The paper was there even then, and it went from one end of the room to the other. We all felt it on our

(1) George had remarked that there would be no use for his profession there.

heads, brush against our arms, rattle in our ears, and once it was placed against my face and mouth. We were all pulled and everything seemed very strange and uncomfortable. We could not understand the proceedings and asked questions but no response, still the paper rattled fearfully and the echoes said "get light." The Doctor (64-Vol. II) struck a match and when the light blazed up the paper still rattled, but the echoes said "Open window." As soon as the blind was pulled back the paper with its rattle was gone.

The sensation left with us was that of great discomfort, so great, that I told my husband, if such were to be repeated it would be my last sitting even though the paper were never returned. They wrote a few words but gave no explanation of the strange proceedings.

"My Dear Sarah. We told you to meet at five, we retained the power. The Prof. has gone with his 'treasures.' Nothing but great good has been accomplished. We can not speak more. Willie is well. God bless you!

Olin. B. F."

June 7 8½ A. M.—1870.

As soon as Katie was out of bed the echoes said "Meet immediately after breakfast." The morning was very damp, but by half past eight we were in our seats. Everything went on beautifully and sweetly. We as always heard the writing upon the paper and they wrote with eyes closed, as follows.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are here all the circle without the intrusion of other spirits: Spirits of darkness who love to come and show their antics as when in life. We were (65-Vol. II) here in form last night but quickly withdrew, as the spirits who were present would have injured the paper. Now we are here free from shadows.

The low spirits who accompany the men with whom Katie met early last evening, still lingered about her and we were obliged to withdraw although we were sorry to leave you in fear and sorrow. You know my dear Sister that this only proves that our world is like yours, with different

spheres and different people. Your own judgment tells you, that men and women, who die in sin, with no desire to progress, cannot enter our world of happiness and purity. We are often almost human. Your children express this, from their desire to remain with you, to dress in their little earthly clothes and stand before you. Feel not depressed, be happy, for when poor Katie is right, we can keep away all evil, all shadows. God bless you; we are so happy to have this quiet meeting, this unbroken chain. To-morrow night will be our great meeting, and nothing shall interfere if the atmosphere is clear.

Dear Sarah and George, Willie is well, happy as the birds that sing about him in the air: Be not anxious. While I write the Professor is working in his quiet way. Blessings sur- (66-Vol. II) round you! Joy is in our souls and from each one of us falls a blessing upon you our dear ones. Meet at half past nine to-morrow night, in the meantime be happy!

Olin."

"My Dear Friends. I am happy to have had this meeting, but must now take my 'treasures' out of this damp atmosphere. To-morrow night will be a great meeting.

Olin, your brother, dear Sarah, has given you a true explanation of the last evening's manifestations. I can say no more on that subject as he has spoken to the point. Be good children, and meet well and happy.

Prof. K."

June 8—1870.

In the morning the Prof. wrote "Meet at nine to-night, as we shall require more time."

At noon we received invitation out for the evening, and at three we heard that we were to have company to tea. We made no remarks about these, but an hour or so later the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. I have not been very far from you to-day, and as I am watching the conditions, the channel also through which we come, I can advise you so that there will be no trouble.

We have all had a consultation. (67-Vol. II) The meeting was first appointed at half past nine in order to favor Dr. Franklin, and as he can

not be present before we now wish the old hour, half past nine observed; have the room prepared at quarter past nine. And dear Sarah, if you desire to go out to tea or have company, you can without doing the least harm. The conditions are good, have no anxiety, none whatever. We have charge over Katie this day, full charge to keep from harm. Willie is well and happy! God bless you! Some day I want you to take Katie with you to Greenwood, and there we will manifest in a new way.

¹George do not worry about that business, it will all end well. The party is passably honest, but we do not think they will cheat you out of it. Olin."

June 8 9½ P. M.—1870

The day and evening were beautiful. Before nine the room was prepared and at half past we went in. We had been but a moment seated when the drawer to the commode was drawn out and hit the back of Katie's chair, she sitting directly in front of it. Frankie now said "I have got it! Leila wants it! Mamma shall I give it to her?" I answered (68-Vol. II) "Yes" although in complete ignorance of what "it" was. We all wondered, but not long for soon Leila said "The ones I am now wearing are prettier." And at the same time placed in my hand a little slipper of hers that I have always kept in this drawer.

The meeting now went on very quietly and was long. They made little manifestations that we could hear, save the pencils upon the paper, still we were clearly conscious that they were having unusual success. They went away without writing a word, simply asked us to meet after breakfast for directions.

June 9 8½ A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We were much pleased with the meeting last night: We worked quietly but surely and with power. The Professor stood in full form by the little table and worked with satisfaction. You would have recognized his frail form had you been permitted to open your eyes. I wish you could have seen the children, how happy they were to be with us while

we worked. Their childish play would come in and we were happy to lend them power.

I see no shadows, dear Sarah, on your pathway so be happy, and let not your soul be disturbed by any thing, for I know that all is well! (69-Vol. II) Your soul shall be made glad and your feet shall walk in the sunshine of your heavenly guides.

I see much happiness ahead for you and George. We are fulfilling our promises slowly, but every one shall be witnessed in due time.

All is bright in the home above where we abide, and where you shall be with us.

Tell George that he will come out all right, but not to place too much confidence in the party. We are all happy, and now we will watch over Katie and keep her well.

The atmosphere is very unfavorable for us this morning. Our next meeting will be Saturday evening at half past nine; in the mean time we will be with you and give directions as the conditions admit. We may make changes, that will depend upon circumstances. Be not over anxious, we do all for the best and as the laws of God admit. Willie is well! You will always hear from him through us. We can say no more now.

Olin."

Katie came Saturday night but was not able to have a meeting. She had been with a wealthy family on Fifth Ave. and was not now herself. The pencil wrote. "Curses will follow those people! To give her drink and keep her over night! I know all! Pity them I do not. You had better (70-Vol. II) let them know that you know it.

B. F."

They desired us to meet the next day, besides, the Doctor and I were going to Greenwood, so in the morning of June 12, Sunday, they wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. We have all been here this morning and consulted with each other in order to find which would be best, and concluded that you had better go and have the meeting after you return; the conditions will be so much better that we can work with greater success.

We will be able to say much when you return from that quiet and beautiful place where the

(1) The Doctor was anxious about some Western investments.

loved forms repose. You will see the judgment we have used. Katie will be stronger then and in better condition and we can work so much better through a clear channel.

We will be with you. Try to be here by five for our meeting.

Olin and Circle."

June 12—1870.

The day was glorious! We went to Greenwood and Katie accompanied us. Olin and Frankie each spoke to us through the echoes while we were sitting under the arbor of roses and honeysuckle at the heads of the two little graves, sacred to us. Frankie said: "Dear Mamma angels are in the air." Presently Olin remarked, "Sarah we will have a good meeting this afternoon." Frankie soon (71-Vol. II) added, "Dear Mamma we are preparing to come in the afternoon." Again "We are very happy among the roses." Upon our inquiry if they cared for them he said "They please our eyes." As we were about leaving Frankie said, "Take our parting love echoes through the birds." We asked if they would go with us home? The answer came. "We shall be there before you."

We did not get back until five consequently our meeting was at six. Nothing new or strange occurred during its session, everything seemed very agreeable, and the work we heard distinctly upon the paper. Katie's hand wrote with closed eyes.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here. The circle has done well and the work goes on well. We are satisfied.

We were with you in the city of the dead! Yes, dead! for all that is perishable is there. The life is above; all that pertains to decay is there, therefore we can say the "city of the dead." You did not leave the little warblers there! No! for here they are by your side all life and beauty. Grieve no more.

We saw the flowers on the grounds of the little graves; the leaves had fallen, but the soul of sweetness had flown above.

(72-Vol. II) We are happy to have good conditions and to come when no impure influence is about.

Meet for directions at half past twelve to-mor-

row; in the mean time be happy and Katie only be punctual to your appointments and no evil shall come. We will watch over you. Be true! George you are doing all you can for that poor girl, I fear she will have a bad time to-night. We can say no more at present for we must work. God bless you! Willie is well.

Olin."

June 13 12½ P. M.—1870.

Clouds and rain.

"My Dear Sarah. We are happy to have the opportunity to say a few words regarding the appointment for our next meeting which will be to-morrow at nine, therefore make no other engagement and all will be successful.

We have been with you and last night I tried to give you rest. We were not far away, we lingered on your threshold. We knew that you needed us. We see some changes taking place for the better and rejoice in them. We see no clouds, all before you is bright. There will be a new circle after the picture is given and we wish you all to be faithful and happy. Prof. K. is here silently dictating. (73-Vol. II) Dear Sarah be not troubled for the sun shines beyond the clouds which dim your sky to-day.

To-morrow we hope to have a clear night and find our avenues lined with flowers from which we can bring you blessings. All is well! The children are happy and pleased with their meeting here with you yesterday.

There is sunshine in your business George, keep on faithfully as you ever have and you will come out clear and free from anxiety or drawbacks. We will soon complete a fine picture! Be of good courage! Help one another daily as we help you and when sorrow comes, much joy will mingle with the shadows. Be happy! Trust and believe and then we can do much for you. No more now.

Olin."

On reading the above I asked if they saw sorrow near us? The pencil wrote.

"My Dear Friend. Sorrow comes in every life at times and when one aids and lends helping

(1) Miss Kidder.

hands to those who suffer, there is always a sweet peace in knowing that you have not neglected such. Sorrow is followed with blessings of this kind. Do you not understand that you can now bear sorrows and trials better than those who live for themselves alone and (74-Vol. II) think not of the beautiful life beyond?

Prof. K."

June 13 10 P. M.—1870.

The air was clear and the evening beautiful. Katie came in unexpectedly at this hour and no sooner was the door closed than they asked for a meeting at once, the evening being so fine. We were very soon in our places and the meeting was remarkably quiet. I believe we had been a half hour seated before the Doctor and Katie were sent by the folding doors and he remarked that it was a long time before they commenced work. After they went away the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We have been so happy to come through the clear atmosphere to your earth. Never say we were long before we commenced our work. We began at once, though your ears could not hear. We are happy. To-morrow dear ones rest early for there will be no meeting except as we announce our presence. We brought you blessings! We leave them with you! George, you require rest, we supply you with much strength, and now as we have used our power we can say no more. Meet Wednesday at half past (75-Vol. II) twelve for full directions. Now go to rest! Sweet be your sleep, undisturbed by care and may your faith be ever a balm. Sarah how happy I am to see your heart happy. May I be egotistical enough to think that I may have left some brightness there? Yours forever.

Olin."

June 15 12½ P. M.—1870.

I had just got our front room or private parlor in order for the summer, having taken up the heavy wool carpet, and down the curtains; and covered the floor with straw matting and the pictures with pink tarlton, giving to the entire room a fresh, cool look. At this, the appointed time Katie and I were seated in the back room, our

bedroom, but the Doctor was in his office, two floors below. He came in soon after the pencil began to move and at the very instant indicated by the text.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here and happy to meet you in spirit, for George your spirit is here and our eyes see you coming and now you are here. We are happy to come in the sunlight, in the roses, and through the garden of immortality. God's blessing is over us and clothes us with garments pure as dew drops on the morning glory. (76-Vol. II) Let your hearts be happy and let not clouds come where all is gladness; for we, your guardian angels, seek to comfort, to give joy, to give peace unto you who trust in us.

We are happy to see the room so pure, so pretty and we shall present the picture in that room and the joy will be great to you as well as us. Be of good cheer.

Meet at half past three but have all ready at three. God bless you! All is well! We will be with you at quarter past three. No more now except love and blessings from all.

Olin."

June 15 3 P. M.—1870.

The day was very fine, but extremely warm. We met as directed and while sitting around the table oppressed with heat, we felt from time to time little gusts of air pass over us; these were finally continued in quick succession for several minutes, and we now became conscious that we were being fanned. We spoke of it, but the fanning went on, sometimes upon all three of us at once, and sometimes upon one, then passing to the next. After several repetitions of these series of fannings, a Japanese fan, that had been lying somewhere in the room, was placed in my hand. (77-Vol. II) Very soon we again felt fanning, but not so strong as before, still a pleasant little breeze was stirred about us from time to time. We wondered greatly from whence this came for I still held the fan in my own hand, and we had all of the time held Katie's hands. They finally said "We are fanning you with our garments." They wrote the following and went away.

"My Dear Sarah and George. The Professor desires me to say that the atmosphere is so warm that he will be slow with his work but sure, therefore you must be patient and not get discouraged. We are happy to have this meeting to-day and wish you to meet Friday at three. Better also meet Friday at half-past twelve. All is well! We shall now go to our shades of heavenly coolness, where we roam untouched by changes of heat and cold. Joy be with you! Feel happy and know that all is progressing. The Prof. is now at work while I write but will leave very soon for our power is exhausted.

Willie is well.

Olin."

Later in the day he wrote, in response to some remarks and questions of ours, the following.

(78-Vol. II) "My Dear Sweet Sister. Marriage here is purely holy. Yes, when two loving hearts come together on earth, and are separated, prevented from marrying there; in heaven those souls seek each other and are eternal companions. I will give you a whole page upon this subject, when the conditions are right. No more power.

Olin."

June 16—1870.

Katie passed the night here and occupied an adjoining room to us. We arose at six. The Doctor had already left the room and I was just doing so when the echoes said. "Mamma we were about last night. Do not leave them on the floor. We tried to put the flowers in your face when you were asleep."

I now looked for the "flowers" and found scattered on the carpet by the bed-side quantities of immortelles, every one of which we had left in a vase upon the mantle shelf in our front parlor.

Katie did not come again until Friday evening at twelve o'clock, in the worst possible condition. I got her in bed and hoped to keep her in, until she was well again, but in spite of my vigilance she was off again in the morning. She returned at bed time worse than before. (79-Vol. II) We took care of her through that night and the next day she began to grow penitent and remorseful.

We met for a few moments but Katie felt too sick at heart to care for her person.

June 20 8½ A. M.—1870.

Katie still very miserable but we had a short meeting and they wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are here and hope to have a good meeting by to-night. The trials will end this week. Be patient! We are and ever will be. Katie try to take courage once more, to feel some ambition, and remember you are with those who see you although unseen. Dress as well as you can and try to be happy in order that we may succeed.

The Circle."

At three we met again and they wrote.

"We now want to build up Katie's strength and spirits. The past is sad and her heart is more sorrowful, but redemption can alone come by doing better in future. If Katie will always tell truthfully where she goes and keep all the appointments, she shall have an invisible guide, one who can save her, but faith must also be hers. Walk out free from fetters, better for having suffered.

Sarah we will try to keep this sorrow away. Meet at nine.

Olin."

(80-Vol. II) At nine in the evening we met again and before dismissing us they affirmed that the chain was not whole again. They did not write until some minutes after the paper had been taken away. The particular disappointment referred to in the message is unfavorable atmosphere.

"The Professor is now in his home of rest. We were all here and although our disappointment is not like yours still we were a little disturbed by the sudden change; but all is well and to-morrow at three we will have our next meeting. We are happy to come at all times. Let events take their own course. We cannot be hurried, we must not be as our surroundings will not permit.

Katie we will magnetize your eyes to-night; bear it patiently, the sun will shine in a day or two. Do guard the strength God has given you. Why this is a divine gift, to be able to talk with

those who are waiting for you on the other side. Why you do not realize it! What happiness should be yours! Try to be sensible and understand that you are blessed.

Dear Sarah and George you are doing all you can in the house and success is ever on the wing. The dear little ones are reposing in baskets of flowers, very happy; soon they will come and give (81-Vol. II) you joy. We leave our blessings with you but can say no more now.

Olin."

June 21 8½ A. M.—1870.

We met for a few moments, Katie still suffering from the remorse of her wrong doings, and they wrote.

"This meeting is for directions. There can be no success under these circumstances. We do from our hearts, our souls pity this girl, and we know not how to give our time, our power when the telegraph wires are all out of order. We can not as you know from experience. Now there is but one way and that is to quiet her, to give her peace, which will be when she has seen her friends; therefore let her go to Mrs. Townsend's where she meets her kind friend, and I think, in fact we all do, that you had better write these few words. 'Be patient with Katie, for she is now penitent, sorry, and will do better in future than to go in the unhappiness of wrong. I am patient with her and as we have a desire to see her do well, I must give her all the happiness I can, therefore give smiles instead of shadows.'"

We can do more in one sitting when Katie is peaceful, than in five when she is as now. We watched her early this morning and sought to know what we should do, this is the best (82-Vol. II) course. Katie must not take her hat off, but return when she sees that all is right. We know that she will go nowhere else. Now if these directions are followed we can say no failure. The picture will astonish you with happiness and we long to see your eyes behold it. God bless you all.

Olin."

At three we had a very satisfactory meeting. They felt happy and so did we for Katie had

returned as light as air and as peaceful as snow. Our meeting was long and they wrote.

"The clouds have gone, none remain to dim our sight, keep back our work, therefore rejoice and think not of the past for that will not come soon again. We have had to keep up the chain by our constant meetings but now it is as strong as ever and we rejoice. Our next meeting will be at three to-morrow. We see far enough in the future to know that you will all be happy then. The Prof. is silently at work while I write. Sarah the little ones are with Willie most of the time. We see that he is well and happy. All is well!

We shall soar far away in less than half an hour, gather new strength, rest with our beloved ones and see what new duties will (83-Vol. II) be ours to perform. Now be happy all, each one. George rest to-night early or this afternoon. We commend you for your punctuality. God bless you.

Olin and Circle."

"I have long neglected dear Em. in words but not in thoughts. We are also with her and yesterday I fully appreciated how she felt. I am glad the shadows are passing away. There is joy on the way for her. Em. be of good cheer.

Olin."

"Papa I was with Willie, he is getting bigger I think, and darker. Mamma, Grandma will help you with your dress.

Frankie."

I was that day making a little change in a dress and it bothered me much, but I had said nothing about it. Ma had great tact in fixing bothersome things.

June 22 3 P. M.—1870.

The weather extremely warm and the Doctor sick, still we took our places and very soon the echoes said. "I will magnetize you. Throw back your gown.

B. F."

And immediately a strong hand was laid upon the Doctor's stomach and another upon his back and commenced rubbing, shaking, patting and clapping, which was kept up vigorously for several minutes, the Doctor (84-Vol. II) all the time

exclaiming how good! how delightful! The operation made just as much and the same kind of noise as the Doctor makes in doing the same to an invalid. The Doctor's suffering stomach was at once relieved and from that moment he mended rapidly.

Frankie took his Papa's watch out, unhooked the chain from the vest, opened and closed the watch and after they were gone we found it wrapped in the linen cloth on the carpet near the window and in the opposite side of the room from the Doctor. They wrote with closed eyes.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are glad the chain was not broken. We have done a little but must defer further meeting until twelve tomorrow for directions. We have magnetized George. He will now improve, but we think he better take a little stimulant, such as he thinks best. He better rest now. This will only last to-day and to-morrow. Fear not! Be happy! We will hover near you to-night and give you rest and peace. Dear Willie is well.

Olin."

June 23—1870. Directions

"Meet at three. Be not worried about anything, there will be only blessings following in your (85-Vol. II) paths if you do right. George is now on the mend and we are glad for we are a little selfish and he is a great aid to us. God bless you.

Olin."

"Katie the greatest, the very happiest joy of your life will take place if you remain as you are till the flowers wither and the grass disappears and Summer dies. Then the Autumn will come in her new dress and you will be a happy woman. We all say this. Do not think that you will have to wait till the expiration of this time. No. One month from to-day it will dawn upon you and when the light shines out you will believe and go on doing right. Save this to look back upon, and your friend Mrs. Taylor shall receive blessings in the mean time which will bless her beyond any yet given. Mark this, signed this day June (23rd) twenty third, in the year of our Lord.

B. Franklin and the whole circle."

June 23 3 P. M.—1870.

The weather decidedly hot! We took our places and work upon the paper immediately began and continued for more than an hour. But one thing out of the ordinary course occurred. Sometime during the sitting Frankie said "Papa and (86-Vol. II) Mamma I am coming, one for Papa and one for Mamma, but I am afraid I shall let them fall." And at that instant two bronze figures from the mantel-shelf were set before us, one before the Doctor and the other before me. The pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are so happy! We work so well, so successfully now the conditions are perfect.

Sarah in answer to your question, your query. There is a union of souls here like marriage. Here the true are mated. No uncongeniality in this home, this land of rest. Families are singled out just as on earth, only without earthly desires. Pure and holy, they live, and enjoy their lives better than when on earth. Those who do not marry on earth find their companion here, a mate. If disappointment, grief and unhappiness were theirs when on earth, here all is made up to them and they are met by the lover of their youth. The betrayed, the deceived, here in our land find their crown of glory, their wreaths of happiness. They leave the withered flowers, the sick scenes and we show them their new happiness and they live again their lives as earth lives (87-Vol. II) only sanctified, and all is made clear. On this subject I will say more at a future time.

Olin."

"My Dear Friends. We hope to reward you for your patience. We will. Your little ones are here happy as they can be.

I wish you to read my last message over three times every week, all will then be well. Read it to Katie, follow directions and fear no evil. George you must retire early, and take good diet. All goes well!

Meet for full directions at the same hour tomorrow, three. As we do not tell what our work will be, at all events know that we do all as the laws of God permit.

Faith, how lovely it is when perfect, when no wind can blow it out of the soul. Faith is the heaven of the soul and calls down blessings daily upon the believer's heads.

George and Sarah. I call you so as I was a Quaker, a plain man, your work will be great in this truth. Fear no one.

Meet at three for full directions.

Your Friend

Benj. Franklin."

(88-Vol. II) June 24 6 A. M.—1870.

Just as we were retiring on the previous evening the echoes said "Meet in the cool of the morning. The heat exhausts our power too much." We fixed upon six and at that hour we met. The morning was bright and beautiful and our meeting though not long, seemed satisfactory. Katie's hand wrote with closed eyes.

"My Dear Friends. I have every day spoken to you through others of the circle, but I have been too absorbed in my work to give time for writing. All is well!

I find it very difficult to come in the heat as it exhausts our power very much and our own spirits also. We will hereafter choose an hour when the sun's rays are not so piercing.

You need have no fears for us; we watch the conditions and to-morrow at the hour of six precisely we will all be present and be able to work in the cool atmosphere. We must not be hurried, and now dear Sarah and George fear not interruptions, none shall come, but call us not until we announce our presence. George be not worried.

Prof. K."

"My Dear Sarah and George, you are so faithful, so patient that our souls go out to you (89-Vol. II) with love and blessings, yes, and you shall be rewarded. We can only give you a little knowledge of our own faithfulness by comparing it to yours. Never will you miss us when we are needed, when a helping hand is wanted we are here. We shall require water to-morrow morning also knife. All is well! We are successful! God bless you!

Olin."

10 P. M.

"My dear Sarah, George and Katie. We want you to rest early to-night that you may get up bright and strong to-morrow morning at six, at the table. All is well dear Sarah and George, fear no evil. Em. be of good cheer, you have no reason to be drooping in spirits. The flowers are bright and earth holds many blessings for you. I can not say more now as I must go to my greater duties.

Olin."

June 25 6 A. M.—1870.

The morning clear and hot. We took our seats on time and the children at once made themselves manifest. Frankie took hold of his Papa's hand two or three times and with a decided squeeze, then gave his Papa a pair of gloves which he had taken from the Doctor's pocket, and said, "They are too large for me, I have had them on." Now I felt some one against my feet, and the echoes (90-Vol. II) said, "It is Mamma's little girl." Then I felt her against my knees, then by my side for several minutes. Oh! How I wanted to take hold of her, how I longed to fold her in my arms, press her to my bosom. The echoes said, "Dear friend you shall see your child. B. F." They worked long and joyfully and wrote the following with closed eyes.

"My Dear Sarah and George. I am requested by the Doctor of the circle to say that there will be no meeting till Monday at quarter before ten P. M. Ask no questions, neither call the circle until we announce our presence. Our work is such that we can not explain. There are hidden laws which we must obey ourselves without asking why and wherefore.

Monday night's meeting will be most important. We are satisfied with our progression, all goes smoothly. Go on doing your duties and be here in time, happy and free, then we can ask no more. The children have enjoyed this morning and are now happy in their own bright, beautiful homes. They are relating their little feats to their companions and we are happy to let them

come. Be happy and remember the night and hour for our next meeting."

Olin."

B. F."

(91-Vol. II) "My Dear Friends. There never has been a morning when all the circle have been in more perfect form. This morning we have all been in full form. I am happy to be able to still go on doing good. The work I began on earth is being continued now.

We will be here on Monday night at the hour previously named, till then call not the circle. Copy my last message for Katie to keep with her. At all events we trust you Katie! Is that not great? Are you not proud that we, disembodied, immortal beings trust you? Be a good girl, and I who never deceived will again promise you that every word shall be fulfilled. You are all doing well.

B. F."

June 26 7 A. M.—1870.

The morning clear and hot, hotter, hottest! We were directed unexpectedly to meet at this hour and had been but a moment seated when the echoes said. "Mamma, we were here first." "I saw you dress." "Keep your eyes closed." And almost immediately my face was rubbed nearly all over with pearl powder on a piece of flannel, taken from a covered toilette urn on my bureau. This rubbing was repeated, after which the urn with powder and flannel in it and cover on it was set on the table close by my hand. The meeting was short and they wrote.

(92-Vol. II) "My Dear Sarah and George. The atmosphere will not permit us to hold our forms long this morning, therefore we will not be able to remain long. We will not again be able to meet till quarter before ten to-morrow night. We are happy to have had this meeting as it will aid us at our next. We hope the atmosphere will be clear. As far as you are all concerned you are doing all you can, and we are grateful. The picture is here but we must get it away as soon as possible.

The children have been happy in their little demonstrations of love and presence. We shall

now go to our cool shades, our lovely bowers where fountains flow pure and beautiful to behold. Poor, weary children of earth, how happy you will be when you come here, to our beautiful abodes where there is no weariness, no sorrow, no pain, but a continual joy.

Be happy until we are able to speak again, we can not say more to-day, but dear Sarah and George we will bless you and give you peace. Tell Em. to keep up her spirits as all is well with her. Be happy! God bless you all!

Olin."

June 28 3 P. M.—1870.

Monday evening being rainy, Katie did not come but Tuesday morning instead and the echoes appointed (93-Vol. II) a meeting at this hour. The day was excessively warm but the whole circle were happy. Frankie played with the Doctor's finger ring, took it off and after a few minutes replaced it, pushing it entirely on, and it passes snugly over the last joint. The pencil wrote with closed eyes.

"My Dear Sarah and George. The atmosphere is so against us that we can not do much. Our next meeting better be at six to-morrow morning before your atmosphere is heated by the sun, however all is well! The picture is only delayed! Be patient! We are sure of all our circle! We are with you dear Sarah and George and when the weather changes we will say much. We have all given our power to the picture this sitting. We beg that you will all rest early to-night in order to be fresh to-morrow morning.

Olin."

June 29 6 A. M.—1870.

The morning clear and warm. This meeting like the others was a busy, happy hour. Nothing new occurred save Frankie's saying "Mamma I will make you laugh." And at the same time I felt some one at my back as I leaned upon the table. After they were gone we found a large linen handkerchief pinned to the end of one of the braids of my hair which was hanging down my back. (94-Vol. II) They wrote (as usual now) with closed eyes.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here.

The Professor is as delighted as a child when he succeeds. All is well! If we only had a cool, clear atmosphere there would be no difficulty, and we would not be long in placing before your eyes this picture, but be patient! The reward will follow, then you will rejoice and thank God that you were patient. When we tell you to meet at ten in the front room, you will know that our work is fully completed.

We are here in form this morning. The children are both here with their white dresses, happy to be able to be with you and touch you with their gentle hands and they leave you blessed. Angels pass by you and touch you as they pass with their garments.

Sarah, you are to us what children are to their parents. The child goes to its mother fretful and complains. The mother takes her child in her arms and tries to soothe it. The child is good and quiet for a while, but comes again and again complaining; the mother whose love is so great wearies not, but takes her child aside to cheer it, her patience never exhausts. So it is with you, Oh! children of earth, (95-Vol. II) you who put your trust in us. Come to us, we weary not! Complain to us, we hear you and will comfort. Seek us in sorrow, we will give peace. The tears we will wipe away with our garments. The sick heart we will make glad. (To all who believe.) But on the other side, when one is perverse and seeks no comfort but that which the world can give, we can not approach them to lift them up, neither can we bless them. You are indeed blessed, and this circle who watch over and guard you, will never let dark clouds obscure your sky of happiness. Be happy! All is well! I know that all is bright above and below. New flowers are beginning to bloom in Katie's Mother's home, some day to be hers! Are you not happy? God bless you! Sarah, tell Em. that I am with her and hope she will be happy when I tell her that her future is bright.

Olin."

June 30 6½ A. M.—1870.

The morning was fine and our meeting was very satisfactory. We chatted while they worked, and

in the course of our talk the Doctor remarked that they, our spirit friends, had grown to have great confidence in us. They directed us to meet at ten on the next evening July 1st and the pencil wrote.

(96-Vol. II) "My Dear Sarah. I am with Willie at home often. He is well. Frankie and Leila are both happy. They are here with me this morning. Their eyes open with wonder at the proceedings.

Oh! how beautiful they are as they grow and advance. Frankie's eyes are large and black with beautiful dark curling hair. Leila is fair, a perfect lily, but you must not wish them back.

I want to say a few words to dear Em. Tell her that I approve of her choice and hope that she will let our promises cheer her. I shall be glad when she is married, as her mind will then be more at ease and her health good. Tell her that there are no withered leaves in her future, nothing that will bring her unhappiness, for I have looked. She will get up a little depressed. Tell her that I am with her very, very often and yesterday I went with you shopping. I was pleased when I saw you suited. God bless you dear Sarah. Your Ma. Eliza."

"My Dear Sarah and George. Do you know that you are not separated from those you love? Those gone before you? Those you stood by as the breath was leaving are (97-Vol. II) now visiting you in far more beautiful forms. Few understand this, but you do. Now we are all here, we see you and George, we know your wants. Yours are ours to look after for you have placed yourselves under our protection and shall be ever guided. Oh! how our souls go out to you this lovely morning, how we love to breathe blessings upon you. Confidence! George! Without it we could do nothing, we would flutter in your presence and withdraw. So great an aid is confidence. We trust you and come bodily before you. We can pay you no greater compliment. It is want of confidence that prevents our coming in the immediate presence of our dear ones, therefore I hope that you will ever continue faithful.

The atmosphere is not heated this morning and

we have worked with power. The Prof. wishes me to tell you that he is doing well and taking time. He knows that you will be patient. He loves this communion and regrets that he did not learn it when on earth. Sarah and George be happy! God bless you!

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah, My Child. To-morrow night at nine. Can you be patient a little longer for my sake?

Prof. K."

(98-Vol. II) Katie went out directly after breakfast on the morning of the thirtieth, and did not return until half past nine on the evening of the fourth of July. She was nervous and unhappy as she always is when she has been doing wrong, still our friends wished us to meet in the morning and prepare the little table before retiring.

July 5—6½ A. M.—1870.

The morning clear and delightfully cool. The band of spirits expressed their joy in being able to be again at their work, remained in session about three quarters of an hour during which time the following was written.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We worked last night and now only a few more meetings will be necessary to complete our great work. We are satisfied and happy. We will give you a full explanation when we are through. The atmosphere now is perfect and our next meeting will be ten minutes before ten. Be not after the time, ten minutes before ten to-night. We shall use our power on the work this morning therefore we cannot say much.

There are blessings passing from us to you at this moment. You will feel them and live in them. All is well! Be happy and know that we are watchers over you, with (99-Vol. II) bright robes keeping you all safe from danger. God bless you! Willie is well.

Mr. Wyatt is arranging the business right, but trust in the Great Power above for blessings in this life.

To-day we will send a spirit to follow in Katie's footsteps and see that she is punctual

to all her appointments. Her Mother wishes her to see Mrs. Townsend this morning and tell her that she is sorry for being so unjust to her. We are sorry. Then return early and do right. Never too late to mend.

"Be honest with that person and keep her not here upon uncertainties. You can not say at this moment when you can go.

The little ones are here very happy, very playful. We go to our homes after this meeting to prepare for this evening, in the mean time let not your hearts be sad.

Olin."

When we read the above Katie had to explain about Mrs. Townsend and "that person" for we were in complete ignorance of the facts referred to.

July 5—10 P. M.—1870.

The night clear and an exactly comfortable temperature. Our meeting was long and very still. The Doctor and Katie were sent but twice to (100-Vol. II) the folding doors and not a word was written but as they went, directed us to meet at quarter before seven the next morning and added, "Our work is so nearly done that we can tell you that we are making two pictures."

July 6—6¾ A. M.—1870.

The morning pure as crystal. We were promptly in our places and they immediately at their work. Katie wrote with bandaged eyes, and they went away leaving us, as always, lonely, the same as though we had seen them in the flesh. The yearning desire to have them remain with us.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are here with power and happy to speak through the clear atmosphere. We are happy to have good conditions. There are joys for you all.

Do you know that you have not heeded the message Dr. Franklin gave to Katie? He told you to copy it, to let her wear it in her pocket. This may have seemed small in your mind but we know it would have been a great thing and now he desires it written in a firm clear hand for Katie before she leaves this morning, and it

(1) Addressed to Katie.

shall be again made whole, the promises shall retain all their truths and it shall be dated from this day, but we will not be able to renew it after to-day.

(101-Vol. II) Dear Sarah and George how faithful we are all with you, how we work to do good and you shall have the proof in a short time. All will be well to-day. We will give strength to the weak, peace to sad hearts and blessings forever.

We wish a meeting at the old hour to-morrow, three P. M., so do not fail as it would be dreadful at this time. Be as happy as possible, we can do so much finer work when the sunshine comes from your souls. God bless you! We will do all for the best. No more now! No failure!

Olin."

Sister Em. was thinking and talking of going home on a visit, but was not quite decided about when to go. Olin has spoken of it already in several different letters and now notices it again.

The Doctor's business interests in the West which have been before spoken of, now assumed an annoying and threatening attitude. We were on this evening undecided about what to do and much perplexed.

(Morning)

"Tell Em. that I do not know at this moment how to advise her but the change will do her good. Olin."

July 6—11 P. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah and George. Be not troubled (102-Vol. II) for all is well! Be not disturbed for we will advise from time to time. All we see is bright, and although there seem to be clouds they will pass away like clouds upon damp, rainy mornings. We are with you in every trial! Be patient and think of the brightness ahead!

Now about Em. we think she better go as she is prepared and the way clear, still follow your own judgment. We will go with her, protect her from danger and return her safely. All is well! Be happy and trust to those who watch over you.

Olin."

"My Dear Friend George. You have got in a yarn and it is tangled but we will do all for you

that we can and help to untangle the knotted threads. All is well!

Prof. K."

"My Dear Children, rest your heads on quiet pillows, let your thoughts be happy and peaceful. You will come out right and look back with wonder upon the dark times now, and rejoice to know that you stand free. You will have good advice to-morrow or in a day or two and follow it. Em. be not worried, you will know all in good time.

Your Ma,

Eliza."

(103-Vol. II) July 7—3 P. M.—1870.

The afternoon was damp and warm. We met as directed. Soon after we were seated I noticed the sound of heavy rain and remarked "Can that be rain?" The Doctor replied "Yes." And the echoes added, "And our paper is here." On our asking if they were anxious in consequence they said, "Yes." In a few moments they decided what to do and said "If the rain continues, open the lower drawer of the bureau."

After about fifteen minutes sitting, the rain still falling, they said "Open the drawer."

As soon as that was prepared the Doctor and Katie were sent by the folding doors and when they returned and stood near the bureau we heard the paper placed in the drawer and the drawer pushed in quickly, Katie's hands (as always) were held by the Doctor and she standing by his side. Then they wished the window opened so they could take the pencils with them.

At ten minutes before six we were to meet again. The rain ceased before that time and after preparing the room, at half past five, I unlocked the drawer and with closed eyes drew it out and immediately left the room, securing the door after me.

We entered the room at the time, as always, (104-Vol. II) and soon heard the paper upon the little table and found the drawer closed. Very soon the echoes gave their delightful signal of satisfaction by which we knew that everything was as they desired. Our meeting was not more than a half hour. They took the paper away with

them after which they wrote with our eyes still closed the following.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We have all been here. You must note this day down for it is important and will be a great proof of our power in future when you refer to it. We have been near earth nearly all day and there will be no meeting till Saturday morning unless the air is very clear to-morrow night at half past nine. Do not call us till we come of our own free will as we shall be engaged.

We are happy and very glad that the channel through whom we come is now all right. We will go with her to-night and if we desire her presence here we shall send her, so fear not.

1

Dear Sarah, you have a lucky number on your finger. Seven is a number we often go by. All is well! Oh! how happy we are to go again to our fields of peace and beauty. Be of good cheer! Tell Em. I see her anxiety, her desire and to-morrow evening I will write (105-Vol. II) her a message. Tell her to look for me.

George be at ease, your business is coming out better than you think. We see this.

Now good bye! From our happy home we will look down upon you.

Olin."

July 8—9 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Em. I will talk with you first, as you are more needed in the front room.

I am with you and see your surroundings; for instance Em. you see this dark, dull morning; soon the sun will shine, and the tears from the clouds will cease and the sky will be bright and beautiful to look upon. So it will be with you. Life is sunshine and tears, sorrow and joy; and it is often better to be sad than gay, for when the heart is made glad it can better feel and appreciate the sunshine. My dear Em. never let your mind brood on anticipated evil nor disappointments; for imaginary ills are often the greatest trials, and you wonder, after, how you could have felt so depressed.

Ma and I both wish you were settled happily

(1) Refers to the number of diamonds in my ring.

with Frank. I like him, for he has a kind, good heart and loves you and you will both be very happy. We hope to see him placed in a situation soon to accomplish (106-Vol. II) his ardent wishes. Wait not for wealth. Make your wealth together and when life is at its close you will be the happier to know that you have journeyed together in trials as well as in happiness and prosperity. All is well dear Em. so be happy this morning! Let the day be bright. Let your soul look through happy eyes and I will bless you.

Your Brother Olin."

"Sarah and George, dear too are you both and this makes me love to speak to you and come in your presence. I love so much to make you happy by doing pleasant things for you, therefore I am often engaged in viewing your future. George have no faith in the promises of that man; money, money is all he wishes and his promises are air. Tell him that you can do no more. You must be severe with him, but be not disturbed. You have had good advice; follow it. We will be with you and help you.

Sarah I have come to you this morning through beautiful paths, and as I passed out of the Golden-gate, I saw standing at each side a lovely woman and man; they were repeating their vows of love and eternal reunion. I was interested in them (107-Vol. II) and shall make their companionship. As yet I know not who they are; but it was a lovely sight for the maiden was sad and I believe that she was talking of her trials on earth. Oh! how like your life is ours. Like it, but sanctified and holy. Here all is made plain.

The children are with Willie and very happy. They are all well. When you are asked how many children you have always say, 'three; one with me and two in the summer land of flowers.'

We cannot bring the picture to-day, but to-morrow at three we will be here and happy to make manifest our presence in an audible way. God bless you! We go to our homes now, happy to get out of the damp atmosphere.

Olin."

"Katie read your message! Count the days!

See how near the expiration the month is and be happy! I fear not for you now.

My dear Sarah and George, I can not say much to you now as we have duties and are called. You have my prayers for your happiness always with you.

Prof. K."

July 9—3 P. M.—1870.

A clear, beautiful day. We met according to (108-Vol. II) appointment and everything was agreeable. Before leaving they wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. How glorious is this atmosphere. How happy we all are to have this day to work in! You are our children, for we protect and guide you; we pick you up when you fall and our glory falls upon you like the beautiful sunset upon the mountain tops. You feel our blessings but see them not always, for in sorrows we often send them down.

Sarah and George, I have been looking in your future; and we wish you to talk with Wyatt once more; he is careful, wise and judicious. We think this matter better be settled soon as possible, for your sake, to get you free from anxiety. I do not like delays.

There will be no meeting till half past nine to-morrow night, therefore you can take the opportunity to go where your hearts call you. The little beds in Greenwood are very sweetly made, and the birds sing there very gaily. We took the children there last evening and they were much pleased with the white monuments about them, but could not comprehend the meaning. So I told them, there was where Mamma and Papa came to see their (109-Vol. II) little garden. Then to-day I had to take them again to let them choose their different portions. Frankie would call one spot his and Leila would call one hers; at last they both called the seat theirs, Mamma's and Papa's. Oh! how happy they are and how happy you should be. Be patient! Be happy! All is well! God bless you! We can say no more now. You will be very happy in a few weeks from some new change. Call us not.

Olin."

"Let your minds be at ease. I am doing well,

my circle and I, so dear ones be happy be patient. Meet at half past nine to-morrow evening.

Prof. K."

July 10—9½ P. M.—1870.

We went to Greenwood in the morning and in the evening at the appointed hour we met.

The air was delicious and our angel loved ones, as always when the conditions are good, were filled with delight. Soon after we were seated, Frankie said "Mamma, did you like our little garden? We heard you speak of us."

Once when the Doctor was standing he felt Frankie against him and finally upon his shoulder; both he and Katie heard the moving of the child's garments. They directed us to meet the next morning for directions, then went away.

(110-Vol. II) July 11—8½ A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Friends. I am happy to have the time to come and say a few words; well, to have a little conversation; I am so deeply interested in you both, in your success, in all that pertains to your earthly good. I think you had better take Wyatt's advice and attend to that matter. I wish you had Sarah's business faculties, I wish you had her brain, George. You are too easy sometimes, but you do well, after all no one can complain of you. I think much of you and will help you always.

George, we have not been all the time at work upon the picture; remember that we have other duties; now, you must not be impatient; we have work here. God's angels never stand aside when they are needed, and we are often called.

Sarah you are just what I always thought you would be, a wise, good, great woman; uncommon and well suited to go through duties assigned you. Your Sister E. is too apt to feel in moods, which are often uncalled for, and unless outlived will cause disease. I would like to write her a lecture but think I better not at present. All is well! Meet at three to-day, and now I leave (111-Vol. II) my blessing with you.

Prof. K."

"My Dear, Dear Sister. I am here by your side. I rejoice to come to you and George. I love

Sarah to give you these assurances of my presence for I know your heart appreciates all; yes, even the response of the little echo, no matter how slight; for this reason I love to come to you. The flowers we throw at your feet are not trodden down, the blessings we give you are not thrown aside; all is living, blooming for immortality. We were with you yesterday, yes in that quiet spot. We heard your sighs, we listened to your words of us, we read your thoughts. The birds sang a sweet welcome to you and we placed the children on the seat near you and once Frankie took hold of your dress but you did not feel him. Their little garden, they say, is not so pretty as the one they play in with Grandma. Oh! how happy they are! Sarah what a life within a life, the spiritual within the natural. Sometimes the heavenly light shines through the natural eye, it is then the spiritual sees things in their heavenly light.

Are we not blessed, to be able to come and meet each other as in life? Only the forms (112-Vol. II) are invisible to you. God bless you.

Sarah and George the following fall will be the most successful one you have had, and I want you to be careful what you do. Do not give any more money to Hunter or his party, but settle up as soon as possible. You will come out better than you think for and I wish every thing made over to Sarah at once.

Tell Em. to try to be happy. She can go soon and have a rest. I saw she was depressed last night, but when one feels so it is hard for a beloved spirit to speak to them as their souls cannot take in our thoughts. Why anticipate evil? I have so often given her hope, so often painted her future to her, and yet she forgets and still looks on the dark side. We can say no more.

George compare my sister to other women, have you not a prize? All is well!

Olin."

July 11—3 P. M.—1870.

Another divine day. We were seated in our accustomed places fifteen minutes before three. Work began directly and went on cheerfully and

we were happy. While we were sitting Frankie took his Papa's watch out of his pocket, unhooked the chain from the buttonhole (113-Vol. II) of his vest, brought the watch around the table and reached it over my shoulder, the one furthest from Katie, placed it in my hand and left it there. I made some expression in words of my intense desire to take the child in my arms and embrace him as I was wont; thereupon the pencil wrote the subjoined after which they went.

"My Precious Sister. You shall do all this some day before the flowers die; before the summer flowers fade you shall do this. Meet at half past nine to-morrow night. Our power is exhausted! We can say no more to-day. All is well! God bless you!

Olin."

July 12—9½ P. M.—1870.

The evening was wet, rain fell until the hour and it was ten before they were able to get the paper here. They did but little work apparently and went away at half past ten, telling us as they went to read. We found upon a blank paper the following, in clear, fine hand.

"My Dear Son, My Children, we are all here. Meet at half past six to-morrow A. M. We hope to have a clear night soon.

B. F."

July 13—6½ A. M.—1870.

The morning was perfect and we did not awake until exactly the hour. We sprang from our beds (114-Vol. II) and hastened our preparations so that we were but a few moments behind, Katie having been awakened by the echoes was in readiness. They had told her to speak to us but she was too tender hearted to disturb our peaceful sleep.

During our session and while they were vigorously at work upon the paper, and the Doctor and Katie were standing by the folding doors, the echoes came thick and fast. We all started, and Katie said "Something is wrong." The echoes continued and soon we heard some one approaching through our parlor, we having purposely left the intermediate door open to keep the air as cool as possible.

The door from the parlor into the hall had been thoughtlessly unlocked and my maid Maggie had entered the parlor and was coming towards the door of our sleeping room. The disturbance was soon over. The Prof. said, "Sarah, I now put you in charge of the doors." And then went on with his work. They took hold of the Doctor several times during the meeting, and assisted him, when we first entered the room, in tying the bandage over his eyes. They wrote with closed eyes.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are here with success and satisfaction. All is well! (115-Vol. II) We were ready at the moment and so were you, but next time we manifest our presence pay attention Katie and tell those who do not hear. We have a clear atmosphere this morning. It is almost impossible for us to come in the heated atmosphere, we find it next to impossibility, therefore we are happy to come when we have not these draw-backs.

The disturbance caused us a little uneasiness. We saw her coming and had to make the paper invisible. Such interruptions when we are in form hurt us more than we can explain, but we have now overcome them and in future you can be more careful. The Prof. was a little disturbed in his spirit, he is not now.

My dear Sarah and George, we have been very near you, seeing and feeling all your trials, knowing all that causes the shadows to fall across your pathway; but we look ahead, we see the future, therefore we can give hope. When the lamp seems not to burn we look beyond and read your future. Do you think that we could be happy and conscious of sorrows, losses and adversities for you? Let your hearts answer. Now away in the darkness I see a bright star which will (116-Vol. II) light you to success. Those who have been dishonest with you will be the ones to be covered with a darkness that they can feel. So let that star be your hope and anchor. All will be bright! You are arranging everything for the best.

Sarah your children are all well and happy. Willie writes of his happiness, Frankie's and

Leila's can not be conveyed to your mind. They are happy without one shadow.

Meet Friday at three. Be happy for joy is on the wing. God bless you! I am joined by the whole circle in love and blessings.

Yours forever,
Olin."

On this morning we heard that a lady in the room below us had made some disagreeable remarks about the noise in our room. Olin was not pleased with her. The Doctor's Western matters were drawing to a focus and seemed to demand immediate action. He was advised to go to Michigan and started on the evening of this day. The pencil wrote at

9 A. M.—July 13—1870.

"My Dear Sister Sarah. We will not let our echoes be heard by the ears of those who cannot tell a pearl from a stone. In future we will guard our sounds. We will help (117-Vol. II) you with these patients who are hard to manage.

Be happy my Sarah all is well! Have I not told you that you would lose no more? Have faith! have hope! have no fears! for all is well, and the light will not diminish. I am called and must go with the circle. I have not left you once this morning. God bless you!

Olin."

George started before six, in the hour previous. The pencil said.

"Sarah feel not depressed, let George go with a happy heart. We will stand by his side. Be careful George, be shrewd, give no notes. You will do better than you think, if you are careful, judicious and wise.

Sarah I will keep watch over your dear one and bring you news of him every day. He will return far happier than he goes.

Why, Sarah, you are looking on the dark side, which is just as well for you will be pleasantly disappointed. God bless you!

Dear Em. you are waiting for some good purpose, you will see wisdom in all. The flowers will open when you do go and the birds will sing a welcome for you.

Olin."

"George I will see that no evil comes. I will lay my work aside and walk by your (118-Vol. II) side. Think of me.

Prof. K."

July 14—8 P. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. I have come to give you hope and tell you George is well and I shall be with him to-night and to-morrow morning through his arrangements and meet you at two to-morrow; till then dear Sarah be happy and sleep well. God bless you!

Olin."

I made some inquiry after reading and he added "I will tell you to-morrow as I have to follow through George. You shall know the prospect from time to time, now dismiss all anxieties. I am now going to fly to him.

Olin."

I supposed now that the Doctor was at his journey's end, but on receiving a letter from him, learned that he was detained and at the time Olin came to me the Doctor was waiting at a depot from which he started at nine o'clock. Hence Olin's haste to be back before the train took the Doctor away. Olin being a stranger there had "to follow through George."

July 15—2 P. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. I am happy to come and tell you of George and his arrangements. I have been with him ever since last night and although his mind is perplexed I see that there is a clear road before him and if he goes on right (119-Vol. II) and is wise, he will succeed and do well.

I heard the conversation with the lawyers. He has succeeded in getting a good one, but no action will begin at once. He has to go again this evening. George is full of hope; first he was disappointed in not meeting the party he wished to, but all seems to go smoothly now. I can say no more about him till to-morrow at half past nine as he will not do much before then. George is writing now, you will hear Monday. The flowers are blooming freshly in your pathway and all goes well! The sky in the future is bright! The sun is not hidden by ill fated clouds, not

obscured, therefore dear Sarah look up and be happy!

Willie is well and all three of the children are happy.

Olin."

"My Dear Friend meet at eight for me. ¹ The paper is all right. I shall speak to you of George. Call us not till then.

Prof. K."

When the Doctor returned the next week and told this day's experience it corresponded exactly with Olin's statement, save, that the appointment with the lawyer was for the next morning instead of evening.

According to appointment the Prof. came at eight, but I was detained by company until half past when he said.

"My Dear Sarah. I have been waiting for you. (120-Vol. II) I left George an hour ago. His interview was quite favorable, not exactly suited to his mind, but will close better than he thinks. He does not see his way as clear as he wishes but we see his way clear. He thinks of my advice to be wise and I hope he will be shrewd. He will be."

Here occurs another break like that of two months ago, occasioned like that, by a paper having been abstracted from those not yet copied. Thus two days, sweet messages from heaven are lost.

Sunday the 17th was oppressively hot. Ralph, Mr. Bradley, Sister Em., Katie and I took the morning steamer to Rockaway and passed the day in comparative comfort. We took sea-bath, ate our luncheon, sat and walked upon the beach, listened to the breakers until towards sun down; then returned home, had tea and got to our rooms at nine. At ten Em., Katie and I were alone and the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. We were with you to-day. You have all had a far better day than you would have had here. Sarah be happy! You have every reason to be. There are no dark shadows to burst upon you and leave you sighing and grieving for what might have been.

(1) I inquired about the paper he was working on for us, the picture.

Ralph enjoyed himself as he always does (121-Vol. II) when he is a free agent. Em. you may look for a pleasant letter from your dear one, it is on the way and will give you peace.

Dear Sarah, poor George was almost disconsolate, so lonely, so unfitted to be alone. A letter is here for you, almost here.

Dear Sisters I say 'good night' with blessings and prayers for your happiness.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. I too will speak for I have not left you to-day. You have been listening to the music which chained me when I was in the form and made a part of my happiness. Are you not blessed to have us all with you? To know that we are with you in affliction closer than when all is joy within your souls? My boy, my Olin is so much comfort to me! We go to our ocean in our blessed home, and listen to the breaking of the waves, and watch the pure streams as they flow on and on. We do not have to come to your earth to see and hear these things. We have all here, all purified therefore we never weary of our Eternity. God bless you! All is well! I can say no more now. George is well, not heart sick as when he wrote you so be of good cheer. Rest on the peace I strive to give and you shall feel my spirit hovering over you.

To all Eternity Your Ma—Your Mother."

(122-Vol. II) "My Dear Mrs. Taylor. I want to express my gratitude to you for your kindness to my child; words can not, but deeds can and I will join my prayers with all who love you, in wishing you all the peace, all the success that makes life glide on smoothly. When my child is nervous and trying to your patience, oh! bear with her and you will be rewarded.

Your friend Mrs. Fox."

"Sarah, I see something that has happened, that will make you unhappy. I will not tell you to-night but I am displeased.

Prof. K."

These four letters were written before we took up the paper or read a word; now the pencil dropped and I read aloud from the beginning; on reading the Prof.'s we looked at each other

in amazement. I had left my rooms in the morning in the care of my maid who was to lock, after putting them in order and leave the key with the head-waitress, as Maggie was going out. I had found the key under my plate at the tea table, and now what did the Prof. mean I inquired.

"I am not going to give you a wakeful night and I cannot tell the name of the person. I saw it go, that is all. Nothing valuable, nothing stolen, only destroyed. Good night.

Prof. K."

(123-Vol. II) Now we all thought of these papers, so precious to me and of no value to another. The Prof. had said "good night" and of course would not speak again, so I went to the drawer of my desk where I keep all of these valuables, and looked over every paper of every sort then missed the paper before referred to. They had written upon that paper after ten on the previous evening and I laid it away with the rest before retiring. How it got out, or who took it was the marvel. I felt that no person but Maggie had had access to my rooms or even knew about these papers; and while I had believed her perfectly trusty I thought she must know something of this; so I determined in my own mind to speak to her as soon as she entered my room in the morning but said nothing. Before retiring the echoes came and said "My child say not a word till after I speak with you in the morning.

B. F."

July 18—9 A. M.—1870.

A little before this hour the Doctor came and at this hour the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Child. The paper I do not see. I wanted time to look in your maid's heart, which I have done and do not think she has it. If I judge rightly she is innocent. I will have to look further; (124-Vol. II) at present it is shrouded in mystery, but will not be long. George has acted wisely and well. I am satisfied. He will not fail in gaining all that he hopes to now that he has the ascendancy over them. Be of good cheer.

B. F."

July 18 9 P. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. We can not meet for the picture until the atmosphere changes which will be in a day or two. I hope that you will not feel disappointed as we do everything for the best, but we can not form while this atmosphere lasts; the air dissolves our power and weakens our electricity. This cannot be easily explained to you in few words.

We have been with you, very near, very faithfully. We feel a little disturbed to think that there are hands wicked enough to destroy important papers; but it will not happen again, that we are sure of, for we will be on the watch. George let nothing trouble your mind, throw away all doubts, all misgivings now the worst is over and you stand on sure ground. No more going down hill and you will soon stand on the summit. Dr. Franklin is lifting you up with his strong arms, so be happy! God bless you all! I am glad Em. is going home, she requires the change and will not regret (125-Vol. II) going. All is well! No more to-night! Now rest dear ones and get up with happy hearts.

Olin."

"My Dear Son. I have been with you; once I feared you would not have the heart to go on with your work, but you were made strong and did all that could be required of you. I am glad the lawyer is coming here. I want you to give him a room here, and also want Wyatt with him here that I may read them and study their motives, that I may advise you freely. You have done right! I commend you! All is well! When I say these words I mean much. All is well!

I have not yet learned who took the papers, but be assured I shall find that person. Wait my time and be not anxious. We will go on with our work when the atmosphere changes, which will be soon.

B. F."

"Good evening George, I am happy to meet you in your own home again. You have returned not faint hearted for which I am glad. I am for your interest, therefore advise you for your good. You have a good lawyer and are fortunate.

Prof. K."

As soon as the Doctor returned Em. decided to go home the next day, and very directly I told him of the missing paper and tried to repeat some of Ma's dear words, but (126-Vol. II) could recall only a sentence or two, when the pencil wrote.

"I will come when the conditions are favorable and write you a long letter. Be not unhappy, all shall be made up to you. My words shall be spoken or written in words you will not soon forget. I am going with Em. to-morrow.

Your Ma."

July 19 9 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Children. I am here to speak words from a Mother's soul; that divine channel through which I can come and bless you; which never dies nor wearies but continually grows stronger.

Yes dear children, I am here to tell you that all is brightness. Your paths are not distracted by failures; so cheer up and let my soul touch yours with peace and blessings. I am going with you dear Em. and will see you safely at home. You do right to go and will have a pleasant time with a quiet rest. Remember that you will not be alone. I will know your wishes, although I can not manifest my presence. I am happier now and can roam in my beautiful paradise free from care. George is again with those he loves and his duties, therefore I am happy.

The circle is not here now, but will come in good time to appoint their next meeting. Katie better come here to-night.

Your Ma.

Your Mother to all Eternity."

(127-Vol. II) July 20 6½ A. M.—1870.

Although the Doctor returned from Detroit on the morning of the 18th we did not meet for the picture until the 20th the weather being so excessively warm.

On this morning there was a cool breeze and our circle availed itself of it promptly. The sitting was as usual, the going by the door and Katie writing with closed eyes. The writing itself was different, one line requiring a mirror to read it and the next not readable with mirror but by looking directly upon it. One line read from

right to left and the next from left to right; thus alternating over a paper nearly two feet long.

"My Dear Sarah and George. I am happy to come this morning. The atmosphere is cool and favorable at present therefore we are happy to work again in form. But the chain has been broken and we must establish it again and make it perfect. We have almost accomplished it; one more meeting and it will be formed as before, then we will be able to work with great power, as the conditions are good and all goes well.

Be happy! We are, for we see that you have passed the worst part of your trials and the way is no longer dark. You will not have your patience tried by long delays, which should rejoice you to know. Now my dear Sarah be not disturbed. (128-Vol. II) The golden clouds are floating above you, and the lamps on the other side are lighting you through the changing scenes of life and ever will.

Oh! How I love to give you hope when I know it is hope from the fountain of truth. You shall never want for our protection and care. The Prof. and all the circle appoint for our next meeting half past nine to-morrow P. M. We think it will storm to-day and will be on the safe side. God bless you! We will protect you!

Olin."

"My Dear Child, I will go with you and help you choose your carpet. Em. is tired but well. Willie is well, and my little Frankie and Leila are happy, sending blessings to their dear Mamma and Papa.

Your Ma."

"Meet for the perfection of the circle at three to-morrow and let your hearts all be happy.

Prof. K."

Before retiring they wished us to meet in the morning.

July 21 6½ A. M.—1870.

The air clear and delightful, rain having fallen during the night and cooled the burning stones. We were all on time and our meeting was really joyous, so delighted were our invisible loved ones. They brought their paper still they stated to us

again that the object of the meeting was to perfect the chain binding us to them. They wrote.

(129-Vol. II) "My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this morning. We thought best to meet now instead of three as that hour is in the heat of the day.

To-night we will meet for the picture at half past nine. All is well! We are happy to see you getting along with your house and hope soon to come when there will be no confusion. We love quiet! We love peace! We love to see the heart happy and oh! how we rejoice when our advice is heeded. Yes, these meetings will link you to our world and teach you the way up the golden steps. Yes, Sarah, Ma dresses Frankie and Leila. She arranges their garments and we have houses but not like yours. Ask no questions and soon I will give you a full description of everything that lies in my power. Em. is home. Ma is with her. Willie's joy is great, Frankie and Leila are also there. Ma likes the carpet. She gave me her watch to keep while she went with you. Now we all go to our duties. Call us not.

Olin."

July 21 9½ P. M.—1870.

Clear warm evening. Mr. Wyatt, the Doctor's city lawyer, called and we were a little delayed, but as soon as he left the room (our parlor) the echoes asked us to go in to the "sitting." We started and before we were half way to the door an invisible (130-Vol. II) hand patted the Doctor's cheek so that both he and Katie heard the pats distinctly.

Our meeting was long and very quiet. I was so weary and worn with the fatigues of the day (having our immense house put in order for the Autumn) that a sort of stupor was much of the time upon me, though I made no mention of my feelings. They went away saying "All is well! Meet in the morning for directions. God bless you! Good night!"

July 22 8½ A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. We could not do so much last night owing to your fatigue, but will be able to come to-day at three. There will be nothing to interfere and we hope to have a good meeting

(1) The carpet was for my sleeping room.

at that hour. We saw Wyatt last night and read his mind, he is for your interest alone and I like him. George chose wisely, and the best lawyer at Detroit and we feel sure that all will go right now. We are happy to see you coming out so clear, you can not see it but we can.

Ma is preparing her home for the reception of old and new friends. She enjoys her life with her friends now more than she did when on earth. We are happy and want you all to be, as bright changes are taking place in your daily lives.

(131-Vol. II) We are getting so great that we can come almost face to face. Willie can not be with the children in their beautiful rambles to-day; they wish him but I have explained why he cannot come.

I will not use much power. To-morrow night we want to leave you free, we will not limit you in your time. Be happy and know that all is well! God bless you!

Olin."

July 22 3 P. M.—1870.

Very warm, clear day. We met according to appointment. Nothing of especial note occurred. We heard the pencils on the paper and knew they were at work. They wrote with closed eyes and left.

"A home of peace, of beauty which is impossible to paint in words. A home made of the choicest flowers, the choicest leaves, climbing roses, clinging vines, is ours.

Our seats are made of green turf, our paths are gemmed with costly pebbles, our doors are filled with the choicest stones and our forms repose on sofas of the most delicate flowers. Oh! Sarah the most beautiful flower on earth can not be compared to the simplest moss in our garden. Can you imagine this? Then we have rooms of a different description, plain and neat so that we will not weary, where we go to commune with the past, where we (132-Vol. II) pray for our beloved ones, where we go to receive our duties, where we watch the new spirits enter their new lives. Oh! would that I could explain clearly to your understanding; but dear Sarah it is in my palace of beauty where I am mostly with the

children. Oh! our world is beautiful, holy and ever-changing in its beauty. Some new joy is daily meeting our eyes. Often when a dear friend passes by a token of love will be left in our windows, or at our doors, or in our gardens. To-day Prof. Kenyon left an evergreen filled with birds for the children. Oh! How happy we are!

I will write you a full description when we have more power. I am now going back to my friends as they are waiting for me. Olin is helping me write.
Your Ma."

"My Dear Children. I have been with you to-day. All the clouds have disappeared and the sky is golden with blessings for us to bestow upon you. Your business George should be successful and to-morrow night if that lawyer comes I will read his mind like an open book. Katie must be here.
B. F."

The Detroit lawyer did not come on that evening, but after the other lawyer left the pencil wrote.

(133-Vol. II) July 23 10 P. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. We have all been here to-night. It is night on your earth, but a beautiful golden sun-set here. The pure river reflects thousands of white robed angels; flowers are opening with dew upon them; the children kiss the flowers and love their perfume. We are happy! Oh! how happy! Our beautiful walks, our flowery paths, our gemmed skies; nothing on earth can be compared to the surpassing loveliness of our home.

We shall float off, while you sleep, to the streams of pure waters, where we can glide down their surface in gondolas. Music will accompany us and a choir of angels with sacred hymns. We shall think of you and send you blessings.

We have concluded to meet early to-morrow, half past nine, in the cool atmosphere, when the heat does not fall too severely on our garments and weaken our power. We shall all be here at the moment. And now my dear Sarah do rest. Do not weary your feet and hands with toil. Do not weaken your back by being so constantly on your feet; this is the wish of all who love you. All is bright, and all is well!

Olin."

"My Dear George, you are coming out right. Rest with our faithful protection over you.

Prof. K."

(134-Vol. II) July 24 91½ A. M.—1870.

The air was clear but still warm, the mercury standing at 88° in the room. We found our invisible loved ones awaiting us, for as soon as we entered the room we heard them moving things and the Doctor felt them about his head and face. He felt distinctly time after time, and over and again the fine texture of their dress, and distinctly inhaled the peculiarly pure odor that accompanies them. After a little time they touched me also and immediately said, "Mamma, did you feel us?" They did many sweet, childish things, pulled a white hair from the Doctor's head and brought it to me; leaned against my face while their robes lay upon my hands so soft and delicate. I asked who it was? They answered. "Your own little girl." Again they said "both of us." They enveloped almost entirely my head and face in their garments, leaned upon my shoulder, the back of my neck and my bosom. It was all so sweet! so lovely! the touch so gentle! so magnetic! It was of heaven, heavenly! Before leaving they wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. In the atmospherical changes we are often mistaken. We hoped last night that we would have had a favorable time this morning but we are disappointed, still, we will watch for a favorable time and hope it will come soon. All we wish is true patience on your part. You know that (135-Vol. II) what we have promised will be given in time, and at an hour put aside for us, when angels keep watch at the portals. We will not try to meet for this great event till a favorable change comes in the weather. To-morrow during the day we will give full directions.

You see how real we are. The children have been gratified this morning by coming in their thin robes and caressing you. They will soon be able to come visibly, now they are beginning to understand.

You wonder George if we have twilight? and how it can be? I will tell you. We have the beautiful morning, the shadowy noon and the lovely

twilight when our spirits walk as in a flood of moonlight. The only comparison I can make is this. You have walked out in a very bright moonlight when every object is made visible, such are our nights, which we call twilight.

My dear Sarah were we not to have these changes we would weary. God has ordained all these beautiful realities. Eternity is forever, and we exist forever, therefore we must have change and happiness daily. Life is so beautiful here, so beautiful in its changes that we never have a desire to return to live on earth as we once did.

We have worked this morning and done all we can. We can do no more to-day. We shall recline in our lovely groves and watch that no evil (136-Vol. II) comes to you, our loved ones. Willie and the two angels are well and happy. Frankie and Leila are overjoyed with their success. We shall be so happy to-day, free to roam in our heavenly home. You shall hear from Grandma Langworthy when the time is favorable. We are all together but her interests and pleasures are in searching for knowledge, to visit different countries, therefore she does not make one of our circle. All is well! We shall go in a few minutes. Our power is exhausted.

Olin."

July 25 10 P. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. You have not minded me and rested your back! What shall I do? Scold you? Now do not be so much on your feet! I have been with you to-day and I will come in the morning when you are fresh and talk with you on important matters. I saw the lawyer to-day and he is all right; but now my dear Sarah rest and after breakfast come to me. Come and I will give you words of love and truth and make you strong for your daily duties. To-night I will watch over you. I am happy to see the room being prepared. We would prefer to present the picture in that room as it is well magnetized. We will talk about it to-morrow morning before the heat of the day, for Sarah it is very hard for us to (137-Vol. II) write in the heated atmosphere. God bless you! Sleep on a pillow made

peaceful by our hands which soothe your head when it aches.

Olin."

July 26 9 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here, one and all to speak and give you comfort. Is it not pleasant to have old and dear friends come and give you welcome? Those who are part of your life? Those who have passed over the river, over to the shining shore, and now hold out their hands to grasp yours; eyes that you have seen closed forever on earth, open with eternal life to look in yours and watch that no evil comes? This alone should cheer you, this should show you how near the two worlds are together, how closely linked. Let your heart be happy for we are living in a country very near yours, where you are journeying, and where the golden car will bear you gently on to those who are now walking by your side.

Soon as you get the room in order we will be able to meet; by that time at least we hope to feel a change in the atmosphere. + + + Be of good cheer! Get your house in order and it will be filled with new comers, good worthy people and those who will bring success.

Sarah and George these golden links, these (138-Vol. II) interviews enable us to walk before you and remove every stumbling block. The little ones are here and will say through my aid a few words.

God bless you! Sarah be careful of your back. I will not let you fall for my arms are ever ready to catch you but you must help me to keep you strong. Dear ones the conditions are going to be greater than ever, more lofty, more powerful, pure and holy which rejoices our souls.

Olin."

"Mamma and Papa. Leila and I are here. Who do you love most here? In my world I mean? I know, Uncle Olin knows too. Willie is well, I go every day to see him, and, Mamma, I laugh so loud that he could hear me if he were a little angel like me Grandma says. We are very nice children Grandma says when she shows us to her friends. I am learning to draw flowers, Mam-

ma, and I am going to draw you one. Oh! Won't you be happy? Papa too? Good bye.

Frankie."

July 27 10 P. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We have all been with you to-day and yesterday also. We want to say much, but dear ones, we think you had better go to bed and rest, get up fresh in the morning and meet us in your (139-Vol. II) fresh garments, without fatigue, without weary feet, then we too in our garments of purity and with our souls full of love will come and bless you. Yes, dear Sarah, bless and comfort you.

Grandma Langworthy is here to-night. She wants you to know that she has not forgotten you and that her arms are open for you. She will speak herself soon but cannot to-night. Life is sweet! Life is holy always, for it is a continuation of the spiritual, the immortal.

George, you have done right, I will bring a new spirit to commune with you to-morrow morning at nine. Sarah I want to say much, to do much for you, but now dear ones go to rest while we commune with our own souls. All is well! Be happy! Let the mantle of peace cover you and we will guard you.

Olin."

July 28 9 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are here, happy to come and look in your faces and see you well. We are always contented to roam free in our paradise of glory when every day a new flower opens with perfume and beauty. Often on these leaves are beautiful emblems which denote the purity of our work and the approbation of a higher power. Thus our work goes on and we rejoice in our daily life. We want you to (140-Vol. II) understand our world and its adaptations, its duties, its pleasures, its joys. We are trying to teach you this and we will make it clear that even a child will understand.

I am happy to be in company with Grandma Langworthy. She loves you and will speak to you herself very soon. She does not understand how to use the pencil, but will learn soon. She has not seen us write often. Now she stands by

your side, holding her hands above your head with a blessing. She is often with our Ma and your children. Her love for you is as great as ever. Here the affections strengthen and become immortal; when real there is no withering, no dying, no fading, no forgetting. Like the soul, the affections grow pure and become the chains which link the mortal with the immortal; therefore love is a flower of everlasting growth and will always grow more beautiful with time.

"We are happy to see the room advancing and becoming inhabitable. We can not meet before for our especial purpose. We will appoint Saturday night at half past nine in the back room (our room). We will be the first to echo sounds from the brighter world on the new covering.

I want you to get very soon some paper for (141-Vol. II) Frankie to draw a flower upon. He will copy one in his garden. Of course we shall help him. We will give directions in good time." At this point the pencil stopped and after a minute or two the echoes said "Remember where the pencil hesitated." I marked the spot and after a little more delay the pencil continued. "The little fellow does not wish me to tell that he will be aided. Consider Sarah and George that he does it all by himself. All the brightness of heaven is shining upon these children and we are purer for having them.

I have said all that I can and must now give way for the new spirit who wishes to come. I must help him.

Olin."

"Friends. I am most happy to come and talk with you. There are reasons why I come. I feel a deep interest in your work which you are engaged in now and also in the manifestations you are receiving. I am often with Franklin and those who were the study of my mind when on earth. Now you have heard of me and you see that I am here and when you come where I can shake hands with you we shall not be strangers. I believe George, (I think that is the name they call you here) that I can help you in your business.

+ + + + +

(1) Our sleeping room was being cleaned and newly carpeted.

I will join your circle Saturday night. Farewell.

Isaac T. Hopper."

(142-Vol. II) July 28 2 P. M.—1870.

"My Dear Child. How happy I shall be when you are free from this toil! How glad I shall be to see you rest and feel that you have not a load upon your mind! Oh! Then I will come and soothe your brow and talk with you about matters nearest our hearts (yours and mine).

We are roaming now happy and contented in paradise, for we see that all is well, and no sorrows chain us to earth. The children are well and happy. I was with dear Olin this morning when he came and will come again Saturday evening, but we will before that give further directions. You are weary Sarah and my arms are open to give you rest when your duties will permit. All will be well soon and rest will come and peace will be your carpet. No more now for the power is exhausted.

Your Ma."

July 30 9¾ P. M.—1870.

The evening was gloriously fine. We had not met for the picture since Sunday the 24th, for two reasons, one, the excessive heat; the other, my sleeping room (their room) was being cleaned, recarpeted etc. The room was now in perfect order and the weather delightful but I was so tired and worn that I could not sit quietly in my chair. They soon came in (143-Vol. II) force and signalized their joyful presence by many and continued echoes. The meeting was not long neither did they make any new demonstration.

After they had taken the paper away they wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We have used nearly all our power. You had none to spare. I am sure dear Sarah you will now rest and we then shall enjoy so much to come. We wish the meeting to-morrow at half past ten. The weather is now very favorable and we will improve the opportunity.

Gentle as the zephyr that wafts from the shore,

Are the sounds that greet your ears once more.

Sweet as music are the voices that breathe

Love and blessings, which daily we leave.

We are all here, each one, but we can not talk

freely. George you have done right and are our patient to teach. Sarah go to bed and rest your weary head.

Go to thy pillow, where peace will be sweet,

And in the bright morning again we shall meet.

Get up fresh and at peace with your own souls.
Good night my dear ones! Good night!

Olin."

"Friend George, I am not a man to break my promise. I have just come. I have looked over your¹ work and I like the foundation, the point you are reaching. I will efface one or two lines. (144-Vol. II) Go on writing. You will finish up well. All is well!

Farewell. Isaac T. Hopper."

July 31 10½ A. M.—1870.

A pure, beautiful day. We were in the room on time and received a joyful greeting from our spirit friends. Our meeting was very pleasant. Katie was very soon asked to take the pencil. The children were full of play. Frankie took hold of his Papa's ear, and pulled his hand. Leila took a pencil from my hand, (Katie was writing with another) and put it in her Papa's and after a moment returned it to me. She seemed to play around my lap, pulled and moved the skirt of my dress many times.

Presently the echoes said "Sarah, I am here." I asked "Who?" Ans. "Grandma."

Katie still kept on writing and when a sheet was filled it was taken out of the way and laid on the carpet a little distance from us. We inquired. "Who did it?" Ans. "Grandma." The Prof. said "I am going to work silently on the picture," and when they were ready to leave, he added, "When the picture is finished I shall give you something that will interest you. My word is law."

"Again we come to you under circumstances very pleasing to us. The room is pleasing to us; no confusion; now we will enjoy it and we wish you to also. While you live, weave the brightest flowers (145-Vol. II) you can in your acts and let your hearts be glad.

We will all combine our thoughts in this letter,

each one drop a word from their separate souls and you can rejoice, knowing that we are with you in spirit and love. We are happy to speak words of comfort, words of peace. Oh! How glad our souls are and how full of light which we diffuse in your paths. We have a holy calm in our homes, a peace which belongs to heaven alone. Grandma Langworthy is here with eyes full of love and contentment as she views you and your peaceful surroundings. She is satisfied with you and loves you as dearly as ever; and last night she wanted to rock you to sleep in her arms. We are one family here and not a shadow crosses our sunny paths. We travel together, we study in each other's society and weave our histories from the same events.

The children have been in their garden at Greenwood. The flowers are falling to the ground, the leaves are giving their perfumes to the winds, but their souls are not lost, for angels catch the odor and mingle it with theirs, so you see that all which is beautiful and pure lives. God is our father! We are His children and we do His will most faithfully.

We are here in your room! How thin is the veil between, seemingly one breath of air would (146-Vol. II) open to your eyes the other side, so exquisite in its beauty; there is sphere upon sphere, plane upon plane and so we go on progressing. Heaven is unbounded; no end to our world and our palaces are large. We shall all meet here someday.

Meet at three to-morrow. We can say no more as we must aid the Prof. in keeping the paper and pencils. God bless you!

Olin."

"My Friend George. Your work is well written and after you have completed it, I will correct the mistakes if there be any. I am satisfied with your course and treatment.

Isaac T. Hopper."

August 1st 3 P. M.—1870.

A fine, clear day. We took our seats and were warmly welcomed by the invisible members of our circle. All seemed happy! The children played about us. Frankie pulled his Papa's long

(1) The Doctor was writing his "Diseases of Women."

beard (which he does at almost every sitting) and handled it several minutes. The Doctor spoke of it and wondered what the child was doing, for he could distinctly feel the form touching him first at one side, then the other, but no remark came from them; and when the handling of the beard ceased, several delicate pats were lovingly left upon the Doctor's shoulder. When we (147-Vol. II) opened our eyes we saw the Doctor's beard had been and was then braided in three separate, three stranded braids, and a comical sight it was. We believed Frankie then laughing over his exploit.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here, happy to meet in our quiet room around ¹our table, which can now mirror your own face. We place blessings upon it and you must enjoy them. It is sweet to know that in this city of crimes and anguish, misery and depravity, we make a heaven about you and guard you from these evils. Yes, dear Sarah and George, we guard stronger and with more safety than bolts can, and your faith shall save you from falling victims to those who fear not God or man. We are now about to take our treasures and wind our way through azure paths and velvet groves to repose in our bowers, to weave garlands for those who are just awakening into the new life, and to look in your future and see what awaits you. God bless you! All is well! Be happy!

Olin."

Aug. 1 10 P. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here, happy to meet you with open arms, hands full of blessings to scatter in your pathway and your souls catch the infinite and sleep with (148-Vol. II) sweet dreams to refresh your bodies. Oh! Sarah how happy I am to come and give you the immortal part to mingle with the mortal and unlock the gate which holds all that is beautiful beyond the shadow land; that world of beauty and precious gifts. Now your beloved ones are walking arm and arm up and down the Elysian fields, their shining robes floating behind, their forms radiant with glory from the eternal sun.

We will watch your slumbers! The children are well. God bless you all!

Olin."

"George, My Son, go to bed, weary from watching and working, weary from toil of mind; rest and I will soothe you with loving hands, breathe life, long life in your soul and give you the art of writing your articles well and successfully. You have our friendship to all eternity, and we never grow weary, we never change, never grow cold in affection. Come to us weary and heavy laden, we will give you peace.

Prof. Kenyon."

"My Dear Sarah. I have brought Grandma Langworthy here this morning to talk with you. She is so happy to have the opportunity of proving her presence and we are happy to help her. Sarah and George we are vigilantly guarding your future which we looked into a short time since and could see no lasting clouds. God bless you!

Olin."

(149-Vol. II) "How shall I commence Sarah? How open the avenues of affection which for years have mingled, so many years, speechlessly in that silent conviction which always tells the heart that you are not forgotten. My child oh! would that I could with one demonstration show you how much I still love you and how dear you are to me. I love everything that belongs to you. The children and their flowers. They have a garden for you, and I will leave many an affectionate flower, a tribute of love, of long cherished love, like a casket safely put on a sacred shrine, there to nourish the soul until God makes us one for all Eternity. Do you remember how much I loved you? and I always shall. When you came to me with your loving heart how silently happy you made me dear child. I will bless you and yours. This is my first letter to any one on earth. You are the first who has opened the little streams and called forth the flowers. I shall visit you now very often. I was with you when George and you were united and I approved of your marriage. I wanted you to get a good husband and you have darling, which will be a joy forever.

(1) The black walnut table had been newly dressed.

I have travelled all over your world and am making a tour over this. I am going to (150-Vol. II) wait till all can join me, and go in company with all I love. My husband will go with me until the family is ready to join us. You know how many dear precious ones I have here. I have been so surprized with everything here, so happy. There is so much to study, to learn.

Now my dear child I leave you to talk with my dear husband about you and my interview. I wish dear that your Uncle Isaac would make you a pleasant, sociable visit, his mind requires change. The circle have aided me, and I am grateful to them.

Your loving Grandma

Sarah."

Aug. 7 7 A. M.—1870.

On the evening of the third, Katie by accident met her sister Maggie, who was fearfully in need of care. She remained with her and tried to do for her, but the consequence was she went down under the breakers herself instead of gliding smoothly over as she had been doing for four weeks and more. The sea she met in her sister and her sister's surroundings was too heavy for her frail bark and she returned to us Saturday evening the sixth, sad, sad. Sunday morning was clear and beautiful, not uncomfortably warm at the hour of seven. We took our seats (151-Vol. II) and after remaining in perfect quiet for perhaps fifteen minutes the echoes told Katie to take pencil.

But little was written after which the Doctor and Katie were sent by the folding doors, and from there, we three to open the blind and stand by the open window. In a moment more they were gone, not another move having been made, not another word having been spoken.

The writing was mostly about Katie and their work which I will not copy, but they spoke for the first time I believe, of Mr. Bradley, the Doctor's assistant whose health was failing.

"Sarah the children are well and happy. Poor Bradley, he is coming home and he feels that he

is drawing nearer to the new life. He becomes more spiritual as his days shorten. All is well!
Olin."

Aug. 7 9½ P. M.—1870.

The air was fine. We met as usual. Nothing new occurred, except that we were sent from the room before the paper was removed, they evidently taking it away as they bring it, without our immediate presence. In the front room the pencil wrote, the room being dark.

"My Dear Sarah. I am here, oh! so happy to be able to talk with you, to let you know that I am with you and understand your wants, (152-Vol. II) your wishes, to know that we are not separated, but still united we live in spirit, in affection and love. We look through our starry windows upon you and feel a joy unspeakable. All these seasons, each one is made for our enjoyment, but you dear ones would never wish to leave earth were you to have all so beautiful; so be contented and happy with this knowledge.

I would not leave my home, no, not for all the enjoyments of my early youth. My life I would not live over, this is such a sweet exchange Sarah. Some day, darling, you shall find this out. Let no shadows touch your soul! To-night be happy! Olin aids me and I aid you. The companion of my youth is ever with me. Eliza is often with me, our visits are frequent and we enjoy these meetings.

I will come again to-morrow and write you a letter. To-night we will give you sweet sleep. No more!

Your loving Grandma

Sarah."

Aug. 8 6½ A. M.—1870.

The morning very damp. We took our seats. Katie was unhappy. The pencil wrote many pages and from them I will take this, omitting Prof.'s which was about Katie and his work.

(153-Vol. II) "My Dear Sarah and George. We are here, happy in spirit, happy when we see you happy. Take rest and change for a day or two, we will be aided in that way more than any other at present.

Sarah, a picture given of a friend not known to you when on earth is not satisfactory; there-

fore those near and dear to you come. Oh! how much we have to say, to explain.

Grandma is here, but not strong in power, still as she never fails in promises, she will write a short letter. We have come to your earth when our power has been used while passing through the heated air. This is as inexplicable, as hard to convey to your minds as life. Who can explain the wonderful particles of life, the soul when it is born in this world and opens in the immortal?

I see the surroundings this morning, the shadows, the dark forebodings. Hope, hope, that blessed messenger comes to you through the influence of angels, scattering flowers in your souls, giving joy in the darkest hour, therefore be happy.

Frankie and Leila are happy in their lovely enjoyments, purest innocence and pleasures. We hope when we meet again to see you all happy.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. We are here, on earth invisible, learning the way to make ourselves more tangible. (154-Vol. II) I am having a new life open to me. I am so interested in this way of manifesting my presence. It is no new thing, ever since the world began and ever will be. This generation is more enlightened, more spiritual, therefore God opened the way, and the truth shone out more clearly in this nineteenth century. I love to come to you, and daily I will give you some little token. God bless you! I am going now to kiss the children for you and tell them that you sent the kisses.

Good bye Sarah, till the conditions permit me to come again.

Your Loving Grandma

Sarah."

After reading the above, I asked for Ma. The pencil said.

"Your dear Ma is with her husband, and Emeline who is feeling depressed this morning.

Grandma."

Aug. 9 9 P. M.—1870.

"We are here. I deem it best to wait till morning to give the directions; examination, consultation, careful consultation is important in this

case, therefore to-morrow morning, soon after breakfast, meet for this purpose. I was always a careful man and never did things in haste. There are blessings falling like gentle dew upon you, Sarah and George. The directions we give to-morrow, will be for your good, each one of you. Where advice is followed when it pleases (155-Vol. II) and gratifies, there is little merit; but when we see things that will turn out immortal blessings in the end, even though our directions are not pleasing, not for the present pleasing and gratifying, then if followed the blessings stand at your door folded in the bright robes of your angel guides. Bear this in mind children and be not impatient. Now we shall on leaving you, meet for this especial purpose, each one of us; just as judges meet to decide their most important case.

Yours with lifelong affection and interest.

Prof. Kenyon."

"George, Bradley must not take so much of that medicine."

"My Dear Child. I have not spoken to-day, only in your heart breathed my love.

Em better return soon. We see that she wishes to. These gloomy moods are retarding to the immortal soul, to its expansion and growth. The sooner persons overcome these moods the better for them here and hereafter. I speak these words for others, not to you Sarah, for there is no reason why I should. All is well! Blessed words to speak! Blessed thoughts to leave with you to sleep and dream of. All is well! My son Ralph is dear to me. I keep watch over all my children, have no fears. We shall now all go and meet that consultation. Each one shall give time (156-Vol. II) and thought. My dear child I am not so near now. Be happy. No sound of earth reaches my ear at this moment.

Your Ma."

The letters of the last three lines were very far apart and formed with as few marks as possible.

Aug. 10 9 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Friends, George and Sarah. We are all gathering and will soon be in this room.

"My dear Sarah and George we find that we can not overcome the atmosphere, and as your busy time is approaching, we think you had better go on making your arrangements wholly for your own interest, not regarding us, as we can not give the picture until we have the conditions to suit us, favorable, cool and clear air. We do not wish to give you the least idea of the subject of the picture as we wish to surprize you. This weather will last some time, and now is the time for you, dear Sarah and George to improve the leisure and quiet lull in your business. The fitting and getting ready for your Fall business will be upon you sooner than you think; so I advise you without reference to us, to make your arrangements and improve this hot debilitating weather in going where you wish. We can not succeed or accomplish what we so much (157-Vol. II) desire to, under these unfavorable conditions. We have retained the pictures so long that we wish to give them perfect. You have all become weak in giving out electrical force and we want you to get physical power. Change is the only step towards this. We are not compelled to meet more than two more nights for preparation. The laws by which we are permitted to do these things are so very delicate that we are often prevented from fulfilling our promises by some little change in the conditions. Now dear Sarah and George, we will do the best we can, and wish at the same time to work for your interests. There will never be another picture given like this and there never has been one. We see no shadows on your sky, we see none in the future.

When you do decide to take a trip, or visit friends, agree upon a time when you can all meet, and advise with us. Dr. Franklin orders these directions. He knows more than I do about the electrical power and I am willing to be governed by him. Let your understandings take this in. Sarah you can and rightly appreciate it. The golden clouds which link us can never be broken, but we see that your presence will be needed here later far more than now. Carefully we have examined in (158-Vol. II) every thing and this

advice is purely for your interest as a loving unselfish friend.

Again I subscribe myself Yours in the happy land.

Prof. K."

"My Darling Child. Each one of us has been present and are still, all but Dr. Franklin. We all let our souls flow in the sentiments of the Professor and we will all come again after you have considered the directions. All is well! Let your heart be happy, your soul rejoice.

Grandma."

"George as soon as your work is completed I want you to read it to me. I will correct all mistakes.

Isaac T. Hopper."

Aug. 14 9 P. M.—1870.

Katie went out on the morning of the 9th and did not return until this morning, sick and as unhappy as she could possibly be. She had not taken brandy since the evening before so her mind was clear, but her body and soul were sick. At nine o'clock the air was cool and clear and everything except poor Katie's disturbed conscience, was favorable for our invisible loved ones, but that one disturbance they could not overcome although we sat very long. They went away as on the evening of the 7th and wrote the following after we went to our parlor.

(159-Vol. II) "My Dear Sarah and George. We are happy to have had this meeting. We came through the clear cold air and we are happy although disturbed. Our spirits can not come so clearly when we have not good conditions, when we have not pure waters to come through, when we have not a bright channel; but the morning will bring peace and the shadows will sink into brightness, oh! then we will all come and speak. We can not say what we wish to, to-night; we can not although the mind effects us not in our sentiments, but in our spirits, our expressions. We partake of the surroundings, of the dimness, the unhappiness; we can not overcome these shadows. We can hope, we do hope, we shall hope and encourage so long as we see a desire on the other side to do better.

We know that there are so many fetters, so few able to break them, especially where one is easily influenced. Now Sarah and George meet for directions soon after breakfast, meet for those who are anxious to speak. All is going to be well! we hope, we will pray. Now sleep with angels on the wing, angels to watch while you sleep unconscious of their presence. The absent ones are well.

Olin."

(160-Vol. II) Aug. 15 3 P. M.—1870.

Katie went out early to call upon her neglected friends and returned quite herself, so that we had a pleasant sitting for the picture at this hour. No new demonstration marked the occasion. The pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are here, happy to come as formerly, as when the sun shone through the telegraph. Oh! What joy to come as we can now when no clouds follow the pencil we guide. We have had a successful meeting, and feel a safety (in Katie) that we have not experienced in many days and we want your hearts glad. There are bright blessings falling upon you! We will bless you when you lie down and when you get up! Oh! Be happy! We echo so many times these words. My dear Sarah, Grandma, our blessed Ma, also our blessed friends have all been here and with gentle loving eyes looked in your faces. How little you can realize this, and still I think you do Sarah. Well my dear sister, much are we going to do for you in the way of blessing you and caring for you. I am going with you to protect you and keep evil away. Be ever grateful to the great Being who gives us this power to guide and direct you. We are very happy. (161-Vol. II) A new spirit will join the circle to-morrow, do not ask the name. God bless you!

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah, My Dear Child, I am so rejoiced to speak a few words, so happy to tell you how I love you. We are anxious to help all, all who require aid. There are blessings continually flowing from us to you, upon your pathway, within your souls. We want to guard, we want to

bless each one of you. Frankie and Leila are with Willie but to-morrow they will be here. Eliza and I enjoy our frequent visits, we do enjoy them. Be not uncertain about our tangible presence.

Good bye!

Your loving Grandma."

"My Dear Child. One wish of your heart I see and wish to help you to receive. You shall if I can help to bring it about and I think I can. God bless you!

Your Ma."

Aug. 16 9 A. M.—1870.

Olin requested us to meet at three and bring some fine paper with my initials upon it.

At twelve, Mr. Bradley, Doctor, Katie and I were in our parlor and the echoes said "All go in our room." (the back room) We obeyed and the pencil wrote.

"My Friend Bradley. How you wish to hear from us we have known and felt. It was this desire which this morning brought us to you. I remember you with interest, with pleasure also, (162-Vol. II) although you were not conscious of my regard. I see your state at present and I sympathize most deeply. Be of good courage! We are with you, your own immediate relatives and these dear friends. They (George and Sarah) are guardian angels to you and will be when sickness makes you weary and your body too weak to bear physical duties.

Yours

Prof. K."

On reading the above we noticed the first few lines were very poorly written and not like the Prof.'s hand. The pencil then added.

"A new spirit tried to control the pencil, therefore my words were rather disturbed. Your own relatives guard you, this new spirit thinks much of you. Prof. K." We inquired who the new spirit was? Ans. "She is anxious about her child." We asked is it his mother? Ans. "No." Now we could not understand at all. The new spirit was anxious about her child, but was not his mother. We now said please tell us the name. Ans. "Mrs. Kidder." All was perfectly transparent at once. This mother had been two months dead, her sick suffering daughter was here still and she longed

to express herself to her child, but she had closed the way while here by scoffing at everything of the kind and by obtaining a promise from this same child to never listen to anything of the kind.

(163-Vol. II) Aug. 16 3 P. M.—1870.

We met according to their desire and brought with us the "fine paper with your initials." We sat for an hour but had no new demonstration as far as we could hear or feel. After they were gone we found written upon the "fine paper" in a clear hand the following.

"My Dear Sarah and George. Again we meet to give you private directions about Katie. Take the trip you have in contemplation. We will meet you as usual the evening of your return. Leave Bradley in Katie's care, it will occupy her time when she is not with Mrs. Townsend. When she wearies of Mrs. Townsend, instead of her going to Miss Hallock's have her come here as Bradley's nurse.

Blessed little Leila is here violets in her apron, rosebuds in her hair and on her shoulders.

We are preparing now to bring the picture visibly. This we will do if you only have patience. To-night at nine the new spirit will come. Olin."

On the coarse paper was written in the usual manner.

"We are here each one of us and happy to make our presence so sure. We wish you to do what ever will add most to your happiness and be free from all doubts at nine. The lamps will burn brightly to light our way down to-night, down to you; let no dark cells be found in your hearts (164-Vol. II) and let peace shine out when we approach you that our flowers may not wither by coming in contact with doubts. Doubts destroy everything. God bless you!

Olin and the whole circle."

Aug. 16 9 P. M.—1870.

We met again at this hour and were in session two hours but our dear ones could not accomplish their desires. Before leaving they wrote.

"My Dear Friends. The difficulty to-night has been the giving out so much power to-day. We

did not realize how great the power was that we expended. We will at another time be able to better judge as we drew from you also. We did not have force to supply our needs, our wants. Meet at half past eight to-morrow morning if you do not go. Now we promised at first to give this picture in visible form and we must; therefore be patient and let us gather power sufficient to do it. We want to accomplish it for we know we can; but your bodies must be renewed with new electrical power and we hope that Katie will not let her power be exhausted while you are gone. A few days' rest for all will be the greatest boon we can ask. You are all exhausted in the electrical parts of your bodies.

In tangible perfect form one of us will give this picture; so be patient. All is well! (165-Vol. II) Go to your beds with happy hearts and know that all is well! Ah! Yes, even with the dying! All is well even with that poor dying man Bradley, for he is passing from earth slowly but surely, passing from life, a life perishable to an eternal existence, where life commences, the flowers forever to bloom, no more sorrow, the old garments are thrown off for the immortal garbs and the soul sees clearly where hitherto all has been mystery. So it is, the summer comes and rests in the lap of autumn, autumn dies on the noonday of fall, then winter cold but beautiful in its icy sheets. All on earth die to be born again in this perfect, beautiful existence. Weave life well! Weave it well, that you may be among the blessed here and join the choir who sing far more exultingly than those you heard last night. God bless you. Deborah is here with us. The whole circle.

Benjamin Franklin."

We asked, who is Deborah? Ans. "My blessed wife. B. F." They then told us that she was the new spirit they had admitted to their circle.

"Mamma and Papa. Willie is well. Good news is on the way. Oh! How happy you will be! We are going with you! Good bye.

Frankie."

(166-Vol. II) Aug. 17 8½ A. M.—1870.

We met and our meeting was apparently,

simply ordinary. We were in session about an hour. They wrote.

"Sarah and George. What can earth give like this? What joy? Those whom you once believed dead restored again to you. We are all very happy this morning. We have been successful and made sure of one thing, which is that we can come in form and present the picture, visibly to your eyes. We will some of us go with you and give you pleasure, peace, health and a safe return. God bless you!

Olin and the whole circle."

Aug. 27 10 P. M.—1870.

We returned on the morning of this date having had a delightful trip. Katie had been here daily to see Mr. Bradley and we found her well. At ten the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here, happy to give full directions. Meet to-morrow at half past ten in our room. We want the little knife and water. There are many spirits about you, all come to welcome you. We are so happy to be able to talk with you, to again enter your souls, commune soul to soul, face to face, and you too Sarah, feel this, do you not? Oh! How little is the world compared to this heaven, for we make (167-Vol. II) a heaven for you. There are flowers that bloom only once a century and the blessings you now enjoy are as rare, so sacred in their bestowal.

We have been with you and taken care of you. You will feel the benefit of your trip more in a few days, at present you need rest. Joy be with you and God bless you! Welcome back to duty and those who need you dear Sarah and George and to us also who have missed the sweet interviews.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. I am here with your little ones. All day they have been with Willie participating in his joys. They are happy little children and I am proud of them. My darling it is a calm night and I have winged my footsteps down, down to you. The lamps of love guided me, and I would that I could take you in my arms.

Sleep will restore you and we will all visit you to-morrow.

Your Grandma Sarah."

I inquired for Ma, I wanted to hear from her.

"Your Ma dear Child, is with Em. I will see that she hears your wishes, but call her not.

Grandma."

"Meet me to-morrow dear Sarah and George. The music from the holy harps call us and we depart, but some will watch.

Prof. K."

(168-Vol. II) "Sarah dear, bright are the flowers in your pathway, bright are the flowers in our souls, they bloom for you and your future life. My soul rejoices in the blessings that are opening for you.

Olin."

"Good evening friend George, happy to see you back to your post again. I will meet you to-morrow. I have taken you to my arms and I call you my son.

Isaac T. Hopper."

Aug. 28 10½ A. M.—1870.

The day was fine and we met agreeably to appointment. Our meeting was joyous. No new demonstration was made. They had the picture here and wrote before leaving. I should add that we were a few moments behind the time.

"There is nothing dear Sarah and George like Punctuality, nothing so great as promptness. Faith, obedience and love combined with these qualities are the brightest flowers in the crown of glory and make life sunny and glad. We have succeeded and will soon place the tribute of love and affection in your arms. You will be happy and satisfied. We are happy to have such good conditions and as there are some things which we can do here in our heavenly homes towards your happiness we will work with double power. We do all we can, all we are permitted to always, remember this. Dr. Franklin has been here this morning, but is not (169-Vol. II) now. He is always ready to help in a good cause.

Ralph would like to talk with us but he will not yield his will to yours. To-morrow meet at twelve for full directions. The atmosphere is

changing and we do not know as we can meet for the picture. The Prof. will add further directions after I am through. He knows best as he is the principal actor. All is well!

Yours forever

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah. I am happy to come to you although the chain is weakened by giving out power for physical uses. My dear Sarah I have been with you and watched over your dear ones; protected them from danger and made the little ones happy. Your Pa is well, Em. is well but low spirited. Willie, dear Willie is well and begins to wish to return to his Mamma and Papa. You will soon see them both.

I am so happy to have you hold communion with your Grandma. She is so lovely. We are together very often. Now my child you are back again to duties, try to enjoy life in the midst of them and daily I will bless you. Our delicate particles feel the changing atmosphere, nevertheless we are near you.

Your Ma."

"Friend George I am here. You shall not miss me from the busy circle. You will have your hands full this Fall and Winter and I am glad you have been resting. My son I am helping you in your great desires. God bless you!

I. T. Hopper."

(170-Vol. II) "My Dear Friend Sarah, my child and pupil meet to-morrow at half past twelve. Olin said twelve but I cannot then be here. I have not much power now. After the picture is given I am coming to have a long conversation with you.

Prof. K."

About this time the Doctor remarked I will get the "Life of Isaac T. Hopper." The pencil said. "George do not get my life until I say you may. I have a reason.

I. T. H."

Aug. 29 12½ P. M.—1870.

The air clear and delightful. We met on time and before I had taken my seat the echoes said "Mamma is there any one in the front room? I want to get Papa's pocket book." I opened the door between the two rooms and went with

Frankie into the parlor. In a moment they called me back. As soon as I was seated they told us to join hands, after which the "pocket book," which had been missing all day and searched for in vain, was placed in the Doctor's hand. I did not do it and Katie could not for both of her hands were held. The echoes were very joyous, baby hands pressed and patted my head, little hands clasped my knees and pulled my dress, little arms leaned upon my lap. Other demonstrations were made, for instance we found the bowl of water (which we left upon the small table by the folding doors) upon the carpet under the table at which we were sitting.

(171-Vol. II) "My Dear Sarah and George how beautiful it is to see the little ones draw near to you, to see them clasp your knees and interest themselves in everything that concerns your earthly life. Truly, you are blessed, and we in being able to come to you so closely. We are aiding you more than you can realize, helping you up, giving you hope and strength. Oh! How happy we are! The new joys we have spoken of, the blessings we have promised are unclosing, opening on your pathway, never to close in sorrow or sadness, never to droop for want of unseen hands to keep them with you, to nourish you and protect you when clouds cross your sunny sky. All is well my dear Sarah and while we have charge of your little ones we will not forget you. Willie is well.

Olin."

"It is a blessed thing to know, dear friends, what kind of a world you are traveling to, where your greater life is to be born. It is a blessed thing to know who are the inhabitants of that Eternal world, and oh what joy to know how to reach that glorious world. This we are teaching you daily, and you are advancing in that spiritual knowledge which enables the soul to expand.

The Prof. is at work. I love all honest men and I love him. George, my son you are doing well with your patients. Think of me sometimes and I will have more power to aid you. The

Prof. says meet at three to-morrow. He is happy! Your father in spirit.

Isaac T. Hopper and the circle."

(172-Vol. II) Aug. 31 3 P. M.—1870.

Katie went out of the city on the 29th and did not return to our appointment on the 30th but on this day at twenty minutes before three she came in saying Olin had made an appointment for three o'clock. We quickly prepared the room and left it. The air was perfect. We entered the room at the moment and Frankie said "There Mamma I have done something for you." The flannel leaves of my needle-book were laid in my hand, my scissors came next and Frankie said "Be careful, I have made a letter. Grandma stood by me." After they had written and gone we found upon one of the flannel leaves the letter L. made by sewing the darning cotton into it, the needle being still attached to it. Frankie said "The L. is for Leila." Upon our bed lay a nainsook dress folded for the drawer, having just come from the laundry. When we opened our eyes the upper skirt was entirely open and up against the pillow. The children had been playing with it. The bowl of water we found as before under the table at which we were sitting.

"My Dear Sarah and George. All are here, none are absent, the dear ones who sheltered you when you were not able to shelter yourselves, those who have rocked you to sleep, all are here. To-day is the last day of Summer, the last day of summer flowers, but others will bloom as beautiful, other roses will bloom as fresh, so there will be no requiem of last (173-Vol. II) rose of Summer, the queen of flowers. Sarah a few short years ago God placed in your garden of life two little buds. They bloomed long enough for your soul to live in them, but they became too frail and heavenly for this world and He called them to dwell forever more in the Elysian bowers among the pure white rose-buds which open in an eternal and immortal existence; little Frankie and Leila. To-day is the last day of summer and we are with you weaving garlands for your head, unseen by your eyes, but visible to ours, and when we leave you we shall plant a rose bush in

your garden which shall bear roses all seasons and the children shall nurse it until you join us here. God bless you! Ma, Grandma and all unite in God bless you! Willie is well.

Olin."

We made some inquiry about the planting of the rose bush and he continued.

"Yes, in our garden, the home of your children, for there will be your home also. We will speak of the tree hereafter. Sarah and George be not depressed, how happy you should be to know that your dear ones have an existence in your atmosphere.

Do you think often enough of Dr. Franklin, who is going to give you a tribute of affection now very soon?

The Prof. loves him beyond earthly love and I want you to think of him. Meet to-morrow at three. Good bye! We go now.

Olin."

(174-Vol. II) "My dear friend and son George, I have been here and now go with my wife to her dear ones.

Isaac T. Hopper."

Sept. 1st 3 P. M.—1870.

A clear, delightful atmosphere and we all in excellent spirits or condition. Our meeting was very pleasant. The children spoke occasionally and all were extremely happy. Frankie said "Mamma hold up your hand." I did so but he soon said "I can't put it on," and dropped a bracelet upon the table before me. He had brought it from the bureau but had not power to put on my wrist. They wrote, while we were sitting, with Katie's hand, and after they had left and we returned to the parlor, the Doctor found the other bracelet in his coat pocket. Frankie we believe put it there, Katie's hands, as always, having been carefully cared for by us.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here, so happy to meet again, so happy to have our appointments kept. The conditions are very good.

Sarah the tree of roses is blooming in your home of beauty, it is bending with the weight of roses and the children are keeping them fresh. Grandma, Ma and all the circle gathered around

it last evening and Grandma said "Oh! how delighted Sarah would be to see this emblem of our affection." She was so happy to see it in your garden; so you see what care we have over you. When the last rays of the sun (175-Vol. II) were disappearing we were with you to watch the stars take the place of the summer sun, we tried to make you conscious of our presence. To-day we meet again the first of Sept. This month will be long remembered by you for we are going to make it sacred. How lovely is this day, you feel inspired with new hope for you know that you are blessed. Our souls wish you joy! Here sorrow is turned into holy pleasure.

To be able to come to you so forcibly is joy which we can not explain. The windows of heaven are open, the birds are singing in our doors and we all look down upon you with love that can never die. Here are bright faces looking in yours and delicate hands weaving garlands of bright flowers for you. No cypress leaves are woven among them for there is no sadness here. The cypress we often weave in garlands for the new born spirit and place them on their brows just as they are passing into immortality; then, when they become happier we place a wreath of pure white flowers upon their brows. All is well! Let no little graves be in your hearts, for we are roaming in beautiful fields; let no tears flow from your eyes!

Olin."

"My Dear Child. I am here to give you a few words of love and remembrance. Oh! My child, how deep is my affection for you; it is immortal like the sun and can I see you grieve? Oh no! Can I see (176-Vol. II) your heart sad? No, my child and I shall ever be near for you to drop your burdens upon. The children are beautiful and happy as birds. I hope to have some pleasant talks with you alone, therefore I wish you and Katie would give me the opportunity on Saturday. I will bless you. Sarah I will protect you. God bless you! Your Ma is with Em. Good bye.

Your Grandma."

"My Son, I rejoice in the success of our circle,

in your success also. I like your article and your pathway is full of golden light. Dr. Franklin is here preparing a gift for you.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"Meet at half past nine to-morrow P. M.

B. F."

Sept. 9 9½ P. M.—1870.

Katie went out as soon as our meeting closed on the 1st and did not return until nine this evening. The air was clear as crystal and we met at half past nine. The echoes were many and joyous and said. "So happy are we to have such good conditions." The children played about us and pulled my dress many times. We heard them work upon the picture and go away as usual. They wrote after we returned to the parlor.

"We are here! All so happy, full of joy to meet you, all our circle, we, your faithful circle are all here, not one absent, all, who have lived, loved and suffered, here in perfect form, to clasp our arms about you and imprint upon your brows silent kisses. (177-Vol. II) We have done all this to-night dear Sarah. Can you dear Sarah realize that your dear little ones have imprinted upon your brow kisses real and sacred, such as they would in life have given? Their little hearts feel all the affection they had for you when they throbbed against your own. So you dear Sarah and George should let this make you happy; it does us and we shall ever let you feel how dear you are to us. There are three more who wish to speak and I will leave an opening for them.

Olin."

"My dear friend and pupil, my dear Sarah and George, this meeting was very successful. Be patient! I need not tell you so for you are, but I will give you the great assurance, that all is well! Have no anxiety George, business will not be dull but on the contrary successful, and I will help with that soon. There are blessings flowing from us to you as waters flow over the falls pure and sparkling. All is well!

Prof. K."

"My Dear Child. I am here also with the dear circle who gather in love and hope to give blessings and joy to your hearts. We ever will. I

am so happy to leave no clouds on your hearts. We love to see happiness about you. We love harmony, peace and love. I wish you to know how I love your little children; how I watch them play about you and kiss your cheek and twine their arms about your neck. Oh! Be happy for all is brightness. Meet me early, soon after breakfast. I am anxious to say much to you. I am ever near to (178-Vol. II) drop flowers upon your head, and while they fall in wreaths about you they are watered by the dews of heaven.

Your Grandma."

"George my son I will soon have much to say to you of great moment, after the pictures are given. Be of good cheer, your patients are doing well, but never let them go against your directions. All is well! God bless you!

Isaac T. Hopper."

Sept. 10 8 A. M.—1870.

The morning was fine. They directed us to lay Leila's picture on the little table, open the blind and close our eyes. In a moment we heard them at work upon her picture.

Dr. Franklin and the Prof. were both present and the children were full of joy. Leila said, "Dear Mamma I am here in full form." Frankie made several characteristic remarks and concluded with "Here Mamma I am" and placed in my hand the crayon likeness of himself, which was standing on the bureau. He added, "Grandma helped me." I asked if he meant his Grandma or mine? Ans. "Your Grandma, good Grandma." They wrote while we were sitting and told me to put Leila's picture in the box and not look at it till they were through. Dr. Franklin said, "You see what we can do when we have good conditions."

"My dear Sarah, Oh what can equal this happiness! We bless the hour when first the light shone on your soul and opened the many beautiful avenues to the many beautiful paths here, where so (179-Vol. II) numerous are your friends. Why, my darling, we live here; we live with you in your affections, and can you wonder at our joy in being able to put on our spiritual robes and permitted to become so lifelike that were your

eyes to behold us you would see that we are real and the same as when we were mingling with you here, frail and earthly; spiritual now; frail no longer, the material robes thrown aside for heavenly garments. My child, no stranger will you be here, familiar with every tree and flower, you will come home to the arms of your beloved ones.

Blessed are they who believe! Blessed are they who say "Thy will be done" to the great Master above. Thy will be done! Oh! Marvel not, for mysterious are the ways of Providence.

George be not fearful of failures for the future is full of blessings. Yes, we know for a certainty that your success will be great this fall and winter. No failures. God bless you my children. Sarah the little ones are here in form. An explanation will be given by the hands employed on this beautiful work. God bless those hands. Last night part of the circle was here making preparations for this meeting. Yours forever.

Grandma."

"The little picture we wish kept in the box, and at every meeting we wish the drawer left open (180-Vol. II) and the cover taken off. Follow these directions and we will take care of the rest. The change we are making in the little face will please you.

B. F."

Sept. 13 3 P. M.—1870.

Katie did not return to the appointment on Sat., did not return at all until fifteen minutes before three of this day. Willie and Em. returned in the morning. The day was gloriously fine. At three we met our charmed circle. The session was pleasant in every way. Frankie said "We are all three here," referring to Willie, and made several little demonstrations of his presence. They worked, wrote and went away in the usual manner.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here! God bless you! The day is beautiful, the power is excellent and we have guided this poor girl back to truth and herself. Thank God! The picture is open before us; it is beyond description; it gives you an idea of the life to come, of the world beyond.

I must not say too much lest I mar the brightness. You will feel rewarded for your patience. My dear Sarah rejoice in the new morn, rejoice in the new day. You are receiving that which will last forever. We are with you silently imparting kisses on your brow. Do you feel us darling? And do you know how much we love you? Great will be your reward for your kindness to this (181-Vol. II) poor child Katie. + + + Oh! How we love these children Frankie, Leila and Willie! They are ours. My dear child I will help you in every thing in your daily life, in all. We are glad to see Em. and Willie back. Joy be with them! My dear Sarah we all join in sentiments of love to you and George.

Grandma and Olin."

"George be of good cheer! You are my son and I am guiding you. I am going to present you with a gift from my own hands next Saturday night.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"My Friends, My Children we are almost prepared to give the picture. Meet at seven A. M. to-morrow.

B. F."

Sept. 14 7 A. M.—1870.

Another glorious morning and we were in our places betimes, but in the midst of our session Willie arose from his bed in an adjoining room and unknowingly walked in upon us. He withdrew immediately, still his presence so disturbed the power that the Prof. could not take his paper away, so he placed it in the box with Leila's picture, I covered, and placed it in the drawer. They wrote.

"My Dear Children. This meeting was of great importance. Now only be punctual and all will be well. Bear these little trials, they will not mingle with your future happiness. Meet as soon as possible after breakfast.

Prof. K."

We hastened from the breakfast room and met again. They gathered up their disturbed forces and (182-Vol. II) after a half hour or so took the precious paper away with them. Before leaving they said.

"My Dear Children. This is a new experience; one which will be another leaf for your chapter in this great work. All is bright and well! The clouds have disappeared and a golden sky is above us through which we sent blessings to you our beloved ones. This meeting has been successful, we are satisfied. We see that you have no cause for depression, not while we work and live to bless you. The next meeting will be at three to-morrow. We will have all finished soon. Be happy and all will be well! George the article you are writing will prove successful. Be of good cheer! + + + Dr. Franklin has written most of this letter but was called to aid the Prof. therefore we all join in blessing you. The little ones are happy.

Olin."

Sept. 15 3 P. M.—1870.

The day was all we could desire and our meeting was altogether pleasing. They wrote but little and made no uncommon demonstration except that they wrote, upon the paper, without the aid of Katie's left hand, these words "We are all here Isaac T. Hopper."

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here, happy to have good conditions. We will soon have our pictures finished, so be of good faith and cheer. We are writing while the work is going on, and as it (183-Vol. II) draws near its close we can not write much, after its completion we will meet purposely for writing. Our meetings now are for the finishing touches. Are you not happy to hear this? Saturday night reserve for us.

Olin."

"My Darling Child. I come to you on the wings of love through flowery fields. I have left my kisses on the lips of those you love and brought you in return their blessings. I will help you always. When depression is upon you I will cheer your spirits and bring your little ones to rejoice your heart. They have been with Willie to-day, but they were not pleased with his surroundings. He is guarded by others, who love him, while in school. Be happy and tell Em. she

(1) Willie had entered school two days before.

must dream over her pleasant news, and waken with echoes of happiness from the music it makes.
Grandma."

"My Dear Friends, meet at three to-morrow. We are now finishing the picture and have not power to say much. All is well! I wrote a few words with my own hand but was fearful of absorbing the power. God bless you!

Isaac T. Hopper."

Sept. 16 4 P. M.—1870.

The day was fine but I was detained an hour so that our meeting was at four. During this detention our loved ones had the room to themselves and worked upon the pictures while they waited my return. The children were (184-Vol. II) in form for I felt them about my head. The delay rendered the writing difficult though they said their work was satisfactory.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We have been waiting long. We have held the power as well as we could but now we must work not write much.

Our whole circle will have a consultation this night and must not be called until half past nine to-morrow night. The pictures are so nearly finished that we have to consult over the manner and time of presentation. We go through a preparation with only our own circle. You see that I cannot write freely as the power is divided, but all that is important I have written and it was directed by Dr. Franklin. God bless you!

Olin."

"George, be not depressed! You will have all you can do! Be not fearful! Know that all is going to be successful in business!

Isaac T. Hopper."

"Great will be your reward! Be not cloudy! Rest in a mind at peace!¹ We could not talk for we were in this room retaining the power. Meet as directed.

Benj. Franklin."

"My Dear Darling Child. Oh! How this matter interests me. I am one of the circle now. In the future I have much for you and I know that I can be a comfort to you.

Grandma."

(185-Vol. II) Sept. 18 11 A. M.—1870.

A heavy storm prevented our meeting Saturday evening so the appointment was made for this morning when the air was clear and conditions excellent. As soon as we entered the room Isaac T. Hopper said through the echoes, "My dear son I have brought you a leaf from my Bible, a leaf from my grave. I call it my Bible, a mark. I have kept it long in my presence. Get mucilage."

After setting the mucilage reservoir upon the table before us, we heard the moving and rustling of paper, when the echoes said, "This must wait until we are through. B. F." Then they went to work upon the picture and things moved in the usual manner for a half hour. They wrote through Katie's left hand, we sang and talked until we felt the table move back a little from us and the echoes said "Do not feel upon the table."

Now by their order we unfastened the blind and stood by the open window and they were gone. We opened our eyes and upon the table, at which we had been sitting, stood the small round table or stand, and upon it was a piece of card board sixteen inches long and six inches wide. Upon this card paper was an oak leaf pasted and above it was written in a clear hand "For one over whom I have a care.

Isaac T. Hopper."

The mucilage reservoir which I had placed upon the table we found upon the commode. The little stand we left by the window and the card paper upon the table at which we were sitting, but the oak leaf we had never seen before.

(186-Vol. II) "My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here! Oh! Rejoice in the sunlight of heaven. There is music sweet and holy floating from our sphere to yours. There are little feet who come to you here on earth and you shall hear them when all the conditions permit but be not too anxious. We are doing much for you, lifting the clouds off your hearts and giving you that which can never be given again. The carpets are spread for us, the carpets of flowers, roses, leaves and ivy, violets lift their heads and their sweet perfume floats through the air. This is the carpet which is spread for us, lovers walk here,

(1) The Doctor had desired to talk with them while waiting for me.

brides walk here, children play at our feet! Sarah! Oh! Sarah, how beautiful is this world! We have had our consultation and decided how to present the pictures. We shall ramble in our sunshine and gather power for difficult is the work we have undertaken. Peace be with you. Olin."

"Our power has been great. Meet to-morrow at three. No failure. Call us not till then. Make a note of this morning.

B. F."

"My Dear Ones. God bless you for being punctual. Great will be your reward. No joy can equal that which the angels give, so be firm and steadfast.

The great father of our country, he to whom I have so often looked for aid, has been here; but this (187-Vol. II) you can not realize until you have the proof which will be soon now. My heart rejoices to be his student. Sarah can you realize this? Yes I know you can for I ever loved the great. Now believe this and know that he too feels pleasure in this heavenly truth when he can give blessings, such as you can appreciate. Cast not pearls before swine. He sees your hearts and is happy. All is well!

The picture will be given on Wednesday night if the atmosphere is clear. The flowers must now bloom afresh in your hearts knowing this.

Peace be with you forever and ever!

Prof. K."

Sept. 19 3 P. M.—1870.

The day was perfect and all the conditions were apparently so. Our meeting was very pleasant but in no way remarkable to our senses. They wrote but little.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here! Oh! how happy we are to have these good conditions. We are drawing to a close with these pictures but let it not end here. Oh! no, for our hands and souls are in our work. All is well! Know that you have the approval of all the circle. We will give directions after Katie returns to-night, now we cannot as we need all the power.

Olin and Circle."

Sept. 19 11 P. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here to give directions. We are happy to be with you and to renew (188-Vol. II) our promises for great success. We want the meeting at half past six A. M. Have water, knife and scissors on the table. Do not fail to be punctual and we will see that all is well. Bright flowers shall bloom on your pillows to-night, and peace shall be with you to all eternity. The little ones are whispering in your ears their "good night." Yes, Sarah they are breathing blessings in your soul. Go to bed now and gather strength for the angel band who will wait with watchful care at the portals of heaven. God bless you! Sleep Sarah and George without anxious thoughts for the future. Olin."

Sept. 20 6½ A. M.—1870.

The morning clear and bright. We were in time and tune. The sitting was entirely similar to the majority of our meetings. After they had written and gone the Doctor found the scissors in the pocket of his pants. I left them on the table by the folding doors when I prepared the room for our meeting.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here with you in the pure atmosphere of electricity. We are able to do much. We have no need of sleep but we know your wants, your needs, therefore never think that we are unconscious of your powers of endurance, we are watchful of that, have no fear of our ever directing that which would in any way injure you. We have watched in our own homes over you to see that no evil comes to darken your (189-Vol. II) happy hearts. Our flowers bloom brighter this morning than they have for a long time and we will try to keep them thus blooming. When any sorrow comes to you they droop and fold their leaves as a sensitive plant does when it is touched: the proof you have before your eyes and need no better illustration. Can you understand how important it is to be happy and live in the sunlight?

We are all here and so happy to be able to do our work. Katie must meet us here at half past nine to-night. We wish to give full directions.

To-day we shall meet in our own homes and we may have to make changes, half past nine to-night will do well for us. We can say no more this morning but know that all is as we wish and therefore we are blessed and you are blessed. Dr. Franklin calls you his children and rejoices when all is well. Feel not depressed George; keep up your spirits and look forward.

Olin."

"Meet at half past nine for directions, if not at half past nine, as near that hour as possible.

All is well! We commend you for your faithful punctuality.

B. F."

"My Darling Child. The little ones are here. They are as joyous as their little garden birds. Often they call Mamma, Mamma in your ears, but you do not hear them and your silence makes them wonder. They love me and I guide them, Willie also.

Grandma."

FOX-TAYLOR RECORD

1869-1892

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LEILA

FOX-TAYLOR RECORD

1869-1892

VOLUME III

Katie went out on Tuesday morning, leaving her most sacred promise to return that night, but no Katie did we see until Saturday night after ten. Very soon she asked for pencil and the following was written.

"Through the shadows the sunlight comes again. The time is only deferred for a short period. We have not been idle, and now let our meetings be to-morrow, at half past nine and at half past three. Be happy Sarah and believe in our promises, be not distressed, neither be discouraged. We are too thankful to have our meetings to-morrow. To-night the shadows will melt into sunlight, new blessings come, and the waiting and watching will be over sooner than you think.

Oh! my dear Sister Sarah, let us not grieve but hope, and while we hope work, and while we work bless. I am here in form and have been with Katie and told her to return; at last we succeeded. I have been with all the dear ones. The children are happy and linger in their garden of flowers and sunshine.

When clouds gather over your heart, they can not darken your soul Sarah, for that is always bright and we will not allow them to. God bless you! Rest to-night while we prepare for to-morrow. We all unite in saying that all will be well! Let your hearts be happy!

Olin."

Sept. 25 9½ A. M.—1870.

The day was divinely pure. We took our seats and joyful echoes greeted us over and again. They spoke (2-Vol. III) often. Once it was "Sarah, child we are all here. Prof. K." Again the delicate little echoes said. "Mamma, do you hear me? Dear Mamma I am going to bring you a present soon, Leila and I." The church bells rang. The pencil wrote. They left.

"We are all here. This week the picture will be given. We will tell the day and hour at three o'clock on Tuesday. We are happy to have kept

it in a perfect state. When we meet this afternoon we do not wish the little picture out as we will retain all the power to make up for the breaks. We wish you George to feel at ease, do not worry! We hear the church bells, but do you not enjoy more the sounds of your little ones? Oh! Sarah be not grieved that they were called before a breath of sin touched their pure souls; spotless dewdrops, rosebuds and lilies. Leila will be a beautiful maiden when she meets you on the threshold of Eternity, and Frankie a handsome youth. They are never separated for any length of time. They wander hand in hand, talking with the birds, learning histories from the faces they see, growing with the flowers. Sarah, Grandma wants to talk with you this afternoon, after the meeting. She is here this morning. Do you remember her face distinctly? The loving eyes, the gentle voice, the tender tone, here, so much more beautiful, so purified. All is well dear Sarah and George so be happy! I can say no more, but this you know, that we have met and talked with you. There is no separation, no death.

Olin."

(3-Vol. III) "Do not be one moment behind the time to-day, nor one moment before. We will do all in our power. There is brightness before you! At an hour when you least expect the blessing you crave will be given. Doubt not! I feel for you in every change and in every sorrow. Why, you do not yet know our power! It is great! Be happy! Let us cheer you with promises and leave hope in your hearts.

Your friend and father Isaac T. Hopper."

Sept. 25 3½ P. M.—1870.

We were exactly on time and the meeting was conducted in the usual manner. Our invisible loved ones spoke many times. "Sarah, dear child, I am here; we read your heart; you can be happy. Grandma." Again. "Be not startled when you hear of a sudden death. You all know the per-

son." And at last just before they left. "Rejoice, for all is well. B. F."

"My Dear Sarah. No one so fully knows the human heart as the invisible friends about you; and I have studied yours. I know the yearning there, the vacancy. Let us hope that some day it will be filled, and you will be blessed as you deserve to be, and as my soul would rejoice to see you. I have been with your father of late, very often. It is not all congeniality there. His mind is disturbed and anxious; often his thoughts go back to his wife, his own wife with sighs and tears which only angels see, not mortals.

I wish only to sit down with you in this way; many things I shall be able to say and you will be made very happy. I cannot say all I wish to (4-Vol. III) now, the power is being exhausted, besides I cannot write well without Olin's aid and he must now go and assist the circle. All is well! Hope, believe and trust first in the Almighty power, then in those who guard you. God bless you!

Yours forever.

Grandma."

"Now Dear Friends. Meet to-morrow at half past nine in the evening. All will be well. Hope for the best! There will be no failure, no failure. There are bright changes coming! We have exhausted our power for this day. Now let the flowers bloom again freshly.

B. F."

Sept. 26 9½ P. M.—1870.

The evening was fine and clear, our meeting very quiet. Olin told me to get three sheets of note paper, and when they were about leaving told me to lay them on the box containing Leila's picture. There was no writing upon them and the object we did not understand. After the gas was lighted they wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are happy to say that all is well with you and with us. We are going to make the first attempt to come in visible form to-morrow at half past two.

Oh! how pleasant, how satisfactory every thing is when all goes on smoothly; we have no broken chain to mend to-night. Sarah and George be not worried! You will have so many occupants this

Winter that you will not know where to put them. Cheer up! Lift your souls out of the depths and sigh not while we guard your paths. We speak without restraint. Tell Em. that I have often looked in her heart, over her shoulder, into the (5-Vol. III) heart of her loved one also and find that when she looks upon the dark shadows they are but temporary. Tell her so and that all is well.

Grandma wants you to meet her to-morrow at nine. She anticipates much happiness at that hour. Do you know where she is now? Walking with the children in a field of clover. She is youthful and lovely. No more. George is tired. Olin."

"My Son I have just come from your Mother. Do you not neglect her a little? I do not scold, neither do I blame, but remember that her days are only lent now, her time is short and the door of heaven stands ajar for her. You and Sarah must visit her. I want you there when Charles is not, and he is not there at this time. God bless you!

Your own Father."

Sept. 27 9 A. M.—1870.

At this hour I met Grandma agreeably to her request and she said to me.

"My Dear Sarah. I am happy to come this morning in the morning light when others are not around to disturb and interfere with the spiritual chords connecting souls immortal with the earthly part. I am happy to come my dear Sarah, happy to cheer you in all your daily trials; in your quiet peaceful hours, then I sit down by your side and try to take up the thread of your communings and answer back thought for thought. You know my dear child my life was not all brightness, nor all colored (6-Vol. III) with golden hues. The shadows were there often but I made the best of everything.

I have stood by your side when you least expected, when you knew not that angels hovered about you. The morning Frankie was about leaving the form, I with your own Ma and Olin stood by your side, and Oh! how we tried to cheer you, to lift the heavy weight, the despair.

Then Sarah, the way was not open for our souls to touch yours with peace, with that peace which God gives to his angels for the mourner to partake of. Then when Leila flew away I was near. Others came and talked with you but I knew not the way. I have since become as familiar with the telegraphing, as the circle who daily come to you with their perceptible forms. All is well and bright with you my child, only, often wearisome days will come from fatigue and overwork. Have we not had a pleasant meeting this morning and will we not meet often? I will use no more power, but all send their love to you. God bless you!

Your Grandma."

Sept. 27 2½ P. M.—1870.

The day was very pleasant and we met for them to prepare to give us the picture. Before I was seated the echoes said "Get the note paper and count the sheets. I took it from the drawer and counted three sheets and left them with the pencil upon my bureau. We now sat very quietly for a half hour, the Doctor having been once clapped vigorously on the shoulder, and he and Katie sent (7-Vol. III) by the folding doors. They spoke from time to time. The first was, "I am here. B. F." Then Frankie said, "Mamma I am here in form." Again, "Mamma did you feel that biting fly? I drove it away." Olin said, "He means a mosquito." Some five minutes before I had heard the singing of a mosquito and felt it light for an instant on my forehead. A little later Frankie said, "Papa place my little rocking chair upon the table." Very soon after it was done he wished us to "feel it," and it was rocking gently and continued the motion several minutes. Frankie said he was sitting in it and rocking. They wrote with Katie's hand and went away as always through the open window. As soon as we opened our eyes the echoes said, "Read my letter. B. F." We now looked for his letter, first upon the bureau where I left the three sheets of paper, (each stamped with my monogram) and the pencil, but there we found only two sheets of paper with no writing and no pencil. We looked further and upon a table twenty

feet from the bureau and from us we found the third sheet of paper and the pencil. The paper was folded with great precision and was nearly covered with writing in a firm, round, clear hand. The letter was as follows.

"We are all here to-day. We are happy to be able to come, to have the power. We are making the greatest efforts to come to you visibly with the picture in our hands, so be patient. There will be no meeting till Thursday at nine in the evening; fail not to be punctual. (8-Vol. III) We have not the power to tell you, as we hoped to, the day and hour of the presentation, as we had not then decided to give it in form. We have to form gradually, carefully and therefore you must be patient. You are our children. We guard you in the morning, at night and we are not ever the masters of our own time. All is well. Remember the hour, nine Thursday night. Farewell.

Benj. Franklin."

Now follows that which was written with Katie's hand.

"These are preparation meetings. We are all pleased with the success of this one. When we come so that you can open your eyes and behold us, we will come when daylight has passed away. Dr. Franklin has written the report and directions or is now writing them. All is well! You have great happiness to look forward to.

Prof. K."

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here walking noiselessly about you; soon you are to behold us, then you will know how real we are; but let me advise you all to say nothing of this to your most intimate friends, not till all is accomplished. We have reasons, heed our advice.

We are all going to our homes now, our happy homes to partake wholly of heaven. We have been long in the atmosphere of earth. Be happy and know that all is well.

Olin."

"This meeting has been of the greatest importance although you may not know it. The laws of heaven are strange, clothed in mystery; even our souls have not the privilege to question the Divine power, not the privilege to say why or

(9-Vol. III) wherefore. We only work according to the rule of a higher power. Now dear children let your hearts be glad. The Prof. was in form but not life-like therefore you could not be permitted to see him. When he comes again he will be more perfect and so gradually form until he becomes life-like and as you loved to see him, perhaps delicate, but life-like. Now he has gone and will have to repose in his home above in order to get strength for our next meeting which will be at half past nine to-morrow night. My children, if clear early in the morning improve the time, meet then for directions as we shall have to do as the atmosphere permits. All is bright in the future, successful, and full of blessings. May you live long to enjoy all that we will have the power to give you.

Farewell.

B. F."

Sept. 29 9½ P. M.—1870.

A fine clear evening and we met as desired. Our precious invisible friends were here and all were happy. They spoke often to us. Once it was. "Dear Children remember we are trying to take the form you can behold. Now your friend the Prof. is in form but not a pleasing one to your eyes, therefore we are obliged to form with care. These are important meetings for preparation. B. F." Very soon after, the Prof. said. "George, here I am in form! Do you hear my feet? I will bring a familiar token at our next meeting." And we did hear his feet. He walked about with the same positive step as when in the flesh.

After writing they went again away. The last (10-Vol. III) letter from B. F. commencing near the bottom of the 8th page and closing on the 9th was written at this meeting and belongs exactly here. A mistake of the transcriber. Directly after that letter comes the following.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We learn from the first spirit who forms from the invisible how to come ourselves and we watch with interest each attempt. Oh! how happy we are!

My dear sister the meeting has helped your cold and will benefit you greatly before morning. Rest now my dear and meet us early in the morn-

ing. Worry not about anything! Keep up your spirits! Let the light from our souls gild your sleep with peaceful dreams. George, we approve of your work. Keep good courage Sarah, you will have our hands to soothe your body to-night. To-morrow you will get up feeling much better. No more. Go to bed. Olin and circle."

"Are you sick Mamma? What makes you sick? I am so sorry! but good night, I am going to play in the clover garden and listen to the birds.

Frankie."

Sept. 30 9 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Children. We will meet to-night at half past nine if clear. We would be afraid to form in this atmosphere, it would injure us, therefore we will be here at that hour and judge by the atmosphere of our power. You must be patient for these things we cannot help. Never murmur at the decrees of Providence. He sends all things in good (11-Vol. III) time, and we will bring all in good time. We were with you last night but soon were obliged to go to our heaven of rest. ¹George this woman will be a little troublesome but have patience with her. If clear, meet to-night and God bless you!

B. F."

"My Own Dear Child. I am here with you in the dull morning atmosphere. The rain falls, but the sun shines behind the clouds and your little ones are playing in their sunny home and Eliza has charge of them.

Be of good cheer my dear Sarah, you are loved by all here. Oh! what a joy to be able to look in the soul and see the light that purifies it. The shadows we overlook and see only the pure part. You shall see beyond the veil and see clearly. Now you see through a glass dimly, but we will remove all darkness and heaven will seem clear to you. We can say no more, the atmosphere is too heavy, and we will go to our duties while you attend to yours. My dear child

Your loving Grandma."

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are so happy to be able to come through this unfavorable at-

(1) A patient who had just come to the house.

mosphere and say a few words of love. All is well! God bless you! The Prof. sends his love. We go to our duties.

Olin."

Oct. 1 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ P. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. We are happy to come to-night and give you important directions; they (12-Vol. III) are important for the day draws near when we shall be able to give our beloved treasures. The pictures are finished. Sarah you will see how sweetly Leila rests in the arms of those she loves, when her heart cries for you. The artist deserves great credit. The picture is true to life. It portrays the spiritual affection and existence. There never has been given one like it, there never will be again, so be appreciative of it. Grandma has been with us from the commencement of this picture only she was not at first able to talk. The painting was done while she was holding Leila. Oh! how beautiful it is.

Meet to-morrow morning at ten punctually, and we will all be here prepared to go on with our preparations. Gentle hands are outstretched to you filled with blessings and often they drop lovingly upon you. Be happy! George cheer up! Let your spirits not droop or the flowers in your spirit garden will close.

Olin."

"My Darling Child. We will all talk to-morrow morning. Be happy and we will all come to bless you.

Grandma."

"George my son, thou art not sad but thy spirit is a little tired. Thy work is progressing finely, and I am pleased with thee. I like the pictures, they are so true; the idea is perfectly true to our natures.

Isaac T. Hopper."

Oct. 2 10 A. M.—1870.

The air was cool and clear. We prepared the room soon after nine and waited in our parlor with Willie, reading in the interim. In the midst (13-Vol. III) of it little echoes said "Dear Willie, I know something you do not." We all looked at each other wondering what Frankie was up to

now, and Willie said, "I suppose you do." Frankie continued, "Mamma shall I tell, I was here when Maggie came in last evening." Now I understood the whole, but made no explanation, only told Frankie he might tell. Then he said, "We will go and see the baby." Willie asked, "What baby, Frankie?" Ans. "Ellen's." Willie looked amazement. His nurse Ellen, who had lived with us eleven years and was loved dearly by all three of the children, was married about thirteen months ago, and late last evening Maggie came in saying, Ellen had a nice baby. I told her not to mention it to Willie until Ellen was well so that he could go and see them, but Frankie told him, child-like.

We went into our meeting as soon as they were ready and the first thing I did, as always, was to close the open blinds. Almost as soon as seated, fingers tapped me lovingly on the shoulder, and the echoes said, "Open the window and let Mr. Hopper in." In an instant, after I had thrown back the blinds they said, "Close them, we are all here now." Soon after my dress was pulled gently and the little echoes said "Dear Mamma you are going to have me again, have me in Grandma's arms." I asked which Grandma? Ans. "Your Grandma."

We now talked of their wonderful patience in doing so many things for us, and trying time after time, in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles, to accomplish what they felt would please and improve (14-Vol. III) us, the echoes joined us by saying, "Patience is God-like and worketh miracles." We heard noises in the room, and they said, "Dears did you hear our feet?" We did hear their feet distinctly walking and treading. They now added, "The Professor is in delicate form." He walked around with his cane, hit it repeatedly against the Doctor's chair and rapped the Doctor on his face kindly but decidedly. The ring of the raps against the chair was exactly like that of a cane made of material, hard substance, and the feeling was the same to the Doctor. The Prof. said, "Remember what I told you last, about the signal." Neither of us could recall or catch an idea of what he now re-

ferred to, and not until after they had gone and we looked over the minutes of the 29th did it occur to either of us, but in those minutes we found that he at that meeting said, "I will bring a familiar token at our next meeting." Now the Doctor and I understood, for the Prof. when here always carried a heavy, strong cane.

They asked, if we heard the electricity? We did many times repeated, hear the fine crackling sounds.

During all this meeting both the Doctor and I felt them touch us and pull our garments often and heard noises about the room almost continually. They often gave many and prolonged echoes, significant of their happiness and satisfaction. They wrote in the midst of the session and when they were ready to leave, had us open the blinds of the already open window and leave the room without opening our eyes.

(15-Vol. III) "My Dear Child. You must remember that I am young now. When I was born again into the spiritual existence, I was born with youth renewed. Oh! How happy I am to be able to come to you purified, without the touch of age. God loves to see his children pleased and satisfied with their homes, their eternal life. When the spirit is pure and the heart good while existing on earth, here it takes a most beautiful form and is clothed in garments beautiful to look upon. Leila is often very much like a baby and has to be nursed and cared for. She grieves when you can not take her in your arms, therefore I love to take her close to my breast and cover her with kisses. She wants Mamma here. But I tell her to be patient and Mamma will come some time, but not now. Oh! We are human in our feelings only gone to another country, there to wait for our loved ones.

I will come often to you after the pictures are given, and explain many things, but at present we can not. The circle who work for you and mingle with you are all united. They work with one mind and for one cause. God bless you! All is well!

Grandma."

"My Dear Children. We prepare and form at

these daily meetings in order to come in perfection the night the pictures are given. We are more than pleased, thankful to the Almighty power, for permitting us to come and do this work. It is not an easy (16-Vol. III) thing, it requires much more than you can understand. We have been in form and our power has been greatly exhausted. We will make one more trial before we leave this morning. I write first fearing that we shall not have power after we are through forming, as we shall return to our homes in order to repose, in our spirit homes, and recover our former spiritual strength. Meet to-morrow at half past nine in the evening.

B. F."

"My Dear Child. Olin and I will speak together. We are here with you; we have made you a visit and now return to our homes, there to talk over the future and the interests of those we love. We will soon give the pictures, and the following night we wish a meeting with you all, a family meeting. Em. must be present. We will be your guests on that night. Our power fails.

Your Ma. Eliza."

"Now Dear Children. Keep in happy spirits. We must say Farewell!

Your friend in the cause of truth. B. F."

Oct. 6—1870.

We saw no more of Katie until half past two of this day when she came, saying she had been sent to have a meeting at three. The afternoon was damp and unpleasant; and the Dr. had gone "down town"; and more than all, during Katie's absence an Aunt of mine had come to visit us and was to be disposed of before we could meet at all, her prejudices being so strong that no light of this kind could (17-Vol. III) possibly reach her: Still we prepared the room and waited orders. The afternoon waned and the Doctor did not come. At about five they told us to enter the room with closed eyes. We heard our charmed circle about us. Once they sent Katie and me by the folding doors. They wrote as usual and then directed me to open the window wide and both of us to stand by it, very soon told us to take

our seats and after a moment's sitting allowed us to open our eyes.

The meeting was not more than half an hour and was the first Katie and I had alone for these physical purposes.

"My Dear Sarah. I am so happy to come with the circle who are preparing to present the beautiful pictures in form. They have been forming here this afternoon. The Prof. has succeeded and we have aided him. It is just as well that you were late, the atmosphere is so unfavorable that he required much time. We have the pictures in our keeping well cared for and protected.

I see Aunt Elizabeth here. I hope she will enjoy herself and not interfere with our meetings. She will not I feel sure. Sarah, we are all with you. The children have been with Willie to-day. He needs some little amusement after his studies as he is a most sensitive child.

Ma has now taken the children to the bower of meditation. She has chosen this hour to repose and think and study what is best for her children. You will hear from her soon, she will advise you. Oh! how beautiful our (18-Vol. III) surroundings are, we dip our fingers in the crystal waters and water the flowers, with our love we send you blessings and remove the dark thoughts which care and anxiety cause. Grandma is whispering her love to you through the beautiful paths. She wishes to tell you that she thinks of you when the sunlight plays in the golden hair of Leila, that she sends her blessing to you when the children sit upon her knee. George is doing right and will succeed. He will have to be patient and bear the delays with manly resignation. We will help him and now Sarah let us give you hope, there are no shadows so deep that the sunlight can not pierce through them. Grandma whispers me to tell you this. "Hope is belief in God." And Sarah there are no real shadows on your pathway as it continues in mine and therefore has no end.

Our next meeting will be at quarter before ten to-morrow evening, rain or shine; but do not let Aunt Lib know who Katie is, it is better. And

now with the united love of your beloved ones here, I say, God bless you.

Olin."

Oct. 7 10 P. M.—1870.

The evening was perfectly clear, but Katie was a half hour behind time and the Doctor had given her up and retired. As soon as she came in the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Children. We can not retain the picture and form, therefore we will leave the picture with you to-night, and exact a solemn (19-Vol. III) promise from you all, that you will not look upon the picture until we are able to come and present it in form, which will be on Monday night.

B. F. and Circle."

The Doctor dressed and we quickly prepared the room and went in. Directly after we were seated the Doctor and Katie each felt the paper placed for a moment on their heads, then the echoes said, "Dear Sarah we leave it in your charge." At the same time the precious paper that had been carried from earth to heaven many, many times by angels, and as often returned to our room, made sacred now not only by love, but by the visits and occupancy of these same angels, this paper was placed in my hand. They said "The face is upwards, cover it with this thin handkerchief" (and at the same time handed me the handkerchief which I had left upon the bureau by their request). "Do not look upon the picture to-day but put it away carefully." They now allowed us to open our eyes and I laid the paper in the box with the other pictures and put it under lock and key. After we came into our parlor they wrote.

"Oh! How we rejoice to have been able to give this picture so beautiful, so holy. Leila is in Grandma's arms, flowers in her hands, her little feet bare, her golden hair over her neck, Grandma pointing earth-ward while she and Leila are ascending from your presence to her home in heaven. We have been in form ever since you first went to bed. You sleep to-night with great gifts, sacred, and holy. Good night.

Olin."

(20-Vol. III) "Children, go to bed again. I am spiritual, invisible to your eyes. You have something very beautiful and we may be able to present it to-morrow night if the atmosphere is clear. We can tell better in the morning. All is well! Be happy!

Prof. K."

Oct. 8 8 A. M.—1870.

We met for directions, but before they wrote they asked me to open the box that they might look upon their work. With closed eyes I took it from its safe deposit and held it for them to examine. After a few moments they desired it returned to its place and said they were perfectly satisfied. Then they wrote.

"We retained the picture as long as possible. We could keep it no longer and form. We will now have power to form and do as we wish. We will meet to-night at half past nine and if we possibly can, we will present it in full form. We will for a certainty give it on Monday night, but we wish you to feel calm and undisturbed; do not be too anxious, or have your mind too much upon it. We can not convey to your minds, how great is our joy to give the picture unmarred and beautiful. Remember that Grandma is young, spiritual and delicate, beautiful. When we come here we are clothed in beautiful garments, we are young again and never go back, never grow old.

You will be pleased with the picture we know, for it portrays our lives, our spiritual existence. When we come to earth we come in vapors and when we depart we rise as through clouds (21-Vol. III) which we have portrayed. Leila is reposing, almost sleeping, her eyes are closed, the cloudy vapor through which we pass is still over them. Oh! Angels are beautiful! Be of good cheer! Have happy hearts! happy minds! Do not feel petty annoyances. All is well! The golden chain is perfect! All is bright in our heavenly home, our beautiful paths. Ask not about the crayons, we have them and are not through with them. If we are able to give the picture to-night, we wish Monday night reserved for a family meeting.

All is well! We are all happy. We will all

gather here to-night. Each one sends love to you, and now with blessings numberless we will leave you till to-night. God is with you in your work George, and you will be successful.

Olin."

Oct. 9 9 A. M.—1870.

Katie, as so often, did not keep her appointment and we retired discouraged and annoyed beyond measure. She however got into the house sometime in the night and by the request of our invisible circle we met at this hour. The morning was cool and clear as crystal. I placed the box containing the picture upon the bed and we took our seats. Our circle was here and in form; we felt them, they took hold of us, moved furniture, moved the Doctor in his chair and presently said "Dear children we all present this picture to you. Look upon it, but not upon Leila's. We will give you that in visible form. B. F." The picture was again laid in my hands. Katie's hand wrote the following and then they directed (22-Vol. III) us to open our eyes. I lifted the handkerchief and there lay before us that which rivals all description. I don't know how to speak of it. The beauty of every line, the perfection of limb and form, and above all, the exceeding beauty and purity of Grandma's face. Words are so poor and meaningless! I am overpowered by this presence! The work of the hands of real angels, of those who have left all of earth behind and still have come time after time and worked with earthly substance long and patiently for our pleasure and instruction. Not only this, but they have had every conceivable obstacle to overcome, long and excessive heat, storms, confusion and disturbances in the house, anxieties of our minds in consequence of business cares and disappointments, the inquisitiveness and speculations of friends around us, and above all poor Katie's repeated short-comings; yet in spite of all of these here lies before us the finest specimen of crayon penciling ever executed by any hand we believe. It bears the name of Mount as artist.

"We present the picture this beautiful sabbath morning. We were all here last night, but do not know that we could have come in visible form.

We are just as fully formed this morning, and although your eyes can not behold us, we give you the picture in form.

We hope that nothing will prevent our meeting to-morrow night. Cut the picture off and leave the other part in the box, for we intend to give you a drawing upon it without taking it (23-Vol. III) away. You see how we progress, from step to step. ¹Be not disappointed for you shall see us soon. All is well! We looked down upon you from the crystal sky last night. We felt grieved but we do not condemn, we do not rebuke except gently. We were grieved.

Sarah, we will go with you this day and while your heart is full of great joy we will pour blessings upon you. Be happy! Our next meeting we appoint at nine to-morrow night, make your arrangements accordingly.

With our blessings. Olin and the circle."

When we found the artist's name on the picture, we asked, Who was Mount? The pencil wrote.

"Long Island was his home. The picture was mostly made by the Prof. aided by Mount. Grandma had Leila in her arms this morning and appeared just like the picture.

Olin."

The Doctor then recollected having met many years ago, this same artist and knew that he was dead. As they took their final leave Olin said.

"All is well! Be happy, for we go now to walk in the garden of immortal flowers."

Katie did not come the next evening, did not come until one week from the following Tuesday when the pencil wrote.

Oct. 18 3 P. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sister. I am so happy to come, to say a few words of encouragement and hope. I see your despondency, your sadness. Now my dear (24-Vol. III) Sarah let me tell you to have courage. Believe me, when I tell you that all is well! and that the tide will soon rise and overflow! The tide is low now, but this will not last long, and your house will be filled with worthy

and influential people. I long to have my words verified and your heart made glad. We have been with George who is more nervous than there is any occasion. Now dear Sarah, you have so much good reasoning. You must encourage George. He is the weakest just now.

Glad to see you George! I can give you strength. My dear Sarah and George oh! how little the world understands this truth, this blessing. How strange it seems to me when I look in Aunt Lib's heart and see the dark vague ideas there which will be a dark veil over her spiritual vision long after she has passed away from earth. My dear Sister, you will be free from anxiety soon. When Aunt Lib. leaves we will come with new life and power, and you will feel like coming back to your dear ones, and we will feel like coming in your midst and being a part of you as we always are when we come in your presence. We are not idle, we are consulting together and making experiments. We would like to try water colors on a face. We will not tell the name at present. So you see we are not idle. We wish to speak often to you.

The little ones are here with their beautiful flowers. Leila's apron is full and Frankie's hands are filled. He is scattering them at his (25-Vol. III) feet and Leila holds fast to hers. All is well! God bless you! I will hover very near you and talk with you daily. Blessings rest upon you! The children will guard you and we will all watch at your door.

Olin."

"My Son when this bigoted friend of yours leaves we will all meet you with open arms again and not feel restrained. I am aiding you in your work. All is well!

Isaac T. Hopper."

Oct. 21 11 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. I am looking into the future for you and George, been looking to see if all is well, and the sky clear. It is one of our duties to look after the loved ones over whom we have a care, and when we see an evil, to avert it by a warning. We will come and speak with you to-morrow and tell you what we have seen.

(1) Notwithstanding their great grief at Katie's repeatedly breaking her engagements they entreat us not to feel it, want to cheer us though they are hurt.

Sarah it is not pleasant for us to come when the surroundings are not pleasant. We partake of your feelings, feel a trembling sensation, a drawback, which is utterly inexplicable to you, to us perfectly and distinctly felt, portrayed on every nerve in our bodies. We feel the shadows before we reach earth and draw back while we view you from a distance. Sarah, the little ones are happy, they feel not the shadows of earth, and when they visit you they see only the flowery side. They are with you now. Frankie has been with his Papa the most of the morning, but weary of the noise, he left, to play in the Elysian fields. Now Leila and he are here again.

Sarah be happy! The love of your little ones (26-Vol. III) should be the star of your life, and our protection the safeguard of all your footsteps. Now, Sarah, tell George that we are with him helping him. Do not let one shadow linger on your hearts for all will be well.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. How well I understand your feeling, how well I appreciate your sensitive spirit. Do not dear Sarah feel alone in every or any care, we are with you; could our hearts bear your burdens we would; could our hands relieve you from labor, how gladly would we take up the task. Oh! Sarah, step by step we are leading you up the golden stairs, where your dear treasures are weaving emblems of love to greet you when you come. Your way will be bright with lamps from the other side. I will be with you.

Grandma."

"Mamma, do let me say a word. I love you oh! so much, my precious, darling Mamma.

Leila is all covered with flowers, and every birth-day we crown her and have a party. We have flowers and pretty presents to place all around her. Oh! Mamma how happy we are. We are coming to tell you all about it.

Frankie."

Oct. 22 10½ A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. The morning is beautiful. We come to you through the sunny rays of our own sky, the same that is above you, the same

sun shines upon us all alike. Few know how to appreciate this beautiful (27-Vol. III) fact, nevertheless Sarah there are those who do, and to such we love to come with love and gifts.

You shall be among the number to feel the first kisses from heaven, sweet and holy kisses, from lips you love, in the day of reunion.

Oh, Sarah, what a sweet thought, to know that we shall all meet again, never more to part. I looked in your future last night and saw no deep sorrow. I see cares which every one must have, a few crosses; but a happiness which will cover all the cares and cause your eyes to look upon them as almost naught. I saw a picture of your future. You and George were living in a home of your own, Willie a fine youth, all the comforts of life about you, the reward of faithful labor. Be happy, Sarah, our hearts all rejoice in the happiness that is in store for you. Dear Sister, if the present seems dark to you, cares many, money not so plenty, let the future come before you as we have tried to portray, and your spirit will feel a calm and a certainty, which ours feels, when we see that nothing will come between happiness and our beloved ones. Grief shall not cause your eyelids to droop, neither shall disappointment wither the flowers and make earth seem gloomy.

All shall be bright, the earth, the flowers, the duties which you must undergo. George is well and will be able to fulfill all his duties and hard labor.

The children are here. Frankie feels a little (28-Vol. III) petulant because he cannot give you the little present he had intended to, ¹ this day of his birth into the spirit land. He wanted to draw a wreath of flowers, and we were to aid him. The little fellow has been sitting under a tree alone grieving. I have succeeded at last in bringing him to you. Oh! How like your world are all things here. Leila is playing in the garden, happy as the birds who welcome her as she comes.

Meet us Tuesday at half past nine. All is well!
Olin."

"Mamma, that is what I wanted to do a good while ago so I could give it to you to-day. I will

(1) Frankie died Oct. 22.

have a nice Christmas present for you Grandma says and so I will be happy. I wish Willie would play with me to-day, but no! Mamma, he cannot see me as I see him. Don't feel bad Mamma, I am happy, and now I am going to catch Leila.

Frankie."

Frankie seemed still afraid that I would be unhappy, so he writes playfully.

"The sweetest little boy in all the world is here Mamma; the prettiest little angel boy.

Frankie."

I asked, "Who is it?" Ans.

"Why, Mamma, Willie would know I mean myself. Tell Papa I kissed him this morning before he awoke.

Frankie."

"My Dear Child. I shall be with you to-morrow and bring the children. You can think of us but there will be no opportunity for us to talk with you except through thought. I shall (29-Vol. III) be very near you to give you peace.

Grandma."

"George, a circle of spirits have met in the court of heaven for the purpose of consulting over a spirit who has lately come here. He was a man of good principles, still his near relatives were of low principles and care not for progressing to higher spheres, which kept ¹ Jourdon's spirit among low associates. I, who saw his good qualities, have used all my influence and power to raise him where he is at present, in a happy sphere. You see, I am not idle.

Isaac T. Hopper."

In answer to some inquiry of the Doctor's he added.

"I worked as hard and faithfully as you would have worked to get a friend out of prison.

I. T. H."

Oct. 29 2½ P. M.—1870.

We met for a little time and enjoyed a pleasant conversation with our invisible loved ones. Aunt Lib. had gone, but another Aunt had come who knew nothing of these truths, so we were still not quite free. Frankie and Leila played about us, took hold of our clothes repeatedly.

Frankie said "I look just like Papa," Leila added, "And I look just like Mamma," and at the same time pulled my dress and made great effort to get into my lap. The desire to clasp my children at such times is overwhelming, so real, so tangible do they seem. The following was written.

"My Dear Sarah. We are waiting with patience to commence our work. Our hands (30-Vol. III) are ready to work, our souls are open to pour out blessings upon you, and we shall bestow them doubly now that all goes well. Oh! My dear Sister, how we miss the opportunity of talking with you, of whispering in your ear hope and words of peace. We will soon have the way clear for I believe, Sarah, that your opposing friends are nearly through, then you will feel free and take up the thread again without having it tarnished by the mists of those who oppose you.

Be patient a little longer and when we meet again, get some nice note paper, not too thin and Frankie will give you a specimen of his skill. At the same time get some flowers, and if possible get a blue one, as he will paint the flowers you get. Get a few new crayons. Let this meeting be at half past nine next Tuesday night. Do not feel depressed Sarah, you are doing right and will do well.

The clouds will pass, the sun will shine forth and you will feel its rays. There will be no shadows in your heart, no rivers of sorrow, for we will look through your spirit and show you things as they are and not as they seem.

The little ones are here, they are happy. Frankie is playing little tricks all the time, which you occasionally see.

My dear Sarah, I will be with you to-morrow and make your cares less. God bless you! All is well! A wreath of flowers is over your head. The leaves do not fall from them, which indicates that your life will be bright this (31-Vol. III) winter. Such emblems we have monthly to show the future of our loved ones. Sarah and George, I am requested by the circle to give you their united love and blessing.

Olin."

(1) Jourdon was Superintendent of Police of this City, who died a few weeks ago.

"My Dear Children. I am once more able to manifest my presence. I will with the circle, again get control of Leila's picture, so we can work more rapidly when we have our regular meeting. All is well! This little sentence we are ever happy to give you, as we know all is well, when we tell you so. God bless you!

¹E. A. K. is here and will aid me in giving power to the Doctor in his efforts to cure."

Here the pencil stopped for several minutes. We opened the window for them, read all they had written, and then the pencil added.

"I was obliged to break off there as the circle came and I had to join them. I can say no more now.

Prof. Kenyon."

Nov. 3 6 P. M.—1870.

Katie did not come until this evening and was very far from well. The pencil wrote.

"We are all here. The picture we wish you to get out ready for us to-morrow at nine. We will then go on with our work. All is well! Dear Sarah we have been with you but we can not talk much, owing to the conditions. Be of good cheer and know that all is well! The children are here. They have missed this way of coming. Frankie will speak a few words. No more now.
Olin."

(32-Vol. III) "My Dear Mamma and Papa. I am here with Uncle Olin. I am so happy to come where Willie is. I will help him get his lesson.
Frankie."

Nov. 5 9 P. M.—1870.

Katie came next at this hour. She was sadly out of order, still our circle desired us to meet that they might get Leila's picture under their control. They wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. Take the picture out of the box and place it on the table. I will take it.
Prof. Kenyon."

I took the picture out, placed it on the table, arranged the chairs, got Katie, (poor helpless Katie now) into one of them and called the Doctor. He objected decidedly to their taking it,

so fearful was he that some ill would befall it. Nevertheless we were seated, and instantly the picture was taken from the table and laid upon the bureau. After a moment the Prof. said. "Dear Sarah, place the picture back in the box. We cannot take it while George's feelings remain as they are. Meet at ten to-morrow morning."

Nov. 6 10 A. M.—1870.

The morning was very clear. We met as directed, and were gratified by their repeated and oft repeated echoes of joy. The children were full of play, touched both the Doctor and myself several times. Dr. Franklin greeted us with his accustomed words, "I am here." They wrote and left.

(33-Vol. III) "My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this morning and very happy to have good conditions.

We will be so rejoiced to give dear little Frankie the opportunity to present you his Christmas tribute and we will have no difficulty if the appointments are kept, and a feeling in our souls tells us that they will be held sacred.

We will give blessings which cannot be taken away, and when the shadows come let us dispel them. We visit among our friends often Sarah. We find those we love on earth, well and doing well. Here we visit also, making new friends daily, I might say hourly, for the gates of heaven are ever open for shining feet to enter. Be happy and we will enjoy your society, as real as when in life. Prof. K. is as busy as ever, and he says that he would not be happy now without this occupation. He loves to astonish, he loves to give happiness. Your future is still bright, the flowers droop not, they are as fresh as the day we described them to you. Let your souls rejoice! We are keeping watch over Willie and keeping danger from him. You need have no anxiety about him. All is well! You will meet all ends without embarrassment.

Now dear Sarah and George, we wish the next meeting to-morrow morning at half past six. We will then have fresh power, and be able to accomplish much. The power is always stronger in the morning. The circle are busy on the picture

(1) Dr. Kittrege of Boston with whom Dr. Taylor was acquainted twenty years ago and who had been many years dead.

but their power will (34-Vol. III) permit them all to speak a few words of hope and love. The children are also anxious to say a word to Papa and Mamma.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. The children are with me; Leila and Frankie with my own dear children. They cling to your Mother and myself. I see no shadows on the little streams running through our paths. They have no shadows, except the faces of immortality. Your future is mirrored bright and golden. Be happy and believe me when I tell you that all is well!

Grandma."

"George, My Son. Finish your article, get it in press and it will read well, and have a good effect which is better than all. I am with you daily. You are doing right.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"My Dear Friends. All that is needful we have done this morning, and we feel satisfied. These are but few words, still they express much. We can say no more. Call us not back. Our power must be replenished for other duties. Fear no evil!

Prof. K."

Nov. 6 12 M.—1870.

"Yes, Willie, you must go out more and read less. Mamma, I and Leila, or Leila and I are going with Grandma to another country now, so Willie we will not be with you much to-day. Good bye Mamma.

Frankie."

I asked. "To what country?" Ans.

(35-Vol. III) "Where the battle is." I asked. "Are you going to the French battle field?" Ans. "Yes."

Katie went out for the evening, and was to return for the night. Ten o'clock came without her and she so seldom keeps her promise that we all retired. At half past eleven I was awakened from a perfectly sound sleep by the sensation as of a lighted candle passed directly before my eyes. I thought instantly of Olin and that he wanted something of me. While I lay thus musing the street-door bell rang; after a little delay it rang

again. The porter being in too heavy sleep to be awakened by it, I stepped into the hall and rang his bell which brought him directly to the street door. I waited a moment over the banisters to see if it possibly were Katie, and soon heard her voice. She came directly to me and the loving echoes said "It was I." I recognized dear Olin's voice. He had awakened me to assist Katie in getting in.

Nov. 7 6½ A. M.—1870.

The morning was clear and we gladly met our dear circle, dearer and more dear at every interview. Dr. Franklin saluted us. "I am here. B. F." I responded, "I am glad to see you Dr. Franklin." He promptly returned, "There is where I have the advantage over you." The children were full of joy. They touched us and Frankie laid his own soft garments about his Papa's head and face, so fine and delicate (36-Vol. III) that the Doctor was in ecstasy at the touch. Frankie pulled his Papa's beard and patted my head. At the close of the hour they wrote a few words and left.

"We have all been here. Meet at half past nine and we will give directions; if George can not be present it will be as well, but have room darkened as it is now. All is bright and beautiful this morning.

Olin."

Nov. 7 9½ A. M.—1870.

Katie and I met with our precious circle at the hour designated. The Doctor was present a little or small portion of the time.

"My Dear Sarah and George. I will write first, as I have the power to come almost in form. I have lingered at the door from early dawn till now, while the circle have been busy about their duties. I have been looking about the house and into the affairs of your daily lives, looking to see if all the flowers are fresh and bright, none of the leaves fallen off; and my soul rejoices to give the glad response that all is well!

You must be patient George, for your health is good, your business prosperous; when it comes it will come with a rush. Now be patient. I know you are, but there are moments, hours in every

sensitive heart when the gloomy side of life seems to be made more visible to the earthly eye, and the beautiful golden side hidden; then the spiritual sight is closed and refuses to penetrate through the clouds. To you and dear Sarah this is perfectly plain and you can appreciate our sentiments, (37-Vol. III) our love and our advice, and feel that we sympathize with you in every thing. We can sit down with and soothe you, we can bear with you when others would become impatient, therefore we are your true friends.

We will give you great blessings this month. The paper we will examine for little Frankie and help him to present his gift. We will not take it till we are through with Leila's. He is growing patient now, for he begins to see that time works miracles. We pass hours in giving these little children their lessons. Some learn very quickly, according to their perceptions. Frankie and Leila are very apt scholars and we love to teach them. Be of good cheer Sarah, be happy, for all is well! The Prof. will come and give directions about the meetings. I will now give way to Grandma and others. With love to all eternity.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. Dear Eliza and I took the children to a different country, but we will not go to another such scene again.

Frankie wished to go and visit the battle field with his ¹ Grandpa, so we all went, but we shall not go again, to such a scene of pain, unless to help the dying out of their misery.

My dear child, I am so happily situated here, with my little family. I have them all with me; those I once thought lost forever to the knowledge of recognition after death, are in life now, real as when they were in my arms. Is not that a holy joy? ² (I often have to get dear Olin to help me with power to write.) (38-Vol. III) The Langworthys are a good people. I like them. I love most of them, but some of them have made unwise selections of wives. Some are so selfish that I even turn from them. How happy I am

to speak with you. I will come often. God bless you.

Grandma."

"My Own Dear Children Sarah and Emeline.

I am with you in your daily routine. Your duties are not performed alone! Oh! No, my hands help you, give you strength, give you hope. My little Leila and Frankie are my occupation, nearly all my time. Although their loss was sadly great to you, they are my greatest blessing. You gave me much when you gave them. God transplanted those little flowers Sarah, to bloom for you in the garden of Eden, free as birds and away from all evil. Let your heart rejoice without a shadow. Dear Em. life's shadows are not yours, this may remain for a while, you may taste them for an hour, but they can not last. All is bright in the future, and all will be well in the change you are sure to experience, for you will be settled, happily situated.

All is well! With my blessing and a Mother's undying love I now leave you to go with my family.

Your own Ma."

"My Dear Child. Our next meeting will be at half past two to-morrow. Do not be one moment past the time. We are more interested than ever in our work, therefore meet just at the hour, half past two, and I (39-Vol. III) will have all the circle present. They are now giving me the directions for you to be punctual, as they will have to attend some dying, departing friends of friends here in the spirit world.

Tell George, all is well!

Prof. Kenyon."

Nov. 8 21½ P. M.—1870.

The day was gloriously clear and bright. We were exactly on time. The echoes soon said "I am here. B. F." As usual the children played about pulling the Doctor's beard and patting my head. They expressed great joy as always. Before leaving they wrote the following.

"My Dear Sarah and George. Again we are with you, again the conditions are good, and we are rejoiced to meet for the purpose of accomplishing our work, for work it is, and in future

(1) Father Taylor took great pleasure when here in showing children strange things and places.

(2) The hand-writing had become poor.

years will be looked upon as the greatest miracles ever performed; therefore preserve each picture with great care. We have walked through our beautiful avenues to-day, and our feet have touched the beautiful flowers in heaven's garden. We have touched the brows of the dying and shall hold the lamps for some, in a few hours, to light their way to happy visions, then, when they awake to consciousness, they will find themselves in a beautiful place surrounded by long lost friends dear as life to their souls, and the greetings will come, the clasping of hands, the gentle kisses of love and explanations. The new born souls first think they are dreaming. This, dear Sarah, is the first awakening, then another scene opens, they seek to find the way back to their friends and homes (40-Vol. III) they have just left. Bewildered and astonished! In sadness mingled with joy these new born spirits listen to the explanations of those who have been here and learned the different paths and links between the two worlds. Soon they grow satisfied and the soul rejoices in the glory of heaven. We often have cause to pity many who come here without knowing this truth, this intercourse between heaven and earth. When you come here, dear Sarah, you will not be astonished. You will first clasp your children, then Ma, Grandma and all those you love, and the first vision you have you will say 'Oh! I understand all, this is the beautiful place Olin has told me so much about.' Oh! How happy you will be. Now I have given you this little explanation that you may glean from it an idea of our constant duties.

Sarah and George, the flowers are bright, no leaves have fallen from the wreath of destiny and we are happy beyond description, happy as birds. We want your hearts happy. We are all here. No clouds are over you. We are succeeding with the picture and all is well. Be patient, all will come in good time. The Prof. will give the directions for the next meeting. God bless you!

Frankie wants to write a few words and I must help him.

Olin."

"Papa and Mamma. I am going to make all

the flowers myself. No one shall touch my paper. I am taking lessons every day. Leila and I are very happy little children.

Frankie."

(41-Vol. III) "My Dear Children. We will soon finish the picture now. All is well! Meet at the same hour to-morrow, half past two. Now be happy with our blessing upon you.

Prof. K. and the circle."

Nov. 9 2½ P. M.—1870.

The day was pleasant and we met agreeably to order. We were soon greeted by echoes which we know well, in the oft repeated sentence "I am here. B. F." The children played about until Frankie said, "Here Mamma," and at the same instant laid his Papa's watch in my hand. He had, as three times before, unhooked the chain from his Papa's vest, taken out the watch and brought it to me, six feet distant. The watch and chain are large and heavy. They worked upon Leila's picture and brought it across the room and put it back in the box themselves when they were through. They wrote and left us.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here happy, and all goes well with our work. We are satisfied! The picture will be finished this week. Remember we have not been able to progress very rapidly owing to the frequent breaks, but now we are progressing finely. You must not hasten us! All is well.

Dear Sarah and George, blessings are breaking in upon you gently but surely and everything goes well. There are no shadows, all is golden hued and our blessings are upon you. Be hopeful and know that we are with you. We are happy to say these few words.

Olin."

(42-Vol. III) "We have succeeded splendidly to-day and we will soon finish the picture. Meet at half past six to-morrow morning. Dr. Franklin will be here. Katie must come home early this evening.

Be happy George you are doing right and daily we follow you with a blessing. Be not depressed! I know that you are not. I only say so that you

may know that the sun shines behind the clouds.
Prof. Kenyon."

"Dear little Frankie can not use his paper till after Leila's is finished. He has promised me, to be patient.

My dear Sarah and Emeline I am watching over you. Ralph will soon be made happy and I hope he will remain so but I see a shadow coming. Dear Emeline all is bright for you. I leave my blessing for you both dear children.

Your own Ma."

"Mamma and Papa. I will do just as the good spirits tell me and wait. I am happy all day, and so is Sister Leila.

Frankie."

"My Son, I will speak with you to-morrow.

Isaac T. Hopper."

Nov. 10 6½ A. M.—1870.

The morning was clear, the full moon shining sweetly into Katie's room when I awakened her to come to our meeting. We were not in session more than three quarters of an hour and nothing uncommon occurred except the directions, which we found upon reading.

"My Dear Sarah. Meet at nine, directly after breakfast. Leave the paper on the table (43-Vol. III) covered with another handkerchief until after that meeting. Do not take it from its place but leave it there. All is well! Be happy. We have everything as we wish. Be happy as a bird Sarah, for all is well. Never think that we would mar the picture, we would not mar our own work, therefore never give it a thought. Meet punctually at nine. The circle are busy now with the picture and I am ordered to give the directions.

Olin."

Nov. 10 9 A. M.—1870.

I observed strictly their orders and before time we were ready and waiting. Very soon after we were seated, the pencil wrote and directed us to step into an adjoining room to read. It was.

"My Dear Sarah. I want you to separate the pictures. Can you do so and not look upon the face? We have made Leila's face a little lighter. We did not wish to work on her face much for fear of injuring it, therefore we have done our

work on the other side, but you must not look. Can you separate the face of Leila without looking upon either? Do it with your eyes closed and we will tell you which is which.

Olin."

Leila's picture was still attached to a blank leaf of equal size and this was our first intimation that they were putting a picture upon it. I got the paper cutter, took Leila's picture, folded it down, cut it off and laid the leaf, which, they said, had her picture, upon the bed, and placed (44-Vol. III) the remaining leaf upon the table by the folding doors and then took my seat. After a little time they told me to bring the box. As soon as I took the cover from it, Leila's picture was put in, and in a few moments the paper from the little table was laid there also. I was holding the box upon the large table and the Doctor was holding Katie's hands, as always. They had not left their seats. I covered the box and returned it to the drawer. As I took my seat I touched something on the table with my head. I felt for the object and found the round stand upon the table around which we were sitting. The pencil wrote and they went. Upon opening our eyes we saw on the stand a sheet of paper which I had left upon the table, and on it was written "All is well!

B. F."

"My Dear Children. We have accomplished a great work this morning. Meet to-morrow at three. Do not fail! We are so happy, every one of us. Bless you Sarah and George and although we have only power to say, 'all is well,' you can go rejoicing. We have no more power.

Call us not until our appointed time as we must get our power replenished. Look not in the box. Let us direct.

Prof. K."

At three in the afternoon they again asked for the pencil and said.

"My Dear Sarah. We are now enjoying the sunny paths of flowers and evergreens. Paths where angels tread and where we receive blessings to bestow upon those we love. To-morrow we (45-Vol. III) are going to take the paper from

the box ourselves and finish the picture, so that we may present it Sunday morning. All is well! Be happy! Ma is off with the children and we are taking views. We all go together on such occasions. I refer now to the circle who meet for your work. One word from all the circle. Do not fail to be punctual to-morrow. We will say much then. Our work this morning exhausted our power so much, that we have to remain in our own atmosphere until we are replenished. The children are playing and jumping and laughing and singing.

God bless you dear Sarah and George. Have no fears or misgivings for the future. All is well! Olin."

Nov. 13 9 A. M.—1870.

On the evening of the 10th the Doctor was called to Bergen to see Ralph's wife and did not return until the morning of the 12th. I too had been there for about twenty hours, so that we not only had missed our meeting on the eleventh, but were too exhausted to have one on the 12th.

The 13th was bright and clear and although we were both going to Bergen that day, still we were delighted to first meet with our circle. The children were full of play, touched the Doctor and me several times, pulled his whiskers and played with the crimps of my hair. Very soon the echoes said, "I am here. B. F. And I am going to take the paper with me to our own home and work on it there. Open the window." We opened the window and stood (46-Vol. III) by it at once. In a moment they wished the window closed and us to take our seats.

They now wrote and talked for nearly an hour, then directed us to read before looking at Leila's picture, having told us at our last meeting that we might see it at this. We read and then looked at the pictures. Leila's was there, scarcely changed to our eyes, Frankie's and Grandma's were there also, but the leaf I cut from Leila's was gone. They had unmistakably taken it with them through the open window.

"My Dear Sarah. The Prof. has the paper. We have made Leila's picture one shade lighter. We did not like to do much to it as it can not

be photographed if lighter. The artist objected to our taking off one shade more until photographed. Now it will make a perfectly beautiful picture.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah. I have been with Ralph and his wife. I had no fears for her then for I saw that all would come out right; still Sarah there is a cloud over them which I can not penetrate at present. I want to see my children all happy, but dearly as I love Ralph, his wife does not seem a part of him. All is well now. I am glad you are attentive to them. I am glad you are going dear children. Do all you can so that in future they can not say, you neglected them. I will take the children to see them when Willie goes. I have the little flowers with me and they are very happy. (47-Vol. III) The day you went to Ralph's I had to take them to see new scenes, to keep them from following you.

Now, my dear children Sarah and George, I can aid you, the whole circle can aid you, for your belief, your faith draws us to you; it is our lamps to your souls; therefore you are in less danger of misfortunes than those who do not hold communion with the spiritual world.

¹Make the little stranger comfortable in every way possible and blessings will follow you. Tell Em. to be of good cheer.

Your Ma."

"My Dear Children. We have longed for this morning, this electrical atmosphere, in order to do as we wished with our work. George, the business will soon be better. I am anxious to see you free from every incumbrance, and your own master. That day shall come, and you shall live to see it. Meet for directions to-morrow at half past nine in the morning.

Do please be satisfied with the little picture and have it photographed. Be careful when you cross the ferry. Olin will protect you. God bless you.

Prof. K."

"My Son. I am satisfied with your article. You

(1) Ralph's wife became a mother on the 11th.

have made no mistake. Think of me, for I think of you with the blessing of a father.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"My Dear Children. We have all been here this morning. Go happy and we will go with you. Oh! How I love to come and meet with you.

Your Grandma."

(48-Vol. III) "The flowers shall blossom freshly in thy cup to-day,

While angels guide thee safely on thy way

And waft thy footsteps back to those you love

While loving eyes are looking from above.

This is my parting breath Sarah.

Olin."

Nov. 14 12½ P. M.—1870.

Katie did not get here at nine, but at mid-day. The pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. We can do as well now as in the morning. We only wanted to give directions and talk with you. All is bright in our land of flowers, all is beautiful as summer's eve, no cloud over our walk, no anxious thoughts to mar our souls; for we look deep into the future and see that all is well with you and yours.

We were with you yesterday and protected you from danger; and we will ever do so Sarah for you have placed yourself under our protection.

Be not depressed! The future is golden, and will yield you fruit and lasting blessings. There shall be no untimely graves for you to shed tears upon. Are you not happy to know this my dear Sarah? Ma took charge of the little ones yesterday. She let them have their own way and they were happy.

I do not think Ralph's wife is as well to-day. The cloud still hangs there. I can not tell you further about it.

Em. feels a little down this morning. Tell her to unfold the leaves of her heart and (49-Vol. III) repeat from memory those golden promises, and let them keep the roses fresh. Our words are not lost upon you dear Sarah, therefore we love to repeat them, we love to hold the bright painting before you and let your soul borrow the light that comes from it. Joys and sorrows, lights

and shadows, tears and smiles, partings and reunions, all make up life and you can not expect to glide on smoothly without an occasional break in the waves. Let your soul be at rest and when the clouds appear, which indicate sorrow, I will warn you and turn you where the sunshine beams.

Dear Sarah, we are all so happy. You are sensitive and feel the spirit of another; if gay and cheerful, the light reflects upon yours. You will always have these conditions. A sensitive nature must ever feel the spheres of others. It is better so, dear Sarah, for you are more in rapport with our world.

We shall all meet in our banquet hall to-day. To-morrow we will tell you about it. God bless you!

Olin."

"Sarah My Dear Child. Did you hear me call the children last night? Did you know that I was near you?

Oh! My child do you know, my children are dear to me? That I love to soothe them, and place blessings under their feet, that they may walk in pleasant paths? Yes, I was with you last night and I am with you now.

Your Ma."

(50-Vol. III) "My Child. Meet us to-morrow at half past six in the morning. The circle will all be present. All is well! Tell George I will look into his matters, his future, and tell him what I think. Tell him to be of good courage. Do not fail to meet at half past six.

Prof. K."

Nov. 15 6½ A. M.—1870.

The morning was fine and we met as desired. No new thing occurred. The children touched us, as they always do at our sittings now; the Doctor and Katie were sent to and from the folding doors. The familiar sound "I am here. B. F." came from the echoes, whose ring is as characteristic as the sound of the human voice. They wrote and left.

"My Dear Children. We are all here this morning. The circle is at work therefore I come for them and with my dear Olin's aid I speak to you.

Dear Sarah and George, we are happy in your presence, happy to work for you and meet at your table with the knowledge, that our presence is pleasant to you. We are not at all anxious for your future success. The times are dull now, business put back for awhile, but it will not last long. Money shall be plenty soon, now it is scarce. Be patient! We are sure that you will succeed. This lull in business is nothing discouraging George, so cheer up and go to work with a happy heart.

I have seen Ralph's wife this morning. (51-Vol. III) She seems easy and I think it will do for you to defer going till to-morrow, then both go.

All is well with you my dear children. Be happy! The children are well and joyous. They are here. Your own heart tells you how much they love to come where you are. Now my children be happy!

Your Ma."

"George, you are doing right. I can not chide you for anything except becoming gloomy. Now I have looked in your affairs and all will in time work out more for your success than you think. Wyatt advises you well, and I see that you will step over all those clouds. Meet at half past six Thursday morning. There will be no meeting to-morrow. All is well!

Prof. K."

Nov. 15 10 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. I come in place of Ma, for she is at her vocations. The children are with her and she is exchanging greetings with dear friends. You have her sweet influence upon you, and ever will have. I am listening to the music as it flows from sphere to sphere.

Yesterday we all met in the banquet hall, which is purposely for those who are in the closest unison, to meet and hold communion, sweet conversation, while music is going on, and children dancing among the flowers. There is no beauty left out of this lovely place. We have hours to go there. Some spirits, who have not been here so (52-Vol. III) long, pass by the door, they look in, sometimes they walk through, but when they

see no one to whom they were attached, they leave to seek their friends on earth. We were all together in our banquet hall yesterday.

When I first went in, Ma and Grandma were sitting on a sofa made of evergreen and roses. They both arose to give the accustomed welcome, then the Doctor's father walked in with the children. Oh! what a sunshine they made, first in Ma's lap, then in Grandma's, in my arms, around my knees, holding Prof. Kenyon's hands, going from one thing to another. Oh! How happy they were. We met there again Thursday afternoon. You are to meet us in the morning and our pleasure will be great, to talk over our events with you. We have looked in the future. No clouds are over your home. The birds sing joyously, and the sweet welcome of their tones, tells us that you will be happy and live long to enjoy life. Be happy my dear Sarah, rely on my promises and you shall never be deceived. I can say no more. Olin."

"Do not feel worried dear Sarah. All is well! Never borrow trouble! I am sure you have much to cheer you in every trial.

Your Grandma."

Nov. 16 10 P. M.—1870.

Katie came in at this hour to pass the night (53-Vol. III) and be ready for our morning meeting. Before she retired, the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. I am here to tell you that I have been with you to-day. I have looked in your paths and saw the flowers blooming fresh and green. You may rest peacefully. It is best for you to retire and get up fresh in the morning for our meeting.

We have no chidings to give, even in a gentle way for all is well! Oh! Sarah your eyes are heavy, and little hands are waiting to close them and give you sleep. Frankie is so busy in his preparations for Christmas presents. I would not have the darling disappointed for worlds of blessings. Sarah and George you can learn much from ¹Dr. Scott. His spiritual vision is often open and the future portrayed to him.

Olin."

(1) J. L. Scott a medium but not known in the world or among his best friends as such.

Nov. 17 6½ A. M.—1870.

Again all was agreeable in atmosphere and our personal conditions, and we were punctually in attendance. The Prof. signified his presence by his perfectly natural, firm tread. The welcome sound "I am here. B. F." came from the dear echoes. The children played about and touched us many times. Katie's hand wrote and they left.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are here not more faithful than you for which our souls rejoice. We repose but never sleep. Long we have been at our duties; early the hour would seem to you on earth, but we love to come to you (54-Vol. III) at the first dawn of day and see if all is well.

The children were with you last night. Twice little hands brushed over your face after you had fallen asleep; then Ma took them to their home. You see how near you have them; how they love to come to you, which should make you supremely happy. No cold winds can pierce their little forms. They rest in the arms of peace and pleasure and when they sleep the little doves nestle down by them and they lie among the flowers in a dreamy state. You should be thankful that they are here with us, so tenderly cared for. Grandma is here this morning and the children are with their Grandpa Taylor to whom they are telling their wishes. A happy day is before them. I see no clouds over you but the sun begins to shine more radiantly than it has for a long time and you are safe.

I must now go with the circle and aid them with their work. Prof. will come, when he is through, and give directions.

Grandma and Ma wish you to meet at half past nine this morning, and be punctual as they have other duties which will call them. All is well! God bless you!

Olin."

"No Papa I only took your hair in my hand, my little hand!

Frankie."

"My Dear Children. All is well! I sent Olin to tell you that I would give directions. Meet

at nine Saturday night. We will all be present and finish our work. (55-Vol. III) I heard Dr. Scott talk last night. He is wise in his spiritual knowledge and nearly all the time prompted by some spirit. I like him with his faults. George keep cheerful, work with good will for bright things are coming.

Prof. Kenyon."

Nov. 17 9½ A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Child. We write in unison: blessed are the pure in heart; blessed are those who believe; blessed are they who comfort in the hour of affliction; blessed is the mantle of charity, and blessed, thrice blessed are those who bless. We see God as you do, in the light of day, in the sunshine, in flowers, the grass, the air, in the falling of the leaves, in all the changes of the seasons. Look out upon the trees, see how beautiful they are in their change. Another season and they will come forth again green and fresh. So everything revives, so it is with us, with humanity. We pass from youth to age, from age to youth. The best illustration we can give is the change in the leaves. They turn from bright beautiful green, to yellow, then dry upon the ground and their beauty seems gone. The tree is left leafless, nothing but the dry branches; but then, spring comes again, they are born into a new life and their dress looks fresher and younger than ever. So with old age. So with your Grandma. She threw off the old shell like the butterfly, and expanded (56-Vol. III) into a beautiful young woman. Here her life commenced again, she was a girl with all her youthful feelings and beautiful to the eyes of other angels. The picture portrays this visibly to your eyes. My dear child, would that some one could go forth and preach this to the world, preach this truth, so pure, so holy when rightly understood, so sad when used for evil purposes which is often done as a cloak to shield from other eyes.

Blessed are those who believe as you do, and come to us with their hearts pure, throwing aside the cares of life and all that would mar our coming. Would that another Bible could be written. You are writing one Sarah. Keep it for it is

(1) A reply to a remark of the Doctor's.

purely good, and some day it will be worshipped by those who now scoff. The most deplorable thing, Sarah, is to see so many passing away without knowing this truth. We grieve to witness the griefs, the sorrows that might be healed through this intercourse. But patience! patience! every heart is not prepared for such truths. We must abide our time and teach thoroughly even though it be a slow work. Some hearts are so difficult to reach! Gladly would we raise the crushed heart when we are repelled, but we can not overcome conditions.

We go, to-day, to our banquet hall. Already the children have been to me to see how they are to dress. I wanted Leila to (57-Vol. III) wear white, but Frankie wants her to wear pink, and white flowers, so that will be her dress. Frankie will wear all white with a blue girdle. I shall wear stone color.

Would that you could see us. There will be music and every amusement that heaven can give. Nothing will be left out. New spirits will go there to-day for the first time and we shall make them welcome. Oh! What joy we shall all feel. I have not talked with Olin to-day, there I shall talk with him. And only think, Sarah, your name will be often mentioned. I anticipate much pleasure in meeting Mrs. Scott and her daughter to-day. The Prof. will be there with his wife. All Sarah's (your Grandma's) children will be there. I will tell you all about it when we meet Sunday morning.

Grandma has been here all the time and often put her words upon this paper. She says, "Tell dear Sarah, I send her kisses, blessings and love." I watch over all my children. ¹ Dear Ralph is my boy still although his thoughts do not often come this way: and Daniel, I often seek him, but you and Emeline are my especial care.

I was drawn so near to you soon after my departure, there were so many trials for you and Emeline to bear, you felt my loss so keenly that I was drawn more closely to you. Tell Emeline, she need feel no anxiety. All will glide on

smoothly and she will (58-Vol. III) be happy. My dear Sarah we can say no more but know that the children shall never grieve for I have charge over them. God bless you!

Your Ma to all eternity with a Mother's immortal love."

Nov. 20 10 A. M.—1870.

The air was not good and Katie was nervous on Saturday evening so we did not meet until this morning. The atmosphere was clear and cold, the conditions all excellent and our circle full of gladness. Dr. Franklin, Prof. Kenyon, and Isaac T. Hopper, each in his own particular way announced himself.

The Doctor was slapped upon the shoulder several times by a strong, firm hand. The pencil was taken from the table and placed in my hand by Ma. Olin said "Sarah, Uncle Thomas sends his love to you." Uncle Thomas was a brother of Pa, who died when I was an infant.

Frankie said "Mamma, Leila has a harp and I guess you will see it painted."

These were the particular things that occurred. The usual going by the folding doors, the writing, the departure through the open window, transpired. Then we read.

"My Dear Child. I promised to come here this morning and tell you all about our banquet hall and its beauties. I am here my child to fulfill my promise. We were all there. When I went in with the two children, Olin was talking, in the music room, with Prof. Hare and his wife. (59-Vol. III) The children saw him first and bounding from me, ran to see which would be in Olin's arms first. Frankie's speed was broken by Prof. H. and Leila was the winner. Then your Grandpa and Grandma came in and reclined on a sofa near the entrance to the hall in order to see all who came in. A young man of great intelligence introduced himself to me and wished me to help him open the way to his Mother, that he might be able to comfort her. He departed this life in Cincinnati. His name is Alfred Burns. He is an only son, aged twenty-two. I am going to try to impress his Mother to go to some medium in that

(1) He was much interested in these truths before his marriage, but his wife scoffs and he seems to have fallen in with her feelings.

city, when she will hear from her son. I will have more to tell you about that at a future time.

¹Emma Taylor and her Father were there. She is a pretty girl and very pure as her dress indicated, it was white, trimmed with violets. Your Uncle Thomas, his Father and Mother, Olin, Prof. Kenyon, Prof. Hare, Mrs. Kenyon, Mrs. Hare and I went out upon the veranda and there we talked about the things nearest our hearts. I told them how I had just left you, and that you still remembered them with appreciation, which pleased and gratified them. While I sat talking with these beloved friends, Leila came to me with her harp in her hand which had been presented to her by Dr. Franklin, and this shall be portrayed to your eyes. (60-Vol. III) She was a beautiful picture with her fair hair flowing, ²her pink dress and fine face, her white rosebuds and wreaths over her dress. Oh! how beautiful she looked to all our eyes. So she came for me and wanted me to thank Dr. Franklin for her beautiful harp of so many strings. I went with her and found him walking up and down the hall, holding Frankie by the hand. In deep, fatherly tones, he asked "My son what can I give you? What would please you most?" Frankie answered "Oh! Teach me how to paint flowers, such as in my home for my Mamma's and Papa's Christmas present, and I will ask no more for a long time." Then the answer from that good man came tenderly and lovingly, "My son you shall paint your flowers, a beautiful wreath of flowers for your Christmas gift to your Mamma and Papa and I will help you. Go my son rejoice in the sunshine, catch the butterflies but do not keep them, and when the hour for you to paint comes I will send a little dove with a rose in its mouth as a token that I am ready to teach you." Frankie was so happy that Leila could not make him listen to her harp, but to-day they are both sitting under the blossoming trees playing upon the harp.

One circumstance occurred which caused a shadow to fall on the gaiety of the scene. A young woman came in the side (61-Vol. III) door. She was dressed in dark clothes, her spirit was sad.

At first I did not recognize her for her face was veiled to keep out the splendor that was too much for her vision. She motioned me to come to her. I did so and recognized ¹Mrs. Scott who wished to be excused from the banquet as her soul was dark with forebodings, and she wished me to make ²Sarah happy. This threw a little sadness over me. You see how real our lives are.

I met people I knew when I was a child and was rejoiced. I met, in passing from music and flowers into a more quiet part, John Brown walking arm in arm with Abraham Lincoln. I was happy, for I read in his soul, that nothing could give him more joy than walking with that great good man President Lincoln. He has his reward now. The chant of the angels closed the amusements, but the children would not leave till the Prof. took them by the hand to their own homes. Sarah let me tell you another little circumstance. You must not feel the least sadness after you hear it.

In the midst of all these great, glittering joys, Leila and Frankie called for their Mamma to come and see their beautiful place. Leila ran out calling "Mamma come" and I left the circle to comfort her and play on the harp. She soon understood and was as happy as ever. All is well!

I am with you and Emeline daily, and (62-Vol. III) when clouds threaten I will warn you. Trust in me! I can say no more. Your Grandma and Olin have both combined their sentiments in this communication and now with our united love and blessing I leave you to go with the children.

Your Ma."

"My Dear Children. I do not want you to feel in the least hurried as I want you to see how Leila progresses and when she is holding her harp she is so beautiful, but ask no questions. I have not the power to tell you as your expectations would prevent our success. All is well! Meet Tuesday at half past six in the morning. George be of good cheer.

Prof. Kenyon."

(1) The Doctor's Sister who died in 1841.

(2) She was dressed as Ma said Frankie wished her to be.

(1) The wife of J. L. Scott, who died in about 1858.

(2) Their daughter who died in infancy and about the year 1846.

"My Dear Children. God bless you.
Benj. Franklin."

"My Dear Sarah and George. All is well! We go now all together. God bless you!

Olin."

Nov. 21 1 P. M.—1870.

At half past twelve Katie came. She was not sick but quite irritable and would remain only two hours. The Doctor had gone out not to return until four, still we (Katie and I) were asked to meet at once. We prepared the room, opened the window, closed our eyes and sat as usual. We were twice sent by the folding doors, I holding each of Katie's hands on both occasions, just as the Doctor does when present. The pencil wrote and they went away and left the linen cloth (63-Vol. III) on the carpet directly under the window, more than twenty feet from the table on which I spread it. This was the second meeting held by Katie and me without the Doctor for the painting of pictures.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here now and have the picture. We will work on it to-day and to-morrow so as to present it to you Wednesday. We are glad that we had the power to direct Katie's footsteps here in time to have the meeting. We will require a meeting at three to-morrow, it will be better than in the morning as we would have the atmosphere to contend with. We also take the time now instead of the morning, but wish George to be here at three to-morrow afternoon. We may be able to give the picture then. All is well! Be happy! Dr. Franklin, the Prof. and all are here. The future is bright! Tell George to feel no misgivings. Oh! How happy we are to be able to come now. God bless you.
Olin."

"My Dear Sarah. We were happy all day yesterday. The children were joyous and had no wish that was not gratified. Your children dear Sarah! Are you not happy to know they are so well cared for, so sheltered, so beloved! Oh! Let the winds of heaven not waft one sigh of regret from your heart to ours for we are with you daily and protecting you from all sorrow.

Your own Ma."

(64-Vol. III) Dec. 2 2½ P. M.—1870.

Katie did not come the next day, Nov. 22, as they appointed. She did not come again until this day noon, having been very sick in her own sad way. The day was fine and when I was preparing the room, Olin told me to bring in a sheet of tissue paper. We sat very quietly for a half hour, hearing nothing of them except Frankie said "Papa I see you." Now the echoes said, "Dear Children, it is accomplished. B. F."

Katie's hand wrote and then they told me to open the tissue paper. As soon as done, the absent crayon paper was dropped upon the tissue paper, and the echoes said, "Cover the picture with the tissue paper." Again "Read." We read.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We have retained the paper so long, often in the damp atmosphere, that it is not as fine as we hoped to have it. The idea is beautiful and well portrayed. Leila was first in pink and Frankie wished her taken so, but the dress was changed to blue and she is rising out of a lily. We have given a matured expression as we were obliged to in this position. The crayons were dull and bad. Now we will let Frankie make the flowers for Christmas. We will have a meeting for that next week.

Meet to-morrow morning for messages from your loved ones, as we have much to say and have not the power now. We have used it on the picture. Do not open the (65-Vol. III) paper until after our next meeting as it is not finished. Only look upon it through the tissue paper. All is well! God bless you! Now look upon the bright side of life and sigh not. Do not tell this to any one as it would injure the Doctor's business.

Olin."

Dec. 3 7½ P. M.—1870.

The evening fine. Katie was nervous and too tired to get here in the morning, so we did not meet until this hour. For a half hour we sat quietly, the pencil wrote a little; then we, by direction, lighted the gas, read their writing and looked upon the picture.

We found it exactly as they had told us, an outline picture, imperfectly filled, partly with

crayons and partly with water colors, of Leila standing in a magnificent lily, holding and playing her golden harp. Her head is slightly bent forward, her hair hanging in curls to her shoulders and her fingers running lightly over the strings of her harp. The face is strikingly mature for her age. The lily is large and natural with its two green leaves colored green and they have had neither water colors nor green crayon from us.

The conception is beautiful, and they affirm, perfectly true. The paper itself is much tumbled.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We had to roll the paper once, in order to bring it in your atmosphere and we were obliged to put the crayons on the inside. Meet early to-morrow. (66-Vol. III) We will all come and talk. We will give directions. The greatest picture we have ever given is about to be given and we desire Katie to be here much of the time.

Olin."

When we looked upon the picture we remarked upon there being several colors in the picture which they had not received from us. The pencil wrote.

"Do you not remember? We told you we could manufacture some few colors of our own. Read your messages. We think that you all better rest early and be very fresh to-morrow for your beloved circle.

Olin."

Dec. 4 10 A. M.—1870.

We sat down most gladly to hear from our unseen loved ones. Very soon the little echoes said, "Dear Mamma and Papa I see you." I responded "Oh! my children! Where are you? I can not see you!" The answer came. "Dear Child, you can not see the air but you can feel it. B. F." I asked, "Do you mean, Dr. Franklin, that they are as undefined as air?" Ans. "I only wish to give you the idea of the possibility of their standing by your side and still invisible to you." Then the pencil wrote the following.

"My Dear Children. You ask me where your children are? You say, you 'can not see them.' I answer, you feel the air and still you see it not.

Now by this I mean, that your children are as real (67-Vol. III) and palpable, as fully formed and spiritually life-like as you are to each other; and they sit in your midst, sometimes in your arms, often by your side, still you see them not.

These little ones often wonder why you do not answer their demonstrations of love, they see you so distinctly. This morning when you came in the room, they ran to you with open arms and took hold of your dress but you saw them not, therefore you could not answer their greetings, which made them wonder.

Oh! There is nothing strange upon the earth, there is nothing strange beneath the sun; then marvel not.

B. F."

We read it, and I inquired if they saw the children run to us, and all their, and each other's acts, as distinctly as we here see acts performed before our eyes? Ans. "Yes."

I asked if the children were as large now as they would have been, had they remained here? Ans. "Yes, just the same."

I again inquired. How tall is Frankie? Ans. "As tall as Willie, a little more delicate in form, beautiful, spiritual." The pencil wrote.

"My Dear Child. I am here this morning with the children. Oh! Would that the little thin veil could be removed, and your spiritual vision be opened, and you behold us as we are real; but the shell, the earthly outside removed and the beautiful spiritual put on, so that we are the immortal beings (68-Vol. III) of another world, permitted to come to you and visit you and in a measure become materialized while with you, but that is only when we become visible to your eyes, or perform some work in your presence. When you hear us walk about the room and take the paper, we are in a measure materialized. Dr. Franklin has the power to materialize himself more perfectly than any other spirit. Can you now, better understand, my child, from this little explanation?

I hope you can, for I am sorry to see you desire any knowledge which lies in my power to give. We love to tell you about our lives, but there

are things we cannot explain, for instance, the fact of our existence, no more than you can explain your coming upon the earth. But we know that we are blessed and that we can bless. We know that our wishes are prayers and a higher power answers them.

We dress, we sing, we have amusements, we have tea-parties, we have duties great, oh so much greater than yours. We often have to repose after a long trial of duties.

Now my dear child, let me speak of things closely linked with my soul. We were all with you Thanksgiving day; we were here in the room with you; we were all dressed in our most beautiful robes; we were happy. Frankie and Leila were here with wreaths of flowers for you. They brought them for their Mamma and Papa. You should be very happy for we are. We have looked in your future, it has (69-Vol. III) no heavy clouds. Turn from the graves; look upon them as little garden spots where the flowers bloom for your beloved. Now there are no graves, no withered flowers. Oh! Rejoice, rejoice, your two Grandpas, your own beloved Ma, and I, your Grandma bless you with our eternal love.

Grandma."

P. S. My children all send their love to you."

On reading the above I remarked "And you have great trials." The pencil wrote.

"For instance; had it not been for two guardian spirits of ¹this girl, for the past week, she would have fallen into wicked hands; perhaps died in her weakness.

Yes, George and Sarah, I am teaching both the children. Frankie is a very charming boy. His intellect is great. His flowers will show that. He has a great mind for a little boy. I often look upon him and think how happy you would have been, how proud of him, had he been spared to grow up by your side. A little wish that he might have lived obtrudes, but for an instant. He is better off here. He came an untarnished gem and was placed in the glory of the sinless world, to work for and protect you. George I want you to have all the work you can do. I know you are

happiest when you are doing good and making money.

Do not look upon the present as dull. (70-Vol. III) Never shall you be in a place that you can not step out of. Your work will bring you success. I am very busy this morning. I will now give directions. Meet next Tuesday at half past six A. M. for Frankie and have his paper on the table. We do not wish him disappointed. All is well! God bless you!

Prof. K."

"My Own Dear Sarah. You have not called me! Do you know that, my sister? Would you have forgotten that I was here? You know that I always come first, but this morning I gave way for others. Now I come, my sister, to speak for I know, I am welcome, and that your heart would grieve to have me go away without saying something.

Dear Sister, I believe I understand you better than all the rest. I feel that if I was in the form you would come to me and I could give peace by placing your head upon my breast. Sarah be not depressed for I can give you joy. I help you with my love and sympathy. There is a constant flow from me to you and from you to me. I can feel your spirit if happy, I am conscious of it if unhappy. I am by your side to cheer you, beloved one.

Tell Em. that I see her thoughts, I read them and I keep watch that all is well with her absent one. Tell her he will do well and by Christmas she will be very happy. Tell her to keep cheerful and be a good girl as I always (71-Vol. III) find her. I can say no more. We are all going soon on our way rejoicing. God bless you!

Olin."

"My Dear Child. We are so happy, our family in this world of light and love. We never forget you! Oh! No! No! We are ever watching that no evil comes. Be not worried. Tell Emeline, that I am with her and that I shall rejoice to see her happily situated, which she will be at some future day not far off. I am now going to take charge of the children. God bless you!

Your Ma.

Your Mother to all Eternity."

"My Son. The labor of every honest man is hard for he has trials to endure. The whims and caprices of others to combat with. I speak of your profession, but the bright star of your life. Success not failure, shall be your reward, so be happy and rejoice! We can say no more. The power which permits our coming is weakened, exhausted, therefore open the window and let us depart. Chain us not by wishing us to remain for your wish keeps us here, especially your children, and they require now the pure atmosphere of heaven, and their robes must be changed and their flowers arranged. God bless you!

Isaac T. Hopper."

Dec. 5 9 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sister. The air is filled with electricity and we are happy to talk this morning. (72-Vol. III) We wish you to know how near we are to you when the atmosphere is clear. We came in with Katie last evening and we were happy for we knew that we could speak freely this morning.

We are all going to the banquet hall this afternoon at half past four. We are to meet there for conversation and a consultation and also to look into the future of those dear to us. Our circle will have a room in the center of the building, where no others will look in. You must not ask for us as it will be an important day and we will have to look with careful eyes without the chain being divided and you must, dear Sarah, try to avoid thinking too much of us. We shall be free at six in the morning to talk with you. Go on your way happy and look not back into the dark past if it be sorrowful; look to the present, see how beautiful the sun shines, the spirits float about you, they hand flowers to drop upon you and leave them sometimes with you, blessings of the choicest kind, such as angels alone can give. Oh! Be happy! Rejoice and live in our presence for we are with you, as real, as life-like as we ever were. We hear the harps sounding! We hear the little ones singing. Some are anxious to go on little errands to their Grandparents or their Mothers. Some are anxious to play on the harp and some to weave garlands. Be happy! Leila

and Frankie are dancing with delight for there is no place they love so much to visit (73-Vol. III) as the Banquet hall. No more now Sarah.

We will all give you a full detail and your future shall be well read. God bless you! All is well! I hear the children calling 'Uncle Olin, tell Mamma we love her and that we will bring her something from the banquet hall, something pretty.' Now these little prattles I give you for they come from your children. I hear my name called by the whole circle. I must join them.

Good bye Sarah. All is well!

Olin."

Dec. 5 4 P. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. Now we are preparing to start for our ¹pleasure spot. I am ready and the others are preparing, and we are happy, for we shall all meet happy as birds. We are just as happy as you would be were George and Willie in Europe for some months and you just expecting them home. Do you understand the illustration? All is well! I go. I go. Now the choir calls.

Olin."

Dec. 6 6½ A. M.—1870.

The morning was very damp, still we met punctually. B. F. said "We are all here." I responded "And are you here Dr. Franklin?" Olin answered, "The father of electricity and the discoverer of the spiritual telegraph between the two worlds is here. The present generation owe all to him." The echoes now directed the Doctor and Katie to go by the folding doors, and almost as soon as they returned to their seats, sent them back and at the same time Dr. (74-Vol. III) Franklin made this explanation. "The child is anxious to paint now, but it would not be fine in this atmosphere and I am trying to show him this fact. Come little boy." And away they went again by the folding doors. The pencil wrote and they left us at seven.

"My Dear Sarah. The atmosphere is too unfavorable for us to take the paper. Oh! How good Dr. Franklin is to show the cause, the rea-

(1) The banquet hall.

son why, it cannot be done, to these little ones. Meet at nine for messages, you and Katie. All is well.

Olin."

"I have shown to the little boy that it is impossible to handle the paper in a damp atmosphere without injuring it, leaving a blemish upon it.

B. F."

"We are all very happy.

Prof. K."

"George, thy heart calls me. I am here. Do not let thy mind be worried. The jewels will soon flow from it. ¹Thy nervousness chained me to thy bedside. Now do not let thy mind be disturbed for thy work will come out right. I feel sorry for thee when sleep is denied thee. These words are true and they should comfort thee.

Isaac T. Hopper.

B. F."

Dec. 6 9 A. M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. Just as the sun's rays were lengthening across our paths and the flowers opening we all followed in the avenue that led to our banquet hall, two by two; (75-Vol. III) Grandma and Grandpa, her children, Ma, Frankie and Leila, Prof. Kenyon, his wife and other members of his family, Isaac T. Hopper and his family. Dr. Franklin and his wife led the way. We followed those two immortal beings, so pure and holy. While going along there were acquaintances, young girls and youths throwing flowers before us and upon us.

The children were dressed in golden tissue spotted with little blue flowers. I speak of Frankie and Leila, their robes fell loosely about them and they looked like angels as they were. Leila wore a wreath of forget-me-nots, but Frankie would have nothing but his little curls. We were met at the door by the great father of our country and his family, for they were there first. They were happy to lead us where we could exchange sentiments. They reminded me of the time when as a boy I used to look upon their pictures.

I said to them "We exchange words face to face here, we clasp hands. I, General, am most happy to meet so great a man."

He answered, and his voice was full of love, "Except ye become as little children, ye can not enter the kingdom of heaven."

Here the children ran to me, and holding the hand of this great and good man, we passed to our room where we found our seats prepared, our pleasures ready.

It was beautiful to see the flowers open when the children touched them. It was (76-Vol. III) amusing to them. Frankie touched a large lily, it opened, and a beautiful dove came out which flew to Dr. Franklin, then back to him with a message written in gold letters, telling him that he would meet him this morning.

First, let me tell you Sarah, that on entering there is the most soothing music, low, but so distinct that it can be heard throughout our world. It reaches the ears of every pure spirit, and they follow the sound and often go to the hall, without a desire to go in, merely to see, as all spirits find not their families in this beautiful place.

They walk about, look in, and if they feel inclined, go in. Some are timid; then we step forward and take them to the most pleasant parts, but they do not at first understand, and go away before they see the great beauty of the place. Mr. Hopper is going to bring some new spirits here at the next meeting. You know them by reputation. Some of them have not been here long and seem discontented.

My Dear Sarah we will now tell you of our meeting, how we read the future. We sat down together. Ma, Grandma, Grandpa and family all sat down together. We were parted off in families. We sat before a pure stream. First, I saw your future six months ahead. It was a beautiful, peaceful landscape. Yours and George's are on one landscape. Near (77-Vol. III) George was a little darkness, a few little clouds and hills. But they will all be overstepped and he will stand bright and clear in successful paths. He will have a few trials at first to endure and

(1) The Doctor had passed a restless night as he often did when writing.

he must be cheerful under all difficulties, for all will pass away and you and all dear to you will be happy. I saw you Sarah, at the bedside of some sick, very sick person. I am not permitted to tell who, some one in your family. I saw you gliding along safely, with flowers at your feet. You must guard Willie from disease, from too much study. We will from time to time advise you and prevent much evil. Do not feel a shadow for all is well.

Tell dear Em. that she has no cause for shadows. I can not tell her now what I saw mirrored in her future as I am not permitted, it is not best. Ralph has much sorrow before him. The mirror came no more and we arose from our seats to walk the beautiful halls. While we were reading the future, the children were out in the bowers, made wreaths of flowers one for Mamma, one for Papa and one for Willie; so they prattled, and sang, and danced, and played.

Dr. Franklin desires a meeting at half past six to-morrow morning. He will then choose the crayons and paper. God bless you.

Olin."

(78-Vol. III) Dec. 7 6½ A. M.—1870.

The morning was perfectly clear. I placed three crayon sheets of different shades upon the little table by the folding doors, and eight crayon pencils of different colors or shades upon the large table by the window where we sit. I left the room and closed the door. In about fifteen minutes we were ready to enter and as we approached the room the door was opened for us. Dr. Franklin saluted Dr. Taylor with a vigorous slap upon the shoulder, told us they were here, sent the Doctor and Katie two or three times by the folding doors and then told us to move the small table up to ours. I moved it squarely against the large table and on the opposite side from Katie.

Now by Dr. Franklin's order I took up one crayon pencil at a time and marked upon the crayon sheet designated by him until I had used three, and was taking up the fourth, had my fingers upon it when another of those still upon the table was put in my hand displacing the one I was taking. After trying this fourth pencil he

said "That will do; tie them together." I wound a thread about these four pencils some half dozen times, tied it securely and was about laying them down when he said, "Keep them in your hand and hold them under the table." I did so and immediately (79-Vol. III) felt a large cold hand against mine, then it took the pencils. The Doctor held both of Katie's hands during this, but soon she took a pencil and it wrote. While it was still writing the echoes said "Open window." I opened it and took my seat, the pencil still writing. After five minutes they told us to close the window. I did that and again took my seat, the pencil all the time continuing to write.

When they were through, they bade us open our eyes and read.

"My Dear Children. I have taken the pencils as they are the hardest to control. Wood is hard to come in our sphere. I will retain them to-day. To-morrow at half past six I will take the paper weather permitting. The most difficult is over and I hold them still in your presence. I want the little boy to succeed as well as any one here and I am going to give him my aid. We will not be able to say much until this picture is finished as we are all going to aid him. Meet at half past six to-morrow morning. Be of good cheer! There are no shadows in your pathway. All is bright and we are happy.

B. F."

"My Dear Child. I am happy to come here and talk, to say a few words, to tell you that all is well. The flowers are open, the sun is shining brightly across our pathway and we are walking in shining robes over the sunny paths. Oh! Sarah (80-Vol. III) how happy we are. Frankie and Leila are reposing in your Grandma's arms and I am now going to take them with me as they are calling me. I must be by their side. Oh! Would that you could see them. My child I came to tell you not to feel worried about Willie. He is not going to be sick but he must not study too hard. Now I must leave you to go to my work.

Your own Ma."

"George, I am here. Your Father amused me this morning, he is going to every bower where the children are reposing, taking them in his arms, dancing them up and down. I am sure he is happy with all his innocent duties. Now my son you are getting along well and you will not fail.

Isaac T. Hopper."

The Doctor asked, "How came our friend so familiar with Washington, Franklin, Prof. Hare etc.?"

"That shall be explained. Get no ideas of your own, merely wait. Never urge a communication. Never urge. Let it flow freely. The explanation will be given by Dr. Franklin.

Prof. Kenyon."

"My sister, I am not going to let the circle close without saying a word. We are happy this morning, you must be. The flowers of heaven send forth their sweet perfume (81-Vol. III) through the air, and I send the blessing the soul of them to you. God bless you. Tell Em. I was with her last night. Tell her all is well.

Olin."

"Mamma, I am so happy! Mamma, Papa do you see how happy I am? I have just seen the pencils, for I was reposing when they were taken. I will be on the spot before Dr. Franklin to-morrow.

Frankie."

Dec. 8 6½ A. M.—1870.

The morning was very fine, the moon shone with silvery whiteness. I placed the crayon paper upon the table by the folding doors, we got ready and were in the room on time.

Before we were all seated Frankie said, "Mamma I am here." Then Dr. Franklin's, Prof. Kenyon's and Olin's echoes greeted us joyfully. We were ten minutes seated when the Doctor and Katie were sent by the folding doors. They remained but a moment or two and as they returned the small table followed them until it struck against that around which we sat. By their directions, I placed it in the same position as on the previous morning, opened the window, we all stood by it, closed it and lighted the gas. The crayon paper was gone and we had been in

the room less than twenty minutes. They told us to meet at nine for directions but wrote not one word at this sitting.

(82-Vol. III) Dec. 8 9 A. M.—1870.

"We have had great success this morning. The paper and crayons are now ours. Your little son is full of delight. He wants to do his best, and he shall. I wish to impress upon your minds that your son does the work with my aid. He thinks that he can do more than paint the flowers, but I tell him constantly that he will make a great achievement to paint the flowers. I will stand over him and direct with care. I have the little fellow here with me this morning and I want you to assure him that he will gratify you by painting the flowers alone. It is well to help these little ones and I am happy to be able to.

Meet Saturday at half past six in the morning. Do not break one of these appointments. You will be rewarded. So far we are rejoiced, the conditions are good, the channel is pure for which we are more than rejoiced. We can not express our joy any more than you can convey, to the minds of others, the strains of an organ. All we ask is that our directions may be followed. We will then be able to follow out our own wishes. We are very happy for we look beyond the present, into the future. Before we commenced this work we looked into Katie's future and we saw that she would be true to her promise. All is well!

B. F."

(83-Vol. III) "My Dear Sister Sarah. We were all here this morning. Ma left our circle early and looked in your face before you left your bed, and waited till your lamp was lighted. When you were ready she gave us a sign and we all came through our shining paths. We have no darkness to walk through, no lamps to light. Our lamps are lighted by One who gives you light, life and blessings. We are so real, so human and yet divine. We love enjoyments, we love pleasures, we love to meditate, we love to come down to our beloved on earth, to cheer them, to lift them up when they are sad and make them feel more worthy of themselves.

Ma, often when you are writing up your accounts, sits down by your side with the children, and makes you a visit when you are not conscious of her presence. Often we mingle with you when you are thinking of your daily cares. Oh! My Sister how happy I am to see that all is well. No dark clouds. No dark shadows over your future. I looked at the flowers this morning, they were all fresh, their sweet heads were up and I went my way with a happy heart. I have a heart Sarah, it beats like yours, but beats no requiem; a life throb of immortality. Ma, Grandma and all send their love to you. Tell Em. she must not droop in spirits, tell her not to fold her wings, I mean, not to fold her arms in sadness, not to let (84-Vol. III) the drops of disappointment fall from her eyes, for I know that she has yet to enjoy her happiest days. The golden clouds float over her now and she must be happy.

We can say no more for the power is exhausted and we must refresh ourselves in the atmosphere of a higher power and dear Sarah, we must consult together therefore call us not back. God bless you and George.

Olin."

Dec. 10 6½ A. M.—1870.

Another clear, cold and bright, moonlight morning. We found our invisible loved ones full of power and happiness. We heard the pencils upon the paper with great distinctness and the Doctor felt the touch of Frankie's hand several times. He took hold of his Papa's uncovered hands and placed his fingers on his Papa's forehead and held them there for a little time. He pulled my dress with great strength. Their echoes to each other were particularly joyous.

At seven o'clock, by their direction, we opened the window and left the room with eyes still closed. As soon as we were seated in our parlor the pencil began to write and continued to do so for more than twenty minutes, when it stopped and the echoes said, "I am waiting for directions." Soon it commenced again and immediately some one rapped at the door. The Doctor went and opened it but could see no one, still he, Katie, Maggie (who was in (85-Vol. III) the room) and

I heard the rap at the door with distinctness. Now Olin explained, "It was Dr. Franklin knocking good bye as he left."

"My Dear Sarah and George. We have had a glorious beginning and now we are happy. Dr. Franklin and the children are still in the back room and I am ordered to come and give directions.

We are happy not to have breaks in the chain. All the circle have been here for Frankie's benefit, we are aiding him, his little hands use the crayons with great ease. We watch his delicate fingers move in his work, we watch the animation of his face, his happy spirit and we feel rejoiced to give him this pleasure.

His mind expands as his days go on, he is able to teach Willie. This little boy, who is as real, as life-like as Willie! only the earthly is thrown off. We wish to let you see through the veil! And we can! We can! I want to tell you in few words that all the flowers are bright in your garden here, none have closed their leaves with disappointment, they are fresh and that indicates happiness.

See how beautiful, how clear the sky is. We have been able to do much. For flowers the conditions are entirely different.

Ma, Grandma and Grandpa are together. They placed Frankie in Dr. Franklin's arms (86-Vol. III) long before you had arisen. He felt a little darkness as he approached you but soon his eyes opened in the glory that surrounded him and he was not troubled with earthly shadows. All is happy here.

We go to-morrow to the banquet hall at an early hour. We shall have much to tell you the following day.

Meet Monday at half past six and at nine.

George, Dr. Franklin has been talking with me. He says that you had better go right on with your work and finish it up. Do not delay, you will get through well and successfully. All is well! Worry not! Let your hearts be happy! Your minds at ease and blessings will follow you. We will be with you to-morrow before we dress for the banquet hall.

Dear Sarah, we all go now to consult with each other.

Olin."

Dec. 11 6½ A. M.—1870.

The air was cold and perfectly clear. As soon as we were seated Frankie said, "My own, dear, precious Mamma and Papa I am here." Dr. Franklin and Prof. Kenyon each signified their presence in his own peculiar way. We directly heard them working upon the paper and they told me to furnish them a bowl of water at the next meeting. Katie wrote as usual and at about fifteen minutes past seven the echoes said "Get the box out of the drawer, put it on the bed and (87-Vol. III) take off the cover." When this order was given the Doctor and Katie were standing by the little table. They did not move while I obeyed. Almost as soon as done the echoes added, "Spread the linen handkerchief over the box, then the cover." This I also did while the Doctor and Katie still stood by the little table.

On taking our seats they said "We shall linger near until after nine. Open the window that we may make our presence invisible." In reply to an inquiry they said their paper was in the box. We opened the window, closed it, opened our eyes, locked the box in the drawer and read the following.

"My Dear Sarah. We are here this beautiful morning, we, your loved ones are here. Do you dear Sister realize how greatly you are blessed? We have asked ourselves if we realized how greatly we are blessed in being permitted to come to you and do these things? All spirits have not the same power. Many look at us anxiously and longingly. Many ask our aid. They too would love to bless their friends but few know how to receive these gifts. Therefore, all are not blessed alike. We are going to our banquet hall soon, for we have much to say to each other and we have new friends to meet. Dr. Franklin and Frankie are at work. We are aiding them. We are working successfully. We have chosen this early hour. No calls from outside, no prying eyes, no suspicious minds at this hour, this calm

and peaceful hour. The Professor is here with his kind aid. All are here. Ma is (88-Vol. III) going to stand very near Frankie by the table. She is never far from the children. We left Leila for the first time reposing in her cradle of flowers. Grandma sits near her to clasp her in (her) arms as soon as she opens her eyes. We want a short meeting at nine. Be punctual. Dr. Franklin will be ready to give directions.

Olin."

Dec. 11 9 A. M.—1870.

I unlocked the drawer, placed the box on the bed, put a bowl of water on the bureau near the little table, opened the window and as soon as the Doctor and Katie were in their seats we closed our eyes; then I took the cover and the handkerchief upon the little table and took my seat. Again we heard working upon the paper with firm and apparently precise touch. Katie's hand wrote and they left us by the open window taking with them their paper. We do not yet know why they left it with us from seven to nine. There appeared to be no reason in the atmosphere for the air was clear and cold. We found the picture of little Leila, with her harp, standing upon the bureau near us. It was in that "box."

"We are all here. The paper we will take with us. The children are dancing with delight. As soon as this meeting is over we will dress for the banquet hall. You say, dear Sarah and George, that you would like to know how it is (89-Vol. III) that we have the company of these distinguished men? I will tell you. As a bird seeks its rest in a tree, so we seek those who are above us in intellect. Our spirits attract by our desires, and more especially if we had that desire before coming here. You always had a wish to see President Lincoln and shake hands with him. You would have gone some distance to sit down at table with him. You would make the effort to see him. So it is with us, only our wish is a prayer and attracts the spirit so that it seeks us and the way is opened for our souls to mingle. Those who come here without a desire to know more, without a wish to see these historical per-

sons, never behold them except at a distance. They are repelled, instead of attracted.

Now, my dear Sarah have I given you an idea? Dr. Franklin knows that he is beloved here by every spirit that is able to express itself in language, and he is always ready to aid and instruct. He feels it a happy duty. You will find him in every home, where the inmates are worthy, bending over the dying, cooling the feverish brow, bringing before the dying beautiful visions, moistening the parched lips. Unseen he administers these blessings and they are realized when the lips move not.

Long we have lingered in your atmosphere and we must go to our own pure skies where our power can be replenished and our most beautiful garments put on for the banquet hall. (90-Vol. III) We will talk with you about it at nine to-morrow. Do not call us back or think too strongly of us or our circle may be broken.

One word to Em. Tell her we have not forgotten her, no shadows, sing and be happy. Frank is well. All is well! We can say no more.

Olin."

"Meet at half past six to-morrow morning.

B. F."

Dec. 12 12 M.—1870.

At half past six the rain fell in torrents and they postponed the meeting till nine. At nine it was just the same and they postponed the meeting till twelve. At twelve the rain continued moderately. Katie and I sat a little time for them to write. While Olin was writing the echoes said "Sarah I am here. Chance brought me in your way. I am going to visit other friends and just stopped a moment to see you. Good bye." I asked who is it? Ans. "I am Sarah Langworthy's son Thomas." My Father's brother, more than forty years on the sunny side.

"My Dear Sarah. We come with difficulty but we are here. Frankie was very much disappointed not to have his meeting. He understands now why he could not go on with the work and is now a happy little boy in bright paths above all dampness and clouds.

This morning he pulled Dr. Franklin and

begged him to come with him. That good man went with him as far as the atmosphere would permit and Frankie (91-Vol. III) was glad to return to his home. You feel the change in the atmosphere, so do we when we approach your earth. We feel the drawbacks. We love so much to come when the sun shines and the atmosphere is clear. We all went to the banquet hall yesterday. We had a beautiful day and a charming time. No drawbacks, no clouds. We remained till five this morning as no other duties called us away. Mr. Hopper was there with friends of his youth. He introduced us to them. There was Henry Clay, George Fox, Mr. Hicks and many whose names were I to mention you would not recognize.

Mr. Pierpont was with him and I was pleased and gratified to meet them all. He met some friends whom he only knew through history.

It is a pleasant sight to behold these meetings. They clasp hands and exchange greetings just as you do on earth. The children do not care so much to be with other children as they do with us. They were favored with a room by themselves yesterday. Frankie drew some flowers on the table by which he sat, then he gathered the most beautiful he could find for Leila; when through with that he made numbers of little bouquets for our party and presented them to us. We were very happy. And Sarah who do you think looked in upon the children while they were sitting there? Margaret Fuller and her child. She knew Mr. Hopper and as her child is a sad little fellow, she thought she would like to have him join Frankie and Leila which will be at our next meeting at the banquet hall.

How Margaret Fuller finds happiness? She came (92-Vol. III) yesterday for the first time. My spirit was drawn towards her gentle spirit. When the hour arrived for us to leave, the organ played a farewell in the most exquisite strains. At the first echo of the organ, we all, every one in the hall gathered before it, and knelt as the heavenly strains sounded forth its parting hymn. When we arose we all went our different ways and were happy.

We will linger near you to-day but it will not be possible for us to talk, the atmosphere is so unfavorable. Dr. Franklin told me just as I was approaching earth, that the meeting would be to-morrow at half past six in the morning, weather permitting.

All the flowers are open and bright. We have no dark clouds over us, no rain to wet our garments. But murmur not at God's will, never complain, it is wrong. He sends the rain as well as the sunshine, be thankful for both.

My dear Sister we are overjoyed to look in the future, for we see that we will have good conditions. No more.

Olin."

Dec. 13 6½ A. M.—1870.

The rain finally ceased and although the earth was full of dampness we met punctually at the appointed hour. As soon as we were seated Frankie said "My dear Mamma I am here." We heard them use the pencils upon the paper, they touched the Doctor twice, wrote in the usual manner and left as always.

"My Dear Sarah and George. The shades of night are upon you, still the clouds hang over the sky above you and you need the light of a lamp to guide you. (93-Vol. III) Not so with us, we have always light, always beauty. Here there are no cares, here there is no painful suffering. We can not say that we do not suffer when those we love suffer. We feel suffering in a different way, we grieve and participate in your feelings. To lift your heart up is our greatest wish at such times, and were you to lean on us we would bear you safely above the clouds and shelter you in our arms. When we see a beloved one suffer we at once look into the future to see how every thing is going to end. If bright we give hope, if the contrary we say very little but advise as circumstances admit. I tell you this that you may know how real we are. This morning we are all here happy, there are no clouds which can not be dispelled, therefore be happy in your hearts.

Frankie thinks that he is a man already since he takes lead in this work. He is very happy. He was ready to approach earth long before the

time. We were obliged to call him back. We have not had one break, for which we are grateful. There will be none we see.

Ma, Grandma and all are here. They see you although you do not see them. We shall all make your holidays days of joy. Christmas morning we want an early meeting as we all want to speak.

I wait now for directions from Dr. Franklin. Meet at half past six Thursday morning, day after to-morrow. All is well!

Olin."

(94-Vol. III) Dec. 15 7 A. M.—1870.

At fifteen minutes to seven I was awakened from a sound sleep by Katie tapping at my door. I sprang to my feet and we made the room and ourselves ready in the shortest possible time.

I regretted very much having over slept, but the Professor assured me that no harm had come from it. The morning was clear and cold. The meeting was very pleasant, and each time they wished the Doctor and Katie to go by the folding doors, they gave the Doctor a little push in that direction and gave no other indication of their wish.

The Doctor dressed himself in such haste that he omitted his vest. It lay some ten feet from where he was sitting, with his watch and glasses both attached to it. Frankie brought the vest with all the attachments to his Papa requesting him to put it on. They wrote.

"And so my little Mamma over slept this morning while I was dancing with Leila by her bedside. No matter Mamma! All is well!

Frankie."

"My Dear Sarah and George. I looked in this morning and saw you sleeping, then I informed Dr. Franklin and awakened Katie in time. We are all here and perfectly satisfied for the conditions are good and all is well.

The flowers will be beautiful. We work with power. We have had no breaks and that rejoices our hearts, we do not lose time to mend the broken links. Dear Sarah let me make a little explanation. When we have work to do like this (95-Vol. III) we give the time that is allowed us for this

purpose; then our duties come in and we perform them. We, are our circle, and our power is expended alike. We never want our power exhausted during these meetings therefore it is well to call on us as little as possible while we retain the paper and crayons. Sometime Dr. Franklin will make this all clear to you. We choose the morning for Katie is fresh and the power good. We can do very little after she has had a long sitting.

We want you to be as punctual as possible now. We are all happy! Your beloved ones all send their love to you. There are no shadows, there are no clouds. All the flowers are open. We are so happy to have had this meeting, so happy not to have a break. This is the first time we have been so favored. I wait now for directions from Dr. Franklin.

Meet at half past six to-morrow morning.

Olin."

Dec. 16 6½ A. M.—1870.

We were ready and waiting on this clear, cold morning before the appointed time. At twenty five minutes past six we went in, but before we were seated the loud full echo of Dr. Franklin said "We are all here." They worked vigorously upon the paper and at seven said "Sarah take out the box." Directly after they said, "Sarah take this picture and place it on top of the box. I have taken it out fearing it would be marred." The little picture of Leila holding her harp was now placed in my hand. I covered the box and did all as directed.

(96-Vol. III) "We are all here, happy to go on with our work. All is well! We will place the picture in the box until nine when we wish you to meet for a short time.

Olin."

We were wondering if they had put their picture in the box from which they had taken the picture which they handed me. While we were wondering the pencil wrote.

"The picture, our paper, is in the box. Do not open the box. Meet punctually at nine. Follow directions strictly now for we are just at the most important part.

We all go to the banquet hall in a day or two. I will not know until our next meeting.

Olin."

Dec. 16 9 A. M.—1870.

We were in the room a few moments in advance. They worked again upon the paper for we, as always, heard them. When they were through they took the paper with them. All was pleasant.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here again. The meetings are very successful, now there will be no failure. We will not be able to say much until the picture is finished.

We have these two meetings this morning as we have other duties which require our presence and watchfulness. The glass of the future mirrors much happiness for you. After the holidays you will have more work to do yourselves.

Dr. Franklin is now busy with the picture. The children are perfectly happy. Dear little (97-Vol. III) Leila would like to draw the flowers for you, but she can not understand it sufficiently. I have told her that they should both present it. Frankie wishes you to know that it is his gift, his Christmas present. I think Leila will be able to give something, perhaps a kiss from her own lips. I am often obliged to explain to these little ones in order to keep them happy.

You should rejoice every hour of your life, to think that you have such treasures in heaven.

My dear Sarah be happy and let not your heart sigh nor grieve for you have the companionship of these little ones daily.

We all come together this morning. On our way here we paused to look at the flowers, found them all open, not one was closed.

Ma, Grandma and all send their love through me to you. Let no clouds come in upon the bright landscape. When we are through with this meeting we shall soar in the sunny paths of summer flowers and gather more power for we have lingered long upon your earth. Meet Sunday morning at ten o'clock. God bless you!

Olin."

"George My Son. Do not be disappointed, discouraged I mean, for your work will bring its

reward. You are getting along well with it and it will be successful. We are all interested in it. God bless you! We go now.

Prof. Kenyon and Isaac T. Hopper."
(98-Vol. III) Dec. 18 A. M.—1870.

The morning was cold and cloudy. At ten minutes before nine the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Children. We are preparing to go to the banquet hall as soon as our meeting for the picture is over, and your friends have given you a few messages. We hold a consultation there on various subjects of importance. You shall at some future time know all about it. Meet punctually at ten minutes before ten.

B. F."

At ten minutes before ten we entered the room and found them waiting for us. They were full of peace and happiness. Frankie said, "I am at work dear Papa and Mamma. I am a smart boy Dr. Franklin says." He touched his Papa two or three times and me quite as many. Just before they left I felt fingers in my hair, down the side of my face, on my ear, etc. I said, "Is that you Frankie?" Ans. "No, it is your Grandma." While they were still working upon the paper with the crayons the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here this morning."

Olin."

"Oh! How happy we are to meet you, so true to your appointment.

Grandma."

"Yes My Dear Child. We are all here dressed in our beautiful garments, only our circle are here, those who will join us, after this meeting, to go to the banquet hall are now preparing. We prepared long before the light of day (99-Vol. III) touched your earth. Tell dear Em. that we are with her and see no clouds over her. God bless you my children. George, I include you in this light. My son also. Dear Sarah, I dressed the little ones this morning. As we were approaching your earth, many spirits followed us and wished us joy in our beautiful robes.

Your Own Ma."

"Dear Sarah and George. Little Frankie has done all the work himself with the aid of the circle. Can you realize that his little hand uses the crayons very finely? He never looks up from his work except to get directions from Dr. Franklin. He is so intent upon this one object. Leila often looks over him. Now at this moment his little hands are busy. You will receive it Christmas morning at precisely nine o'clock, clear or not. The child must not be disappointed.

Olin."

"George and Sarah. I am as deeply interested in your children here, as you are in the one you have with you on earth. He, Frankie, progresses finely. Your book George will be a success. Do not get discouraged. I am aiding you.

Prof. Kenyon."

"My Dear Sarah and George. Frankie is now making a bud, separated from the stem, to represent a flower falling from him upon you. It is very beautiful. You see how each one of us has spoken.

We will have to linger sometime in our own atmosphere, before going to the banquet hall, in (100-Vol. III) order to gather power.

Olin."

"Follow directions. Meet at half past six Tuesday morning. Be punctual my children for you will soon be rewarded. We are perfectly satisfied with you all.

B. Franklin."

"Now we fly with the picture and crayons.

Olin."

Dec. 20 3 P. M.—1870.

Tuesday morning was too wet for them to bring their work, but at quarter before three Katie came in and said our circle desired a meeting at three. We prepared the room at once and were in our seats at the moment.

Our friends were all present and manifested great power, worked upon the picture, the children touched us, the pencil wrote, and we were very happy. When we opened our eyes, after they had left with the paper and crayons, some one of the circle who lingered behind, said to

us, "Look at the little chair." I had just purchased a tiny cane seated chair for Willie to present to Ellen's baby. This chair I had left on my bureau, now it was standing on the carpet some three feet distant. Ma then said "Leila put it there, she has been sitting in it."

"My Dear Sarah and George. All is well! Oh! How happy we are! We are all delighted with the progress of our work. Frankie is doing justice to his intellect, and you (101-Vol. III) will have for a life long remembrance a painting done by his own hands with the aid of Dr. Franklin. On Sunday morning it will be given. It is beautiful. Sarah, I want you to have it photographed.

We went to the banquet hall. We had an important consultation. Frankie and Leila were made familiar with Margaret Fuller's child and soon became great friends. They talked of their homes in this world, how beautiful they were making them for the arrival of their friends; and some day Leila and Frankie are going to bring the little fellow here to see you, their Mamma and Papa.

Our consultation was very important as on Christmas day we have appointed an hour when we are all to meet again at the banquet hall and we can not be separated on that day. First we are coming here. The meetings must be at half past six and at nine. Be punctual and we will present the greatest gift that has ever been bestowed upon mortals. In the first place the gift comes from those who are not of your earth, executed by hands that you have held in yours, commenced and finished by those dear little hands.

When we met in the banquet hall a circle of spirits wished to know what course we took in order to be successful in doing such things. We told them that they would have to find the channel and other surroundings which would be almost impossible for them to find (102-Vol. III) and that they better not try to undertake the work under so many difficulties. The spirits related to the family who occupy rooms here, interrupted our conversation with each other, by solicit-

ing our aid for their friends. We told them we could not aid them as our souls did not mingle. We are always willing to aid when we can, but there are instances when we can not.

We have changed the hour for meeting until the dampness passes off. Meet at quarter after three to-morrow.

George keep good courage! There are no clouds. After the holidays all will go smoothly. I see the sun shining brightly upon your future landscape. Now my dear sister be happy! God bless you all!

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah. I am pleased with all you have done. I like your pretty little gifts, tokens of your love. Leila likes the little chair and would sit in it, so she has used it first. Tell Emeline to have no anxiety, all is bright for her. We are all very happy!

Your Own Ma."

"George be not disturbed; you are coming out as bright as the sun which will soon shine through these clouds. Now persevere and I will stand by you. We will stand by you.

Prof. K. and Isaac T. Hopper."

The Doctor's book "Diseases of Women" to which reference has been repeatedly made for several months past, was still upon his hands. Twenty four pages had been printed, we had corrected them, and now we had the pages from (103-Vol. III) the stereotyped plates and discovered on these pages several glaring mistakes which had escaped our notice. I felt helpless and discouraged, and when our meeting was through I wrote the following letter while the Doctor and Katie, at the opposite side of the table were talking, neither of them having any idea to whom or about what, I was writing.

"My Dear Professor. We are in great anxiety about the Doctor's book. We feel incompetent to correct the manuscript, much more the proof.

Now I want to ask a great favor of you or Mr. Hopper or somebody that is acquainted with or knows of a literary, medical man: one that we can engage to go over the manuscript carefully and critically and then see that the proof

(1) Mr. Ogden's.

is right. I know that I ask much but our need is great and I know that you will gladly aid us if you can.

Your loving pupil,
Sarah E. L. Taylor."

Before I finished the above Katie took the pencil and the following was written.

"Now, My Dear Sarah, you know that I sympathize with you and George, but there will be a way for you to overstep the great obstacle. The means will come more smoothly than you think. You have good judgment and if you follow it you will not go wrong. Just follow the judgment God has given you.

Wait a few days, I think I see a person coming here that will aid you. I will see Mr. Hopper and talk with him before our meeting to-morrow.

Prof. Kenyon."

(104-Vol. III) Dec. 21 12½ P. M.—1870.

The sun having cleared the atmosphere of its dampness, "our circle" called the meeting at this hour rather than quarter past three. Their power was wonderful. We heard them walk and work and heard the warbling of birds in the room. Some of our loved ones took hold of us and finally just before they left they asked us to take everything off the table at which we were sitting. As soon as done we heard the little "wee" chair upon the table; after a moment it moved directly in front of me and the bow at my throat was pulled several times so strongly that it drew me forward. These manifestations were very marked. We have become so familiar with them that they do not excite us mentally, still every nerve in my body prickled as though I were receiving electricity from a battery. As the chair was placed upon the table the pencil wrote.

"Leila must detain you, to sit in the little chair. She loves this little chair. Your own Ma." The pencil had previously written.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here this bright, beautiful, clear morning. The beautiful picture is here. The little artist is at work, his noble master stands over him and all goes well. We have great power. The picture will be finished very soon. We have never had such conditions

before; there will be no failure even though the rain should fall, for if the atmosphere should be very damp we shall ask for your portfolio to enclose the picture. (105-Vol. III) ¹ We shall rejoice when your minds are free from this anxiety, you will then enjoy the meetings so much more. Do not let your minds be worried, it will all come out right. My dear Sister there is not one link broken in our chain! Are you not happy to know it? For that reason we have been able to do more. On Saturday night we wish you to be free at half past nine for a few moments, but our next meeting will be Friday morning at half past six, thus directs Dr. Franklin.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. I think your course is well. I think a way will be opened for your work which will wholly satisfy you. I am not well enough acquainted in your city to know to whom to send you and Mr. Hopper has been so long here that he has lost sight of those who might aid you. Believe me, your way will be opened, and you will not fail. Sarah your judgment I rely upon because it is careful and good.

I think I see some one coming who will aid you. The worst is over. Ask and you shall find, seek and it shall be given to you.

God bless you!

Prof. Kenyon."

P. S. The picture is nearly completed and it is beautiful. The butterfly upon the large rose is an emblem of immortality. We shall be here to witness your joy upon receiving it.

Prof. K."

"We go now with the picture and materials.

The Circle."

Dec. 22 6½ A. M.—1870.

Katie came in at ten on the evening before and the echoes immediately called for the alphabet, (106-Vol. III) before she repeated it, she said "They have sent me home for a meeting in the morning" then she called the alphabet and the "circle" said "Meet at half past six. We sent Katie home. She is a good girl to mind us."

(1) Our anxiety was about business matters, as well as the "proof" before spoken of. This "proof" was just now really the great "bug-bear" to me.

We had a pleasant and thoroughly working meeting. At all of the sittings for this picture the circle has signified its wish for the Doctor and Katie to go by the folding doors, by giving the Doctor a gentle push, when he would say "Come Katie." She repeatedly, during the first days of their being directed in this way, answered him after this manner. "Why! How do you know they want us?" It was so strange to her for the spirits to signify their wishes and she know nothing about it. When the invisible circle wished them to take their seats the Doctor would be gently but firmly pulled in that direction.

They completed the work of the hour, wrote and left us as always.

"We have every praise to give you all. You are worthy of golden rewards. We are all here in the room as fully formed as we ever were. Oh! could your eyes only behold us how happy we would be, happy on your account: but be patient, the conditions are changing and you will yet have that blessing bestowed upon you. This picture will be finished at the next meeting except the name which will be worked in just before it is given to you. We will all come on Christmas morning and talk with you. We will give you the first Christmas greetings. I wait now for directions from (107-Vol. III) Dr. Franklin. He directs while he stands by the table and just before leaving. Frankie is in high glee. Meet Saturday morning at half past six precisely.

We see that you will soon get through with your ¹ trial Sarah. You are working faithfully and soon you will rise above all the clouds. We go with the picture and crayons.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah. My friend and pupil I am sorry to have your mind made anxious, but my child be of good courage, all will be well. God bless you! Farewell.

Prof. Kenyon."

Dec. 24 6½ A. M.—1870.

Our meeting, apparently, was very satisfactory. No new thing occurred except the Doctor complained of a pain or fullness in his head which

he believed to be occasioned by want of sleep. Almost immediately two large, firm hands were laid upon the sides of his head and pressed long and strong upon it. Dr. Franklin said that he was trying to give him relief. They wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. The day of pleasure and enjoyment is near and Frankie is delighted. The picture is nearly finished, the name will be worked in on Sunday morning and presented to you. Now let us tell you that we are grateful to you all for your punctuality. It is a sweet pleasure to do these things for you when you follow our directions. There have been no breaks, the chain is perfect and all goes well. No word of rebuke have we to give, no sigh to send forth over (108-Vol. III) broken promises, no crushed flower to drop at your feet, therefore rejoice. My dear Sarah and George we are happy and we bring happiness to you. All is well.

We want a short meeting to-night at nine. We will now go with the picture.

Olin."

Dec. 24 9 P. M.—1870.

The picture was brought and worked upon and left on the table before us with the following explanation and directions.

"The picture is nearly completed. They are working on the inside now. You must not examine it but quietly place it in the box and we will leave it, as we fear the atmosphere may be damp early in the morning. Meet punctually at half past six in the morning; rest early as we wish all the power we can possibly have. The gift is not bestowed upon you, it is not yours yet. It will not be finished until to-morrow morning. We will work upon it one hour more and we must have the power. Little Frankie is so charmed, you will see how happy he is to-morrow. In every respect he is satisfied. The beautiful flowers! Sarah and George rejoice for great are your blessings. We must now go to our duties but we will be the first to wish you 'Merry Christmas.'

Olin."

"My Dear Children. I have given your son my faithful attention. I know you will be pleased and gratified with his skill. (109-Vol. III) I do

(1) Correcting proof.

not think that another person on earth will be so favored and remembered by unseen hands. Meet at half past six. Carefully place the picture in the box. Look not upon it.

Farewell. B. F."

"Mamma and Papa I wish you 'Merry Christmas' now for fear Willie will wish you 'Merry Christmas' before I have a chance. I was afraid Willie would say 'Merry Christmas' before I could speak. My flowers! My beautiful present! My beautiful flowers! Do not look upon them Mamma and Papa! Do not look! I have kissed them. Good night Papa and Mamma. Frankie."

Dec. 25 6½ A. M.—1870.

Christmas morning came cold and clear. We took the picture out of the box, placed it on the little table and took our seats. Immediately the echoes said. "We all wish you 'Merry Christmas,' Dr. Franklin, Prof. Kenyon, Ma, Grandma and every one of the circle." During all the time that this was being spelled, some one was pulling my dress across my bosom and arms. I asked who it was? Ans. "Leila and Frankie." Then we heard loud, firm slaps upon the Doctor's shoulder and at the same time the echoes said "My Son I wish you a 'Happy Christmas.' Isaac T. Hopper." Again the Doctor felt a hand upon his knee and the echoes said "My dear Son and Daughter I wish you a 'Merry Christmas.' Your Own Father."

(110-Vol. III) They proceeded with their work until after seven when they wrote the following directions and left.

"My Dear Children. The pictures are finished, all except the name and I will engrave that at our next meeting which will be at half past ten. We have some duties to attend in the mean time and I want to give Frankie a few trials at his name. After I have engraved it, I think he can finish it under my directions. It will take one hour to finish the pictures entirely. Look not upon these pictures but place them carefully in the box. God bless you, my children, for your faithfulness. We are happy. We will talk at our next meeting. Farewell till then.

B. Franklin."

Dec. 25 10½ A. M.—1870.

We placed the paper, as before, upon the little table and then took our seats. Katie's hand soon began to write while we chatted about indifferent matters. She had to drop her pencil twice to accompany the Doctor to the folding doors. When they returned to their seats the last time the small table followed them and came close to the side of the one at which we sat, and into exactly the same position that it stood when they took the paper from the room the first time. As soon as they were seated the echoes said, "Dear Mamma, Dr. Franklin and I present you with these pictures for Mamma and Papa," and at the same time the paper was laid in my (111-Vol. III) hand. Then the echoes said "Look." We opened our eyes and opened the paper and were amazed to see upon one leaf a beautiful wreath of rose-buds of all sizes, with the word Frankie, all ornamented with tiny rose-buds, in the center; and on the other leaf a large bouquet of roses tied with a blue ribbon. On one large rose stands a butterfly which Frankie said dignified "Immortality." One large rose-bud has parted from its stem and is falling to the ground. They are wonderfully, wonderfully beautiful. We can not appreciate them fully, still we try and will continue to try. We are blest beyond anything we can hope to merit. That this work was done by hands not earthly we know, for, as in the previous pictures, either the Doctor or I always held Katie's hands and I always kept watch over the room as well, so that we know that what we state is true. I gladly record here that Katie kept each appointment for this work. She says she never did such a thing before. She and we are filled with happiness to-day, this merry, merry day. They wrote as follows.

"My Dear Sarah and George. The picture is now receiving its finishing touches and its idea represents much that is beautiful, flowers falling down upon you, oh, how happy we are. There are no shadows, no tears to let fall, we have smiles and blessings to give you this Christmas day. My dear sister we have all been so interested in this

painting. Frankie has done nearly all with his own hand under Dr. Franklin's directions.

(112-Vol. III) We are all here dressed in our beautiful robes for when we leave you we are going to the banquet hall. How long we shall remain we can not tell but my dear Sarah and George we shall give you an account when we meet again. We shall have for the children at the banquet hall a very beautiful Christmas-tree and many other amusements. We all go there to keep our Christmas day.

Ma brought you a beautiful wreath of flowers while you were sleeping and I placed one over Em's head. Ma kissed you both. We are a happy family. Dear Sister receive my prayers for your peace, for your success. May you never step on thorns and may the roses you gather be beautiful and heavy with blessings from those who love you here. All is well! George I wish that this year could close all your anxiety but I fear you will have to work some time to come, however, be of good cheer the harvest is not far off and your reward is drawing near so look not for crosses. We wish you 'Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.' I will now say a few words to Em. and then close. Dear Em. I am happy to see you enjoy your Christmas presents. I have made you one which you can not see until you come here. It is a beautiful tree which changes with all the hours in the day. In the morning the leaves are all open, at noon golden and a little closed, at the twilight-hour they all assume a silvery hue and wave beautifully in the air, the soft air of heaven. All wish you 'Merry Christmas.'

Olin."

(113-Vol. III) "Sarah, My Dear, Dear Child. We have come to you through our golden paths; we have scattered flowers as we drew near you until we came into your very presence. 'Merry Christmas' my children. The children, your little treasures, are impatient to go where we have promised to take them. Now my child rejoice for we are with you, and as my dear Olin told you, I have kissed you. ¹Leila has been

looking for the flowers in order to take out one for you but she cannot find them. Frankie's work is beautiful, you will be gratified with his gift. Grandma sends oceans of love and kind wishes. She can not speak this day as the power has been exhausted on the pictures. They are forming now to present them. Dr. Franklin is gathering the materials. I must close. Your own

Ma."

"My Dear Sarah and George. God has given you blessings which few can enjoy. I am happy to be here this memorable morning. Merry Christmas! Be of good cheer! We will all help you.

Prof. Kenyon."

"We cannot my dear children make another appointment before Wednesday at twelve, then meet for directions. We all go now to prepare for our day at the banquet hall. I shall present the pictures with Frankie, then the circle will follow me.

Farewell,

Benj. Franklin."

(114-Vol. III) Dec. 28 12 M.—1870.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here. Dear Sarah and George we were happy to see you pleased with the pictures. We did all in our power to make them beautiful, and this being the first gift from Frankie we were desirous to have it done in a way that it may be preserved. You can have it photographed which will please his eyes when he looks in upon you.

We had a happy day in the banquet hall. We all met and talked together. The children were very happy with their Christmas-tree. They were not limited in their pleasures, they made the acquaintance of many children of their own age. Once dear Sarah the scene in the hall was so dazzling that the children were wild to have you both here. They implored Dr. Franklin to bring you here just to see them for a few minutes. Dr. Franklin explained to them that they could come to you but you could not yet come to them. After some delay they were satisfied. I met many, many dear friends Sarah, yours as well as mine. Now I am going to tell you something that will

(1) A vase of flowers had been in this room but were now in the parlor.

make you smile for the children were greatly pleased.

You remember 'old Sabry! She was in another sphere with her enjoyments. We take occasion often to visit those who are in lower spheres and see what we can do to add to their happiness. In one part of the pleasure grounds I found Sabry with her family. I then went back and took Frankie and Leila with me to see (115-Vol. III) Sabry. We each took her a beautiful wreath of flowers and we left her happier than she ever was in all her life. She talked of you until we were out of the sound of her voice. Oh Sarah what a playful little fellow Frankie is. He pulled old 'Sary all over her grounds in the garden and in the house and then sat in her lap, kissed her 'good bye'; but Leila, my little serious Leila stood and looked quietly on, silently amused. We were a party by ourselves.

When we went back to the hall we found that we had been missed by some inquiring friends. Ma, Grandma and those nearly connected with us knew where we had gone. Dr. Franklin knew, but there were acquaintances, those whom we have met in pleasure, in happiness, those who know not our different paths, that wondered at our absence. We made old Sabry happy and we enjoyed our banquet pleasures all the more.

I met Horace Greeley's children. They are beautiful, bright, intelligent children. They were with Margaret Fuller and her child. We were all very happy, very joyous. We remained long. Some parties wished to hear how we succeeded with the flowers. We talked it over with those who understood our feelings and they seemed very desirous to see the work of our little boy. We have promised to let them be present at a meeting here which we wish to take place next Saturday evening at half past eight.

I want you to get a linen handkerchief and place it on the little table at nine to-night (116-Vol. III) We wish to paint a "New Year's" gift for you from

Frankie and Leila if it be possible to accomplish it. Meet at half past nine.

George your work is getting along finely, you are working out of the clouds into the sunshine. Sarah we think you had better gratify Ralph and all go and dine with him on Monday and be as happy as it is possible to be. We will be with you! God bless you! We go now, call us not back.

Olin."

Dec. 29 2½ P. M.—1870.

At last evening's meeting they directed to have the handkerchief starched and ironed, and that we should meet at this hour.

We followed directions strictly. The air was clear and cold. After a half hour passed as usual they left through the open window and we could not find the handkerchief we had left upon the little table. Katie's hand had written the following.

"Again we meet, again we are with you, the children more joyous than ever, more beautiful for their souls are glad and look through their eyes with a sense of understanding which has never been there before. My dear Sarah and George we are happy to try to produce for the children a New Year's gift. We shall take this handkerchief with us.

My dear, faithful sister how happy we all shall be when your eyes can rest from ¹this labor. May you be rewarded and may blessings follow you through this New Year without (117-Vol. III) sorrow or clouds. I looked in the garden of your future this morning and all the flowers were open. All is well! I can say no more but I will see that peace and health abide with your little household. Meet at three to-morrow.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. We are all here, the guests of your quiet hours. How sweet to turn aside from care and commune with us, how sweet to know that we are with you. We are happy! May you be happy!

I shall be with you all on Monday. Sarah think of me, the children will be with me and you shall feel that we are near. Give my love and blessing

(1) Old Sabry was a colored woman, who has been mentioned in Books I and II. I loved her very much and saw her last in the summer of 1859, a few months before her death. Her age was 105 years.

(2) Old Sary was a sister of Sabry's but many years older. She was my Grandma Langworthy's nurse. I remember well to have heard Grandma talk of this old Sary and her great love for her when she (Grandma) was a child.

(1) "Proof" for the Doctor's hook.

to Emeline. Now we depart to plan this work upon the handkerchief.

Your own Ma."

"My Son. Do you think I have forgotten you? I have not said much but I am all the time doing, working and influencing you. I am happy to see your work progressing for I know it will be a great success. I shall not leave you until it is all finished and when you make a mistake I will advise you.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"My Dear Sarah. I fully agree with Miss Catherine Beecher. George has a faithful wife, none more so for which I know he is grateful. God bless you my child.

Prof. Kenyon."

(118-Vol. III) Dec. 30 3 P. M.—1870.

Clear and cold as yesterday. The meeting was very similar to those previously described. The only new thing that occurred was Dr. Franklin's touching me on the shoulder. He often touches the Doctor but never me. They wrote.

"Meet to-morrow morning at half past six precisely. All is well! These words never come from me except when I have looked into the future, therefore rejoice.

B. F."

Dec. 31 6½ A. M.—1870.

The air like bristling steel. We in our room and everything as they desired. They worked but a half hour. Katie's hand wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this last morning of the old year. The 'New Year' will dawn upon you to-morrow driving away entirely the old year and leaving sorrows far away. You can not look back upon the past year and feel that it has been ill spent; you can not look back upon the past year and say that you have not faithfully fulfilled your duty. It is a record we are happy to contemplate. Some records make us grieve; some bring not a pulse of light with them; some cause many flowers to wither; but in your home Sarah and George, where the children meet for you, all the flowers are open, the wreaths are green and new flowers

just opening into life. Oh! What a beautiful vision for you when your eyes behold the home we have tried to describe to you. We hope this 'New Year' to be able to (119-Vol. III) give you a true picture of our homes here and so visibly portray everything to your minds that you will almost behold the other world.

All is well! I heard Dr. Franklin say when we were approaching earth. My mind is divided when other work is going on therefore dear Sarah and George I do not write freely. The children are happy and joyous. Meet to-morrow morning at half past six.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. To-morrow you shall hear a strain from Leila's harp.

B. F. Prof. K."

We knew that Dr. Franklin had made Leila a present of a "golden harp" but that we should hear it amazed us and the Doctor said "We can not realize it." Ans.

"You can not realize it, but you shall hear a strain from her heavenly harp.

B. F."

Jan. 1st 6½ A. M.—1871.

New Year's morning was clear as could possibly be. We entered the room promptly, and before we reached our seats the little "echoes" said "Mamma a Happy New Year." We seated ourselves and the echoes continued "Dear Mamma Leila will present our gift." Again "We had not time to make it more beautiful. B. F." Then the handkerchief was placed in my hand. We lighted the gas and upon the handkerchief was a large star made with the crayons and beautified with eleven rose-buds, a few leaves and five small stars. There are six or more colors in the stars and they had but four from us. They wrote.

(120-Vol. III) "My Dear Sarah and George. Frankie did the whole work with our aid. Dr. Franklin will teach him to do far more beautiful things. Leila was so disturbed because she had nothing to give that Dr. Franklin put this in her hand for you. Now she is happy! Be careful of it for her sake. The handkerchief has been in our presence all of the time. The harp will be so

(1) This allusion is also to the Doctor's "book."

materialized soon that you will be able to hear it. Meet at nine this morning. We wish you joy! Olin."

"My Dear Children. Meet precisely at nine. Leila will be here with her harp. She is happy now, before she was grieving. I wish to show you how real everything here is. We go to prepare. B. F."

"Mamma and Papa, Happy, Happy, Happy New Year.

Frankie."

Jan. 1st 9 A. M.—1871.

The Doctor, Em. and I went with Katie to our room "on time." They (our invisible guests) chatted with us through the echoes and wrote. We heard a few little tingles from Leila's harp.

"My Dear Sarah and George. The harp is in Leila's hands. She does not exactly understand holding it in the earthly atmosphere. This is her first trial. Next time she will play a tune which you will all recognize. For this purpose we wish preparatory meetings, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at the usual hour. Sunday morning you will hear the first real sound and the 'air' will (121-Vol. III) accompany your voices. You see how you have progressed. Leila is in perfect form. Her harp is beautiful. She is robed in white and blue. These preparatory meetings will be short as we can not retain the harp long in your atmosphere, and their purpose will be to materialize the harp. God bless Dr. Franklin for his aid. We will now take Leila to her home where she can leave her harp.

Olin."

We were now told to stand by the open window and after standing there a few moments were told to take our seats again when the writing continued some of which follows.

"I believe that I have seen you before Dr. Taylor, once when you were in a car beside me. I am grateful to your friend Mr. Hopper for his aid. The murderer of Nathan is not in custody. I will not intrude longer, your friends are waiting to talk with you and I will come again later in the year. Good morning.

Jordon."

"Sarah, you have called me in your heart. I see your wish and I am here with Eliza, your Ma. There was a time when a day like this made all our hearts glad even when those about us were saddened, our childish hearts were made joyous by a single toy. I am happy to see these little ones express their love, to see their pleasure in giving little tokens of their love and undying remembrance. I am with (122-Vol. III) them, their duties are not marked out for them, in their childish hours here they are treated like children, amused and made joyous. Leila was here with her harp. Before she came into your presence she would have a blue ribbon tied on her harp. She will not rest until she plays a tune that you can recognize. Oh! Sarah how chilly my life was when one by one my flowers withered on the stem. I never told my doubts, but I feared that I should never again behold my children.

How false and vague the preaching in former years! How uncharitable. I am so happy now that I long to have all those I love believe in the reunion of souls hereafter. Dear Sarah and Emeline I love you both. My protection will perhaps be a shield to you in the hour of trial. George, you too have a place in my heart.

I can say no more.

Your Grandma."

"My Dear Children, Sarah, Emeline and George, I always come with my dear boy Olin. He aids me when I speak. We are both here now; we hear the bells ring, we hear your voices and we see the spiritual part of your existence. There is always walking beside you a spiritual form which accompanies your earthly form. There is ever beside you unseen forms to guard you, unseen hands to protect you, walking when you walk, stopping when you stop, soothing you when you grieve. Dear children I do live again in you. I do protect you, I love and bless (123-Vol. III) you. I shall be with you to-morrow at Ralph's. I hope there will not be one word to mar your pleasure. I hope the day will begin and close brightly, and be one of sweet remembrance.

My dear children God bless you! We have the happiness of seeing you enter a New Year; we

hope that it will bring you peace and happiness. We are going with the children, after we leave here, into new gardens. You shall hear all about our New Year's day. All the dear ones send their love to you.

Yours to all eternity with a Mother's holy love.
Your own Ma."

"My Dear Children Sarah and George. Another New Year has dawned upon you; another New Year of hope, of joys, of new blessings. I can tell you this for I have looked in the future. It is pleasant to watch the New Year come in! I have renewed your flowers this morning. Just as the clock struck twelve I went in your garden and saw the flowers all open. I left some bright ones at the entrance. You will know them when you come here, so you see I have not forgotten you.

The organ sounds for our presence and we all go now. I wish you joy, I wish you happiness! All is well!

Prof. Kenyon."

Later in the day Katie was with my family in our private parlor and I was thinking but not speaking of those other members of my family when Katie's hand wrote.

(124-Vol. III) "Sarah I have heard your wish and I have come for a few moments. I can not linger but a short time for our circle is made up and I have left them just to give you a few parting words. Your New Year's day has nearly passed away, ours has just begun. The children are at play and everything is beautiful. The paths are newly spread with fresh flowers and Leila is playing on her harp. We shall be with you to-morrow. May you have a happy time. I must leave you now with these words. God bless you! May you have rest to-night on a pillow of roses and may you awaken rested and fresh. I leave my blessing with you. Good bye!

Olin."

After reading the above, I spoke of Frankie and Olin wrote quickly "Call him not away from the children."

Jan. 8 91½ A. M.—1871.

Katie did not keep one of the appointments for last week but on this morning we sat about the

table agreeably to the wish of our charmed circle. Soon the deep sonorous echoes said, "I am here. B. F." This was immediately followed by milder sounds saying "I am here. Isaac T. Hopper." No sooner was the last sound of his name given than the quick positive echoes said, "I am here. Prof. K." And Olin added "We are all here." The following was written.

"We are all here this morning dear Sarah and George, happy to come and speak after the (125-Vol. III) lapse of one week. We hoped to have been able to come with the harp this morning but the conditions have not been fulfilled therefore we shall have to wait till we can get control of the instrument and materialize it sufficiently to play notes that you can understand. Before we leave this morning Dr. Franklin will give directions for this purpose and we hope they will be sacredly followed.

Now we will talk about our own pleasures, those which you cannot participate in.

We went to visit new gardens that are being prepared for the entrance of new spirits. This is a very beautiful sight. I can only compare it to the preparations you make on and about the graves of your beloved ones. You place flowers on the little mounds, trees about them and everything to make them look beautiful. So with us when we prepare a home for some dear one on earth. The difference is, here we prepare a home full of similar beauty, we leave out nothing that will cheer the spirit. We do not make the home at first dazzling in its beauty, we make it sublimely sublimed. Those who prepare the homes here, do so under the direction of a higher power than those who talk with you.

The children were delighted to see the beautiful flowers placed in the leafless paths. First they were all pure white. The entrance is always bounded with pure white flowers and as the new born spirit advances the flowers grow brighter, more in unison with the soul. (126-Vol. III) The shadows make golden lights on their paths.

All heaven rejoices when a happy spirit comes here, when the soul longs to fly from earth, from care, from sorrow. The children were very quick

to perceive the happy faces in the new garden. There was a mother and daughter placing wreaths of flowers, festoons of roses through the bowers where they gather to receive the loved ones, and when this is all prepared there is a circle of spirits who consult together as to whose face shall first greet the departing spirit. I give you this description in order that you may have an idea of the great perfection of everything here. We are preparing a means by which you shall behold some of our faces. You must be patient and take everything as for the best.

We were with you last Monday and we were all pleased to see everything go off so smoothly. That day will be a bright memory for years. Ma, our dear angel Mother was so happy! Oh! we do so love peace! There are no clouds over your sky. Your future will be so bright that the annoyances you are going through will pass away like autumn which only leaves a shadow for an hour. We are all happy! May this year be full of blessings, for you, and everything that adds to happiness.

Now my dear Sarah we have a consultation this evening over our own duties. We have great duties to perform. Our time is not always our own. It seems that we can not make (127-Vol. III) those on earth understand this great fact. It is this which often grieves us, causes great weariness, many mistakes and repels us. Some day people will understand this and that will give us joy.

God bless you, Sarah and George! Dr. Franklin is approaching earth to give directions. All is well!

Olin."

"I have come my dear children to appoint a meeting for the purpose of perfecting the sense of sound. I think if you fully comprehend the great privilege we are bestowing upon you in permitting your ears to hear the sounds on the harp of a beloved one, you will forego everything to keep the appointments we make. I will name Wednesday at precisely seven o'clock in the morning. Be punctual!

My son, in a few words let me say that you are doing right with your book. I can make no sug-

gestions. Your friends here will aid you all in their power. Farewell.

B. F."

"We will speak in unison my dear children, Sarah, Emeline, and George. We leave our blessings with you. The children are both happy and satisfied, they are now going with me. My soul is full of love for you all. Your Mother to all eternity and your Grandma."

"George and Sarah be not disturbed about your work, it is all coming out right. I will aid you all in my power. All is well! We bless you daily. We will never cease to guard you. We will all be present Wednesday morning.

Prof. K."

(128-Vol. III) "Dear Mamma and Papa Leila and I will soon come with the harp." "I write as the children dictate. They are going with me.

Prof. K."

Jan. 11 7 A. M.—1871.

We met as directed and sat a half hour with closed eyes. Dr. Franklin then told us to sing the "Lord's Prayer" but we knew no tune in which we could sing it. A new spirit spoke "Try Sweet Home." We asked "Who speaks to us? The voice is strange." Ans. "Mrs. Livermore." We were surprised and pleased. We knew it was her great love for Dr. Franklin that brought her to our circle for neither of us had ever seen her. We sang as requested. They wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here, the little ones with the harp. It is so delicate that we are obliged to handle it with especial care. On Sunday morning you shall hear the strains and oh what heavenly peace they will leave. You must sing that we may become familiar with your voices, and different tunes that we may choose the easiest. We are sure of success! All is well! Meet at half past nine this morning for directions.

Olin."

Jan. 11 9½ A. M.—1871.

Katie and I met Olin as requested. He wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. We are not all here but I can speak for all. I can leave in your heart a word of love from all those who love to visit

(129-Vol. III) you. On the tablet of your memory I can engrave sweet memories that will cheer you in your busy hours. We are happy when we can make our presence manifest audibly, when your ear can catch one sound from our world we feel repaid for all the difficulties we are obliged to overcome in order to produce these things.

¹Ma wishes me to say that she is very happy to see that you have written to Pa and we all hope he will come here. She loves him still with all the devotion of her early days. She is his true companion and they will be reunited in this world of immortality; true hearts can never be separated; here all is made right; here all mistakes are made clear; here the souls are opened and the thoughts are read as you would read an open book.

²Sarah we shall be happy when you are through with this work which occupies your brain so much and also your time, but the crown of glory will come so be of good courage. I always stand by you Sarah to give you strength, if you should faint I would catch you, I could save you. Now this should make you happy, for my arms are strong. The children are now with Ma and Grandma. They feel a little disconcerted because the harp could not sound in your home as it sounds now in theirs, but Ma will make everything clear to them.

This day we shall all dip our hands in the pure fountain of life, the waters of heaven, and refresh the new flowers that have been placed in (130-Vol. III) our homes. Every flower has its meaning. Every flower is emblematical, nothing exists here without its history. Be happy dear Sarah and anticipate no trouble for you will overcome all and every shadow.

³The atmosphere draws us not to earth to-day, we like the sunshine of heaven, but we will watch above you and see that all goes well. If trouble comes we are not so far off that we can not fly to you at once.

Dr. Franklin says meet at three to-morrow.

(1) I had sent for Pa to visit us. His home is in Western New York.

(2) "Proof" for the Doctor's book still occupied me almost entirely.

(3) A damp, cheerless day.

Sarah all our circle knew that I was coming and sent their love to you with their blessings. All is well! Be happy! May every choice blessing fall upon you this New Year. I leave you now.

Olin."

Jan. 12 3 P. M.—1871.

The day was pleasant and we met as directed. We sang "Sweet Home" many times and arranged the Lord's Prayer to the notes. Dr. F., Prof. K. and Olin each spoke to us frequently. While we were sitting around the table singing, Dr. Franklin said "I am going to write" and then took a pencil out of my hand and a long strip of paper from the table and wrote in round, clear and firm hand the following.

"These meetings are for the purpose of perfecting the means of sounding the harp audibly in your ears. Very little else can be done in the mean time. You will hear the first echoes of the harp on Sunday morning. You will have one more meeting before, which will (131-Vol. III) be on Saturday at precisely half past twelve. During these meetings we can communicate to no length.

George your work will be of great good, also prove a great success. I am in form with you to-day and write this with my own hand. All is well. Call us not back when we say we must depart.

Farewell. B. Franklin."

Then Olin wrote in a beautiful clear hand (his own).

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here to-day. The glorious sun shines beautifully upon you and we have accomplished much. Your heart shall rejoice on Sunday morning, and above all let me impress upon you the importance of guarding and appreciating the great blessing the Divine Father has given you in permitting you to hold communion with departed spirits. It takes great power to write with our own hands. Farewell. We all go.

Olin."

While the above was being written, we were singing, practicing. Just before they left us Katie's hand wrote.

"My Dear Children you need go no further. You have the right notes only practice in your minds. You have it perfect enough. We are satisfied. All is well.

Prof. Kenyon."

Jan. 15 10½ A. M.—1871.

Katie forgot the appointment for twelve on Saturday but Dr. Franklin told her it made little difference the atmosphere was so damp. This morning was very unfavorable. The streets and (132-Vol. III) flagging stones were wet with the dampness in the atmosphere still no rain fell. As soon as we three entered the room we heard strains of music. We seated ourselves by the table and Leila said "Mamma I am here with my harp and in Dr. Franklin's arms." Dr. Franklin then said "Sing the Lord's Prayer." We commenced and were immediately accompanied by the most exquisitely toned instrument but not quite steadily played. We now sang the Lord's Prayer through eight times and the instrument led us rather than accompanied us (after that first time) in full round tones and just as distinct as those of a material harp or instrument ever were. The notes were clear and penetrating as the ring of the silver bells in the finest music boxes and the sweetness of the strains no language can describe.

Leila finally said "I will play alone." Now we listened breathlessly to the purest, sweetest air mortal ears have ever heard. I can tell nothing about it. It thrilled every nerve and fibre of our spiritual and physical beings. They waited a few moments. Katie's hand wrote a little. Frankie said, "Papa I help Leila," then they commenced again and went through another Divine air, which if possible was sweeter, purer, holier than before. We felt like prostrating ourselves before it! We wanted to hear it always. Three times she played alone going entirely through with an air each time. At the close of the (133-Vol. III) third Dr. Franklin said "Open the window. Stand by it." Then he took the sweet angel children with their golden harp away and left us the memory and the impression which will remain with us until we hear their harps upon the other shore.

The Doctor in his own hand says "When we first heard the harp it appeared to be near but behind us and remained there until Leila said 'I will play alone' when it was brought very near our heads and played not more than one foot from my ears.

These musical sounds resembled mostly those of a first class music box, yet were different. They penetrated the organs of sense more than any music I ever heard however loud. They gave a feeling of the most supreme delight that can, apparently, be produced by musical sounds. They had not the regularity of music produced by machinery."

"Sarah and George, you have heard the harp, you have listened to its heavenly strains. Leila has played her sweet hymn of love and praise for your ears. Dr. Franklin held the harp for her and she rested in his arms. Oh! You are blessed a thousand times blessed. There was never greater happiness here. The children are so joyous.

To-day we all meet at the banquet hall and we shall relate this great event to our friends. God has blessed you this morning. Call us not back for our power has been greatly exhausted and (134-Vol. III) we shall require time to repose and prepare for our duties. All is well!

Olin."

"My Dear Children. Meet next Tuesday at precisely twelve o'clock. These heavenly strains will linger for a long time in your souls. We go now.

B. F."

Jan. 17 12 M.—1871.

We met as desired. Nothing unexpected or remarkable occurred. The unseen ones talked with us and wrote the following.

"Again we come with the harp but you can not hear its heavenly strains to-day. We must bring it twice more before it is sufficiently materialized to sound. It is the most delicate instrument in our world and we have to handle it with great care. You will notice that we have to meet for preparation always two or three times before we play upon it. Leila is learning a new hymn to play at the next meeting. When the

time comes right we shall meet for the purpose of coming in form with Leila holding her harp; and if you are full of faith you shall not be disappointed. One doubt will keep us from succeeding. One doubt will chill us and keep us from forming. This will take time and patience. Now dear Sarah, George and Katie can you have faith and patience? You will be rewarded in a way that God has seldom blessed his children. We all went to the banquet hall and met all our friends; those who are bound to us by close ties and those whose friendships have out-lived mortality. We all assembled in (135-Vol. III) a room by ourselves, and Dr. Franklin related, to listening ears, the fact of his bringing Leila in your presence with her harp, how she played while he held her in his arms, and how heavenly the strains fell upon your ears. All, who were permitted to hear, were pleased and gratified, and some were astonished, but all were made happy. You can imagine Sarah and George our pleasure at seeing our friends and talking with them. The banquet hall is our diversion, our pleasure and there we find much happiness. To describe it would be impossible.

Leila is still here with Dr. Franklin. They are great friends. My dear sister we feel so happy to know that we can come so near you, so happy to have the children come life-like as they do. What happiness can be greater? Now let the flowers continue to bloom as freshly as they do at this moment. Every one is open, dew is upon them, they close not from neglect. Your souls keep them blooming for your acts are in accordance with our will. Pure and undefiled are the spirits who come to you. Rejoice and be happy! Know that all is well! God bless you!

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah I am here. Leila and Frankie are with me. All are here, not one of the circle absent. Flowers and sunshine mingle with our robes, blessings fall from us to you. Our souls are at rest. The waters reflect happy faces and mirror a peaceful future. Oh! How could we rejoice in the beauty of heaven were you my dear (136-Vol. III) children surrounded with clouds.

When we say we are depressed it is for you, whom we love on earth, when we are sad it is for you, when the flowers close we know that all is not well. Are you not happy to know that the children are coming visibly? That you shall see their faces again on earth? Have faith! Tell Emeline, dear Emeline that I watch over her when she sleeps; that I often look in upon her and leave her with a blessing. I pray that no evil will come to her and that happiness will reward her waiting. I say this prayer and go back to my home.

I hope Pa will change his mind and come, certainly he can come if he tries. He is not as strong as he was when he was last here. God bless you my children.

Your own Ma."

"George your work is progressing splendidly and we are very happy. What great things we are having in our circle. You value them I know.

Prof. K."

"My Dear Children. Meet Thursday at twelve precisely. The information that you are to see your child with her harp is true. Follow the injunction to have faith. God bless you my dear children. We depart now.

B. F."

Later in the day Katie's hand wrote.

"Mamma I have been with you but not able to speak. I have left them all at home to come and speak these few words. O how I love you Mamma. They have missed me and are looking for me. All is well! Grandpa Taylor says that Uncle Charles (137-Vol. III) don't trouble him much for he ²(Uncle Charles) is not very sick. Good bye Mamma. Willie, my darling dear brother Willie, I can write. I help you get your lessons. My teacher is Prof. Kenyon.

Good bye. Frankie."

Jan. 19 3 P. M.—1871.

Katie came in at one saying Olin had told her that three o'clock would be a better hour than twelve. The atmosphere was heavy with dampness. At three we had a pleasant quiet meeting but not as joyous as often. We heard the round

(1) Pa had written that he could not come.

(2) The Doctor's brother Charles thought himself very ill at this time.

stand moving over the carpet and when we looked, it stood by our table with a cologne bottle from my bureau upon it. They wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here to-day. Dr. Franklin and Leila are in form. They have rested the harp upon the little table which allows us more power to use. We will very soon give you the joy of hearing Leila play her new hymn which is so beautiful and sacred in its strains.

I have been very near you Sarah and all is bright in your future. You will be called upon to minister to the wants of others. Your time will be very much occupied in soothing others but I will stand by your side to give you strength. I see that you will be a comfort where you least expect. I am not permitted to tell more than this. Be happy dear Sarah, to know that your treasures, George and Willie, will be spared to you years. This (138-Vol. III) we see in the future. + + + While the stars were shining in our sky above us, while the birds were singing and the harps sounding. Ma, Grandma, Frankie, Leila and I glided into your room and made you quite a visit, noiselessly we left you with our blessing.

Tell dear Em. that the flowers in her path way are bright. She sees them not but feels the blessing that breathes from them. + + + ¹Your brother, George, I am not well acquainted with and have no affinity for him, but his state is a very miserable one.

Olin."

"My Dear Child, I know you called me yesterday but I could not come, I was fulfilling my duties and could not leave. Oh how happy we all are in our sunny home, our bower of roses. When I used to be earth weary I little knew that I should find a rest like this, a home where all my beloved ones were waiting and watching for me. Thank God for the knowledge you are daily imbibing through this source my dear child.

Your Ma and I are almost one in spirit. You will hear from your Pa soon and the news will be good. With kisses, with blessings, with love immortal.

Your Grandma."

"Meet Sunday morning at half past ten. All is well my dear children.

B. F."

(139-Vol. III) Jan. 23 3 P. M.—1871.

Katie did not come Sunday (the 22nd) as directed but on this wet day. We met and they wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George we are here but we cannot make our presence known as we would like to, however the chain can be mended and the preparations go on for our next meeting. We were some disappointed yesterday morning but we will not chide this time for we are glad to begin once more.

We wish you to know that we have been with you faithfully. Let your hearts be glad. Look upward, see how bright the future is and let hope be your star. Dear Sarah, Pa will come I am quite sure. Write him just as you feel and the effect will be good. We are happy to see everything so harmonious. Our homes are so beautiful, the flowers bloom with renewed fragrance, all are open and we rejoice to see you well and doing well. God bless you. + + We do not soil our garments by coming here in this dampness, but we can not robe ourselves in the garments that we love best when the sun shines not. + + Our whole circle send their love and blessing to you. Ma and Grandma wish to say a few words and I will close. It is difficult to write in this atmosphere.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah. We are here but the children are in the summer land playing on the harp and gathering flowers. All is happy with them and they feel not the shadows, (140-Vol. III) they feel not the cares of daily life for they are not conscious of having suffered on earth. Little buds on earth, flowers in heaven. ¹Frankie has a dim recollection of having suffered in his last illness. He was so happy when the pain in his head ceased and his eyes opened upon his Grandma. Oh Sarah are you not happy to know that your little ones are at rest in our arms? No more sorrow for their little hearts. No more pain.

(1) Charles Taylor.

(1) His last sickness was Tubercular-Meningitis.

All is well! Let the lesson again be learned, learn to say "Thy will be done and be resigned. When God takes these little ones to live with Him He is always wise, always right, full of love, full of consolation. God bless you my child! I want to meet you on Wednesday. Your Pa may come, we hope he will. My dear Sarah, Olin has aided me all through. We can say no more. Call us not back. Your Mother to all eternity.

Your Ma."

"Dear Children. Meet Wednesday at three. All will be well!

B. F."

"We will all be present at next meeting.

Prof. K."

Jan. 25 3 P. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here for we want to give directions. We are happy to tell you the purpose of these preparatory meetings for they are more important than anything else at present for they are the opening of the great event. We have told you that faith and punctuality (141-Vol. III) would be the means by which we could show the faces of the children. Do you doubt this after all we have given you? I beg that you will have confidence, as it will give us as much happiness to do this as it will for you to see us. All is well now only be patient and happy under all circumstances. We can then work so much better. I have seen all that will follow for the next two months. I see no clouds for you Sarah, on the contrary I see success in many points and when you look around and feel that the way is not clear do not judge the future by the present or the past. The clouds are under your feet. Clouds are sorrow. We wish you to feel contented and peaceful about your future for it is full of brightness and happiness. There are no dark spots on the landscape.

Our souls rejoice, our hearts are glad, our flowers are bright, all are open, not one closed or drooping. George you are doing right. Tell Emeline I have read her wishes. I see something taking place now that will cause the flowers to bloom fresher than ever in her pathway. She need not feel anxious about anything. Home is sweet,

duties are sweet, pleasures are sweet, so is sorrow when it softens the feelings.

Sarah about Father, our dear Pa as we were accustomed to call him, there is nothing to grieve over. Ma has come to speak and I will aid her.

Olin."

(142-Vol. III) "My Dear Child. I am here with my noble boy. No dampness in the air prevents us from robing ourselves in our favorite garments to-day. We come dressed for our pleasure, our banquet hall. We are going to have a happy time, going to turn from earth. I left the children with your Grandma as I explained to them that this was not a meeting for preparations and they might weary of looking on since they had been here with me before to-day and so I have left them playing and singing with hearts that have never been touched with care. When I came here this morning I met standing by your bedside Mrs. Kenyon. She was here from a desire to see you. She had been talking with her husband about you and came to see if all was as bright as when she last saw you in the circle. The Professor was engaged with some duties outside of herself. You see dear Sarah that true friends watch and guard at the portals of those they love. I think too that she expected to meet me here and felt a little silent as the Professor was disturbed by the surroundings of one he thought much of when in the form. My dear child I see that there are drawbacks to your Pa's coming, others hold him back although his heart is here with you all. Tell Emeline that I love her and no sorrow shall come. My dear child the sweet harps sound above me, the children call me, and the flowers droop down as a signal for me to come. I go, but my blessings I leave with you.

Your Ma."

(143-Vol. III) "Tell George, the son whom I have adopted, that I see him daily, that I watch to see when the storm approaches, that I watch to drive away the clouds. All is well!

Isaac T. Hopper."

"My Dear Children. I now come to give

(1) I asked Ma to whom she referred? "To the Mrs. Kenyon he left on earth." He had been twice married.

directions. The meeting to-morrow will be at half past eight in the evening as we shall be engaged during the day. We are preparing to come in form. I am going to stand at the head until it is accomplished. We all go now. No clouds.

B. F."

Jan. 28 11 A. M.

Katie did not come the next day nor for three days, or rather upon the third day we met and they wrote.

"It is with pleasure we can tell you, no longer doubt! We are progressing in the power to come visibly. We do not want you to see us before we are perfectly formed. We have all aided in giving Dr. Franklin power to bring Leila with her harp and the time is near when you shall see her face to face. At every preparatory meeting he makes a change either in the position of Leila or the harp which takes time, but all this is very necessary, very important. We form for our own spiritual vision to behold during these preparations and were you to open your eyes upon us it would affect us very painfully. This may seem strange to you but it is nevertheless true.

Sarah and George I omitted to tell you (144-Vol. III) what preparations are going on in our world for the next banquet. We shall to-day get all the little children together from Leila's age to Willie's. They will be all mated according to size and age. Every child whose intellect and refinement admit will be present. Many a proud mother will look on. We shall look upon these little ones. The sight will be a beautiful one as the banquet will be composed of children only. Ma, Grandma and Mrs. Kenyon will go together. The Professor and I will go by ourselves and Dr. Franklin will lead the way. So you see what duties we have before us. The atmosphere would not permit us to sound the harp. All is well! We must now leave you for we have been long in form.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. It is Sunday morning and we are with you. The atmosphere is against our demonstrating our love although we are in form. Olin has told you about our looking up all the

little children for the next banquet. I wish you could behold the lovely sight for your angels will shine there. However dear child you must try to see all in your own vision. I am with you my dear child. I approve of all you are doing. I am happy again in my children. Tell dear Emeline I heard her sigh this morning. I was with her and kissed her. Tell her that depression should be for those who are crossed and disappointed in life, not for those who have a true and faithful heart to love them. (145-Vol. III) God bless you my children. We can remain no longer.

Your Ma."

"All is well Sarah and George. My child I will let no evil come to you. We must go now for we have been long in the form.

Prof. K."

"Meet at twelve next Tuesday. We are progressing. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

Jan. 31st 12 M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here. We have had to come through dampness and unfavorable atmosphere, still we are here.

When we left you last we were going to the banquet hall. We went and were happy beyond description. Those with whom we have been accustomed to come here, were all there and joyous. This time your children were dressed in the colors of the rainbow which you have seen so often. They looked beautifully.

We reposed there, we consulted with each other regarding those we loved on earth, looked in their futures, then we had dancing. We call it here, floating and gliding to the time of music. The hall glistened with ornaments like diamonds. Every thing was so beautiful that no earthly eye could have beheld it without bewilderment. A beautiful group, a mother and daughter, grandfather and grandmother, were sitting near us when suddenly a bird flew to them with its wings folded and rested on the head of the mother. The bird bore a pure white flower in its mouth with (146-Vol. III) one black leaf which indicated a great sorrow about to befall her husband on earth. She understood the signal and instantly left. We all

felt the shadow although we were not permitted to look upon her grief which is as sacred here as it is upon your earth. We never intrude upon the griefs of others, but even here we feel shadows.

Why Sarah we would not retain our affections, our individuality were we not to partake of your griefs, your joys and trials. We help you bear your trials, we feel pleasure when you do, and shadows when you are sad. Sometimes we see that your trials are only momentary, then we try to soothe you without feeling your trouble. We are all very happy.

All the circle leave you their love, their blessings and will talk with you to-morrow. All is well!

Olin."

"Meet at half past ten in the morning to-morrow.

B. F."

Feb. 1 3 P. M.—1871.

The day was very damp and warm. The ground was covered with snow and the air filled with moisture. Katie came in at noon saying that Olin desired the meeting at three. We entered the room at five minutes before three and as soon as we were seated the echoes said "We are all here." I think we had been in the room but five minutes when the echoes said, "We have devoted all our power to this object. B. F." What Dr. Franklin (147-Vol. III) meant by "this object" neither of us knew, but we were not kept in suspense for as soon as Dr. Franklin ceased speaking we heard a clear, full sound from Leila's harp. We started for we had not expected it, but we sang the "Lord's Prayer" through once and the harp accompanied us. Then we kept perfectly still, held both of Katie's hands and listened in rapture for about three quarters of an hour to music performed in our room by an angel, on a harp brought from Paradise, from Heaven. The notes were clear, full, strong and penetrating. The music sweeter than anything I had ever heard. Ten pieces were played and one was long and none were familiar. At an interval between the tunes Dr. Franklin said "I am proud of my pupil." Then she struck the strings again and with full

power played and played. At the close of next to the last tune Frankie said "I help Leila." Then the harp was brought so near me that when the first note was touched it hurt my head and again she played stronger, sweeter, purer than before.

When they were ready to leave fine rain was falling and they were anxious about getting their harp home. They asked for a large handkerchief but did not use it. They wrote the subjoined and left us. The music from the harp was so loud and clear that the people in the next house must have heard it. The ladies on the floor above us went to their windows, opened them and listened but did not know (148-Vol. III) what the instrument was. Afterwards, that same evening, one of the ladies remarked to me that the people in the next house certainly had some new instrument and inquired if I had not heard it.

"We have all been here. Our efforts have been great to play upon the harp so that you could hear its heavenly strains. Leila is guarded by Dr. Franklin and I assure you we are more than pleased for we are awed at our own power in thus being permitted to come. Few on earth have ever been so blessed and oh few there are who will ever be permitted to listen to those strains. Be thankful and happy. We are happy! We can expend no more power. We are still collecting the little children for the banquet. Leila is perfectly wild with delight and so is Frankie, and we feel awed with gratitude.

Olin."

"Now do not call us or think of us as we shall have to shelter the harp with our robes and forms. Meet to-morrow evening at nine.

B. F."

Feb. 3 8½ P. M.—1871.

Katie did not keep the appointment for Thursday but came this morning and soon after they appointed this hour for a meeting. The evening was particularly clear and the moon light lay like silver over every spot and thing it could reach. We were but a few moments seated when Frankie said "Leila and I are in form." Almost immediately the blinds began to rattle, (149-Vol. III) the slats were turned up and down many

times and Frankie said that he was doing it. The Doctor and Katie were sent by the folding doors when Frankie said "Papa open your eyes and see my shadow." The Doctor obeyed and Katie opened hers also and they both saw the dim shadow of a child, the head and form upon the wall. Frankie had turned the slats so that sufficient moonlight to make a shadow was admitted.

Then the Doctor and Katie were told to close their eyes and in less than one minute a head of soft, loose hair was pressed against and brushed across my forehead and face. I asked where it was? Frankie answered, "It was my head and hair you felt Mamma." They soon left but required both windows opened wide for them to pass out. They left these lines.

"We have progressed finely. You will have to behold us by degrees and very cautiously as we are so easily disturbed. The window will have to be thrown open when you see the children. You will see them first by moonlight. Leila and Frankie want to approach together and we wish to have them. We are perfectly satisfied with this meeting. Dear Sarah meet us to-morrow morning at half past ten for writing. God bless you and give you sweet rest my darling sister.

Olin."

Feb. 4 10½ A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Child, I am here this morning with your Grandma and Olin. We have been waiting for you. Now we are here to talk. (150-Vol. III) I am glad dear child that your ¹Father is coming here. You will have a happy visit. I want you to give him every moment of your time and make him as happy as it is possible for him to be as you will seldom have such visits from him, perhaps never again. It is impossible to tell. Life is uncertain, it often closes before we see the change in the beloved face. The change comes and the flower closes on earth to bloom in the land of Immortality. My dear child I shall be so happy to see you all together. I shall mingle with you. I shall bless your reunion. I shall float in when you are all together and you will know that I am near. Do you know that I still retain the

same girlish love for your Pa that I had when I first became his wife? Do you know that I would love to meet him and talk with him and touch his hand and feel his pressure in return? All this I would love and watch for oh with so much joy. But on the other side perhaps to recall the past to him would only be painful and make him dissatisfied, disturb his quiet dream and make home seem less attractive; therefore dear child I think it best to say nothing to him unless he should first speak to you. I feel differently from you. I feel very delicate. I am his wife still and he has another. I shall be the first to meet him on the threshold of Eternity, then he will know that I have lived for him all these long years. I am glad that you are going (151-Vol. III) to have Pa here. Oh so happy! I see that Ralph is anxious to see Pa again and to be with him. Yes my child make him happy.

I have had the children with me. Frankie and Leila were in form last night, but it is necessary to unveil gradually, with care. You cannot fully understand this, neither is it in my power to explain, so delicate are the surroundings of spiritual forms, so ethereal; so frail when coming in contact with earth. Have patience and you shall be blessed with the vision of your dear children. You shall behold them. Then my child only one step more and you will clasp them to your bosom. We are daily becoming more perfected and will soon be able to stand in your midst without feeling like frightened birds ready to fly as soon as looked upon. It is our composition, our peculiar formation, our spirituality. All is well! We have all the children together and a more lovely sight you have never beheld and you never can until you come here and are one of us.

Tell Emeline that I am with her. There are no dark shadows, the future is bright and blessings are unfolding for her. She will hear good tidings soon. The time is approaching when she will realize her dream.

My child have we not had a pleasant meeting this morning? and do you not feel that we are very near you? God bless you!

Through all Eternity.

Your Ma."

(1) Pa had concluded to come.

(152-Vol. III) "My Dear Sarah. Good morning. Your Ma has spoken to you. I will say a few words. I love to come in when you are alone. I love to look in upon you when your thoughts are calm and point you to the home of peace and flowers. Angels are in your pathway, blessings are showered upon you by them, they keep evil from your door and keep the golden key to the gates of Paradise. Loving hands shall unlock them for you to enter. Every day you are drawing more in unison with us. We shall all be here this afternoon till then 'Good bye.'

Your Grandma."

"My Dear Friend and Pupil. I am very happy to see you this morning. You are ever the same dear girl. I love you however 'careless' you may be. George is getting along well with his book but I think you merit as much credit as he, as much commendation. I see that all is well. The future is bright and cloudless. We will all be present at three. We have at last gathered all the little children together. Your friend and teacher.

Prof. Kenyon."

"One word Sarah. We are all here, happy to give you a word of love. We shall meet you this afternoon at three. All is well! Be happy!
Olin."

Feb. 4 3 P. M.—1871.

I placed a vase of fresh flowers in our room when I arranged it for our meeting and we (153-Vol. III) met as directed. We heard the invisible members of our circle move about the room, heard them take the round stand from its place by the wall and set it by the table at which we were sitting and when we opened our eyes a cologne bottle from my bureau was upon the stand, having been placed there by these same invisible hands, for Katie had not left her seat between the Doctor and me and we had kept the same charge of her that we invariably do at each and every meeting. Her hand wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. We are happy to come in the perfume of flowers. They make the atmosphere seem pure and more like our own. We

are so glad that Pa is coming here. I think it will be the happiest visit he has ever made. Get your work as nearly through as possible so you can visit with him and enjoy yourself. We are now seeing how much of our faces we can make visible. We will not be able to come face to face in the day time but at night.

To-night we shall hold a consultation regarding the banquet hall and our children.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. This meeting has been successful. We progress and feel that there are no obstacles in the way. We will require several more preparatory meetings. I can not now name the night for our great meeting, it is not far off.

Now I want you to meet at precisely half past ten to-morrow morning as we shall take (154-Vol. III) the little children with us at once after leaving you. I say at once, we shall take an hour together after leaving you and the meeting can not be over an hour, therefore you must be punctual. I am satisfied. The whole circle approve of your faithful attention. We go now. All is well!

B. F."

Feb. 5 10½ A. M.—1871.

The morning was cold and clear. We went into the room the moment they desired us and as soon as we were seated we heard many and continued, low raps upon the floor. We asked each other the meaning? We had never heard the like before. Olin answered "Sixteen children have followed Frankie and Leila here." The low echoes continued, each echo sounding distinctly although there were more than a dozen at a time. After five minutes, perhaps, Olin said "Wait ten minutes and I will take these children back. Open the window." The window was opened wide and several minutes passed before they wished it closed. In about ten minutes Olin's return was announced. The Doctor and Katie were sent twice by the folding doors, we sang, the pencil wrote and the echoes then asked to have the window opened. We knew by the movements that they were not through with us and we could not see why they wished the window opened. Olin ex-

(1) This refers to a remark I had just made about myself.

plained, "Dr. Franklin is going now." The window was opened and closed in less than a minute and the writing again commenced. When they were through we (155-Vol. III) again opened the window and stood by it until they had all passed out. When they are in form, as now, it usually takes the circle about five minutes to pass out of the room. At each of these last three meetings we have been particularly conscious of the presence of many individuals. I felt as certain of the actual presence of the unseen as of the Doctor and Katie whose hands I was holding and with whom I was chatting.

"Our next meeting dear children will be at half past eight Tuesday evening. Do not fail to meet then. To break the chain now would undo all and our efforts would be lost. Do not ask questions or wonder what we are doing. Keep passive! All is well! All the circle are not here as some have to remain with the children where we start from. All gather after leaving you. We have been successful and feel happy. We shall return on Tuesday and give you a full description and it will be very instructive to you. We have been your guests this morning. We have all looked in your faces and are satisfied. We all leave our blessing with you. Now I must depart with the circle and prepare for the great jubilee.

B. F."

"I have lingered my dear children to say a few words, I can not say much for our day is all occupied. I only want to tell George how happy and busy his Father is now with the children. He is perfectly happy. I am so glad that Ralph is coming. Impress upon his mind (156-Vol. III) my dear child all that I have said regarding your Father. Do not understand me that I wish him to think it comes from me. Impress him with your own thoughts and tell him to make Pa very happy. God bless you. All is well! I must leave you now.

Your own Ma."

"Keep the drawing paper always on the little table. We desire it.

Prof. K."

"My Dear Sarah. Good bye. We go now but

shall remember you in our golden paths and hours of exquisite happiness.

Olin."

Feb. 7 9 P. M.—1871.

I had some weeks before written Pa urging him to visit us but there had been much delay about his coming. It was to these facts and the circumstances connected therewith that reference has been frequently made in the preceding letters from Ma and Olin. Now Pa had come and we could not meet our circle until he retired, which he did at nine. Then they wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here to-night. We have much to say and as the atmosphere is against our coming in form we will say all we can now. We told you that we had gathered all the children and that we were going to the banquet hall. We have been there two days. The opening was most sublime. The whole scene was beyond description. The parents or grandparents accompanied the children and coupled them off, boys and girls in sets for dancing. They were dressed ethereally (157-Vol. III) in gauze and looked, as they were, like angels in the world of angels. The children then exchanged gifts in the way of flowers. After dancing the children were taken in the arms of those who accompanied them to a feast. Each child was permitted to take from the gardens around the banquet hall a tree of rare beauty to plant in their own gardens in remembrance of the day of their jubilee. You will know this tree when you come here by its exquisite beauty. A prayer is on each leaf and it is always new when we look upon it. After the banquet, a chariot was prepared for the children to float in over different parts of the world. This they enjoyed beyond everything else. This beautiful car was hung with wreaths of flowers and a band of music accompanied it. We could hear the children laugh as they floated far from us. Their joyous laugh filled the air with music. Only a few spirits accompanied the children in the chariot. They were spirits who have been here for many years. After their tour they all came back to the banquet hall where we waited for them. Oh, if you could only have been with us, if you could only

have looked in for a few minutes! But patience! The day will come when you shall be blessed as we are now. We are not permitted to give you more than a faint outline of these things. We are limited in giving you more than a slight knowledge, and it is only to a few dear Sarah (158-Vol. III) and George with whom we can speak upon this subject at all, therefore, read these descriptions to few. It is forbidden that many should know of these banquet joys.

We are so happy to have Pa here. Ma has been about him all the evening. She sees him more clearly here than she has since coming to this world for she has kissed him four times this evening already. You will see that Pa has been guided here this time. He was made to come here by a higher power and he heeded the heavenly vision. All is well! Sleep peacefully! Fold your hands knowing and feeling that you have done your duty and left blessings in some hearts. I can say no more to-night. Meet us all at three to-morrow for directions. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Child I am watching over your Pa to-night. I have broken the circle a little by lingering so near him, my husband, so marvel not that we do not come in form to-night. I have left my husband's room just to say these words. Now I shall return to him and give him pleasant thoughts, perhaps he may dream of me. Tell dear Em. to keep up her spirits for there are no shadows in the future. Good night.

Your Ma."

"My Dear Children. I thought as you had previous company, that we would only talk. We have all been here. I will give you directions to-morrow at three. My Son, I will help you in completing your work. When you give the (159-Vol. III) finishing touches I will stand firmly by your side.

B. F."

"Sarah I am happy to see your Father here. Enjoy every hour with him and don't treat us like company. All is well!

Prof. K."

P. S. I would send my love to him but he would only smile.

Prof. K."

"My Dear Son George. Your Mother is well. I want her to come next. I tell you I had a grand time with the children. No more to-night. Your Father."

Feb. 8 3 P. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are here, not in power, not in full form for the atmosphere is against us, but we are here with you. Our robes are purple to-day, rich, bright purple and gold. We are happy for all is well. The snow falls, the earth is damp, wet and unpleasant, but we see the spiritual paths before you and flowers spring up in your separate paths. The children are happy and frolicsome. They wonder why your world looks so dark. They will learn this at a future day.

I forgot to tell you that Leila and Frankie played a duet on the harp before leaving the banquet hall. Everyone was pleased and I was very proud of them. We looked on with as much pleasure as you would had you been present. Now Ma wishes me to say that she has talked with Dr. Franklin and made arrangements to have no meetings while Pa is in the house that nothing may seem (160-Vol. III) strange to him, nothing concealed. ¹Louise will ask him if he saw Katie Fox here in order to find if you absented yourselves from the room. She is more curious than you imagine.

Whenever there is an opening we will be near to greet you and appoint meetings. Ma is right.

We will meet you again before Pa gets back from Ralph's. Pa must not go out alone at night. Olin."

"My Dear Children. I have talked with the wife of Mr. Langworthy and there will be no regular meetings while he is here except when he is occupied out of the house. We will be near to direct, to guide and bless you. All is well!

B. F."

Feb. 8 9 P. M.—1871.

Katie sat with us in our parlor, Pa being still

(1) Ralph's wife.

at Ralph's, when the echoes came loud and heavy upon the floor. I said "Hush!" fearing the people in the drawing-room beneath might notice the peculiar sound. I thought the echoes were ¹Grandpa Lewis's and asked him to speak on but not so loud. No reply. I asked again and Olin wrote "You checked him and startled him away dear Sarah." I inquired how I had alarmed him and expressed my regrets. The pencil continued, "You said 'Hush!' You know Sarah he is not as familiar as we are and does not so well understand. I will explain to him when I can. Dear Grandpa Lewis I love him very much. They (Grandpa Lewis and family) love you just as much but we have been drawn (161-Vol. III) more closely to you. They will speak when the right time comes. I shall linger near you but the atmosphere is too heavy for me to speak much. I will come with the circle in the morning at nine. God bless you! Good night. Your loving, faithful brother who watches over your future.

Olin."

Feb. 9 9 A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. We are here this morning. ²The atmosphere prevents us from coming very near, but still I have brought Grandpa Lewis with me to speak to you. He fully understands now for I have explained to him. He is happy to stand by your side. He sees you and will say a few words to let you know how much he still thinks of you. Every feature he remembers as well as when he talked with you and fondled you. He loves you the same. Ma loves to have him with her. So many happy talks we have together. Ties are strong in this world. They are the golden links in the chain of immortal flowers, these family ties. We are here Sarah and if we can leave sun rays in your heart this dreary morning we shall be happy for there is little outside to cheer the heart and gladden the soul. Ma still remains with Pa. ³He will feel happy to get back with you again.

I have left the children making wreaths of flowers in their summer home. They knew I

was coming here this morning and sent many kisses. Tell Mamma they said that we are thinking (162-Vol. III) of her and making pretty wreaths for her here. So I left them prattling with each other, happy in their innocent amusements.

Oh! Sarah to compare the two worlds! You see your world but when I attempt to paint ours to your eyes, my attempt fails. I turn aside from the description and feel that no pen can do justice to the beautiful reality; for everything is real here. One great happiness Sarah, you will never feel strange in our world not half as strange as you would feel in Europe. You have friends here, you are familiar with our vocations, our pleasures, our gardens, our beautiful flowers. All will seem like friends to greet you.

Pa will soon be here. All is well! I see no shadows. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah. Good morning. I was here last night but I thought that you wanted to be quiet so I withdrew. I understand my child and many visits you shall have from me. I know that it is necessary to keep the house quiet from hearing these things. I know the importance child so you need make no apologies. Your Father's presence attracted me the first day he came. I saw your ¹Aunt Sarah and ¹Uncle Albert this morning. They wished me to tell you that they would talk with you at some favorable time when the air is clear and the sun shines brightly. They have much to say. Your Aunt Sarah bade me tell you that she has put aside for you (163-Vol. III) in a choice corner of her heart, sweet memories of you and a spot always green with the undying love she bears you. I will come again sometime. Give my love to George and Emeline.

Grandpa. D. L."

Feb. 19 9 A. M.—1871.

I went with Pa to R. I. on a visit. While I was away Ma and Olin wrote long messages for me on my return. We were at this time greatly troubled about our business matters and as soon

(1) Ma's father.

(2) A wet day.

(3) Pa was just now at Ralph's in Bergen.

(1) Pa's sister and brother. She died in 1843, age 28 yrs. He died in 1845, age 37 yrs.

as I was home Olin wrote a most energetic and excited letter about them which I will not copy because so many explanations would be required. At the close of his letter he said that Ma would say a few words but first came the following.

"Mamma, my own Mamma, Grandma shall not come first. I will speak my love first. Mamma I love you better than anyone here except Leila. I am going to help Leila say a word. Oh Mamma what will I give you soon? I will give you something nice soon. That's all!

Frankie."

"Mamma, ¹Grandma has told me that my name is like hers and I don't like Eliza as well as Leila for it is like Lily and I love lilies. They grow here.

Your little girl."

"My Dear Child. There is nothing to make you feel depressed, there is nothing to make you feel low spirited. Olin is so in (164-Vol. III) connection with your feelings, feels your spirit so keenly that he does not at this moment look ahead. I see that this embarrassment is only for a short time. Olin if he were here would take your affairs in his own hands, advertise in every place etc. Olin wrote hurriedly, did not express himself as he wished. Now be happy. I love to be with you and I will be with you my dear child and may God's choicest blessings follow you is the prayer of

Your Ma."

Feb. 21 9 P. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. Again we are together. In unison our hearts always beat, in spirit we are closely united and therefore you can not wonder that I feel every shadow that rests upon your spirit, so closely are we united. Oh! Sarah how happy my soul would be were you free and unembarrassed, were your feet walking on a carpet of flowers, real flowers that would send forth their perfumes as you tread upon them, this would rejoice my soul. Now my sister I have read the future, the present I know. ²Miller does not attend to business promptly enough, he should stop

all call upon you from that source and not drain your pockets by allowing them to dispose of any more of your property. Write him a strong letter telling him his duty.

Now as to the future, it is bright. I see but one cloud and that will trouble you only a short time. All the flowers are blooming brightly here, they are fresh and fragrant. (165-Vol. III) No longer let your spirit fold its wings and droop when these beautiful emblems are happy and blooming for you. I wish the house was full. It will be in time to relieve you of all anxiety. Nothing will come between you and success in time. Dear Sarah and George I speak to you both. The banner of triumph waves above you, gentle hands are held out to bless you, and I, my sister, look daily in your pathway to see that no black flowers take the place of the pure ones now blooming there. George I know not that you can do more than you are doing. Sarah feels more troubled than you for her nature is more sensitive. You must not for one moment feel disturbed and still it is almost impossible for you to feel differently. Your labor which is worthy will not be in vain. No not in vain. George you need rest, my sister Sarah needs rest and while you sleep I will look further in the future and give you more direct information to-morrow.

¹Ma is with Pa. You must not call her back. Leave her to guard him for danger is ever in the path of life, joy and pain, life and decay, danger ever follows on the track of safety so leave her spirit free to follow him with all the power she possesses. When she left me she bade me not to call her back. We have had a happy time with our Pa have we not Sarah? Life is sweet to him for his hearth is not lonely. Invisible forms take their seats by (166-Vol. III) his side when he is alone, watchful eyes guard him when he sleeps.

The circle are not all here. Prof. Kenyon has been receiving directions and is now hurrying here to give them, but I will add a few more words. God bless you! Fear no evil for faithful as a star I will watch over you.

Olin."

(1) Her name was Sarah Eliza but we called her Lela. They, however, on the other side always wrote it Leila.
(2) The Doctor's lawyer in Michigan.

(1) He was on his journey home.

"My Dear Sarah and George. I have just come to say that I can not give full directions until three to-morrow. I saw Dr. Franklin for one moment. He made an appointment for the whole circle to meet him to-morrow at three o'clock here in this room. You need not enter till twenty minutes after three. The room must be left alone but you can come in with your eyes open. Now my child, my pupil, let me say that you must not feel discouraged. The tree has been planted and it is full of fruit which will yield you gold. Be patient! I can afford to say so now. God bless you! Sweet be your sleep. Your children are chanting to the music of their harp. Good night. Farewell.

Prof. Kenyon."

Feb. 22 3½ P. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah, my dear sister we are all here. Ma has left Pa a few minutes in order to speak a few words to you, her child, too. I am so happy in Ma's society. We have what you call real comfort. We work together, we visit together, we sing together, we go to amusements together, in one word, we are happy. (167-Vol.III) We all gathered here at three. This was our trysting place to-day. Dr Franklin was here to give directions to us. Prof. Kenyon will repeat them for him. I will say a few words and then let him come.

I looked in your future last night. You need feel no depression. I am satisfied now but I felt a little anxious last night. Since looking carefully I feel at ease. You will rise out of all this embarrassment as beautifully as a star rises out of the clouds. Now tell George this and feel at ease. No sorrow, no clouds, nothing that you cannot overcome is pictured on the map of your future, so be of good cheer. The little ones are here. They are dressed in spring flowers. Oh how beautifully they look. Day after day they seek some beautiful spot and call it theirs. Then they go with other children to make pretty baskets of flowers for someone they love. These little ones are sweet to us. They have never known sin therefore they feel no cares or shadows from the world over which they have no charge only to

watch over you, their Papa and Willie, but we, who lived in the world long enough to know what sin is, feel a great responsibility, for we feel that our protection can often shield and save from danger. I will now give way for others.

Olin."

(168-Vol. III) "So you thought, Sarah, when you entered, that we were not in the room. So you thought, 'They may be here but we cannot see them.' Your guests, all but one, were here when you entered, invisible to your eyes but really here and they looked at you and you looked in their eyes and as you approached the table you touched their garments but you knew it not. You could not see the flower I held up to you! It was the flower of hope and success. Oh! how I did want you to see it. The spiritual, the natural, the material, the ethereal, all blend. I find out now that I knew but little before I came here. Sarah I just begin to see that I knew very little. You will be much wiser when you come here than I was. You will understand more than I did. This Divine knowledge will be a great lamp for you as you walk up and down the avenues of heaven. I am happy to be one to give you a little of this beautiful knowledge. You will meet to-morrow night at half past eight o'clock. We will all be present. God bless you!

Prof. Kenyon."

"George, my Son, I am here to give you encouragement. I have been working with you. The pen is a great weapon and you are using it well. You are using it at this present time to great advantage. You will get along well! Never look back after you have anchored.

Isaac T. Hopper."

(169-Vol. III) "My Dear Child. I have been with your Pa and I am anxious to see him in his own home and will before I return to you again. Pa is well and he will find all well at home. I am going to make his life more peaceful, his trials less. God bless you my child. Tell Emeline that I leave my blessing for her as well as yourself. Good bye. Your Ma. I go now."

(1) My thoughts were just as he says.

Feb. 23 3 P. M.—1871.

Katie came at noon saying that Olin desired the meeting at three instead of half past eight.

We prepared the room and closed it as they directed and entered when they desired. The air was thick with coming storm and we expected no particular manifestation, but as soon as we were seated the little echoes said "Mamma we are here" and immediately I felt them leaning against my lap. Very soon Dr. Franklin told us to sing. We sang the "Lord's Prayer" and as we were going through the second time we were greatly surprised to hear notes from Leila's golden harp. It accompanied our voices several times through the tune, then played three or four tunes, none of which did we know. They were exquisitely sweet and the Doctor thought there were strains in one that resembled some opera music he had heard and he remarked something to that effect, but they instantly responded, "No! No!! No!!!" Sister Em. heard the harp distinctly in another room. When she first noticed it she wondered where it was and (170-Vol. III) what stringed instrument it could be with such clear and penetrating tone and still so sweet. After a little she heard our voices, then she knew it was Leila with her harp. She listened a little while then went away fearing she might disturb them by her attention. They left us as usual after writing the following all of which was written through Katie's hand while the harp was still being played.

"My Dear Sarah and George. The harps of heaven are sounding in your ears. You are listening, you hear our strains. You know that we live, that we are very near you.

Now in order for us to perform our work we must have clear atmosphere. We were prepared for this to-day, we came in form and we are happy that Katie followed our advice. Oh! How happy we are. Sarah cheer up, be happy. Oh let me bear your sigh to my home and waft it back to you in a blessing. Katie return here to-night for I want to speak to Sarah directly after breakfast.

Olin."

"I will meet you again Sunday morning (the

26th.) The power is all exhausted. We must now go to our homes. Does the music from the home of your children not soothe your hearts? Oh! Do you not know how greatly you are blessed? Now call us not back. Farewell.

B. F."

"P. S. Pa has arrived home and is well. Good bye.

Olin."

Feb. 24 10 A. M.—1871.

(171-Vol. III) "Morning dull and dark and damp with the shadows of dark thoughts upon the sunniest side of life. I see my sister in the shadow this morning, but I see a light opening a little beyond the bushes. I see the roses opening beyond, only a little way off. The spring carpet is about to be spread over your pathway and your feet will lightly walk upon it. I see dear Sarah that you are now in the darkest hour, soon, very soon these heavy clouds will pass away. I look in your heart and see its risings and fallings, its lights and shades. I see all its joys and all its sorrows. I would lift every shadow off your heart and leave only the joy. Now my dear sister you must try to have faith and you will have strength to bear all your trials. Ma is here and wants to talk with you. She is happy for she looks beyond your vision and knows that all is well with you. We want you to be just as happy as you can be. We will stand by you, help you take up the thread of your present work and help you find out all mistakes. Do you remember the painting I drew for you not long ago? Have you not faith to believe it? Sarah read it over at these depressing times and you will find comfort. On Sunday morning we will have our happy meeting, till then we will look and watch and see what is best for you. Ma is waiting. God bless you!

Olin."

(172-Vol. III) "My Child. Your soul calls me and I come. I have been near you all night. I tried to give you rest, that rest which restores the spirit as the rain revives the parched flowers. I left you early this morning and I was troubled and anxious for I knew that your labors would commence with the morning and your heart would

900 (Phim. 1000) 1000
 500 1000 1000
 1000 1000 1000
 1000 1000 1000

We cannot write in
 such this paper we
 cannot make a
 drawing upon
 We have done the best
 we could under the
 conditions. have the
 picture framed and
 put it up in a glass
 over it will make
 it look finer for
 Mr. H. H. H. H. H.
 for the H. H. H. and

all right. We cannot
 (in this paper) on
 paper - we have
 given you our
 power. We will
 take one of the
 six to work with
 you. The materials it
 is impossible to give
 it of our spiritual power.
 We can make with
 it. It is a part of that
 we can make them
 in. It is to the world.
 we will produce another
 in a few days soon
 in the

Facsimile of the only extant, independently written message
 signed, "Benjamin Franklin". Half the original size.

feel heavy with the weight of its burthens. My dear child were you here I would take you to my arms and soothe you, I would bear every trial for you. Grandma, your Grandma Langworthy, came with me and looked lovingly upon you. She dropped some bright flowers upon your pillow. Softly we tread about you when world forgetting you sleep the sweet sleep of restoration.

All is going to be bright. No more changes except for good. No more sorrow. Keep your spirits happy. Now, I have assured you that I am with you to aid and guard you. I have told you that there are happy changes coming.

Work! My child work with a faithful hand and a peaceful heart. Be brave! You always were my brave little girl. Pa is well and everything looks bright to me. God bless you.

Your Ma."

"Sarah I do love you, nor have I forgotten you. My love has not been manifested or demonstrated, it has been blooming here in the garden of Immortality. My dear Sarah I have taken Frankie and Leila in my arms this morning. I have kissed them. Oh to think (173-Vol. III) that my eyes can behold them and yours not. I feel sorry when I am permitted to see your heart grieving. My child I will every day kiss your children for you and send you a blessing. I am happy in the society of all our dear ones, you can imagine, dear Sarah, how happy we are all together. We visit each other and we have every amusement the heart can desire.

I suffered once Sarah a long time ago and then my flowers commenced blooming here where I have found perfect peace. I will visit you again.

Aunt Sarah."

"My Dear Pupil. I am here this morning only to let you know that I am cognizant of all your troubles. Tell George his book will be the direct cause of his great success in business. You will have plenty of money. Do not feel worried. I am going to stand by you all of the time for I love you. I have but one important direction to give. Meet Sunday morning at half past ten and in the mean time do not call for us as our circle will be engaged and a great part of the time in

your business. All is well! Rejoice for we do. God bless you! We all go now to renew our strength.

Prof. Kenyon."

Feb. 26 10½ A. M.—1871.

"The day is dark but not dreary, how can it be when we are with you? The rain falls and darkness is upon the earth but the beautiful world from which we come is full of (174-Vol. III) God's light. The lilies, the dew-drops, the roses are all in bloom, no rain falls there. We are happy for we are no longer inhabitants of a world of sorrow and change. Our days are holy, our homes sacred and beautiful to our eyes, and our souls live in peaceful enjoyment. Yet dear Sarah and George we are not without shadow for when we look from our celestial homes and see the trials and troubles which follow in the lives of those we love our souls are troubled and we long to take these weary ones to our homes for rest and happiness. Oh bear everything patiently, daily you are becoming more prepared to join our choir, therefore it is well to suffer and endure. You are our children and as such you will come to us. I see the misgivings of your hearts and the vacancies that have been made. These are things that should not vex your spirits nor trouble your hearts. The remedy will come and as the grass shows its life, after its winter covering drops off, and gradually but surely becomes a green carpet to please the eyes, so my dear sister will your trials pass off and new joys come to clothe your spirit in new light. Be patient! As dew drops to the flower, as light and shade, as the cooling breeze on a feverish brow I will be to you, and the day however dark will not be dreary.

Would that I could bring my beautiful abode before your eyes. Every day we bow in adoration and praise before the throne from whence all blessings come and offer up our thanks. (175-Vol. III) We thank the Great Giver of all good for our happiness, we thank Him for permitting us to bless you. We are His servants, His messengers, His children. Churches become disorganized, creeds change, but there is One who never changes. God in His perfection. We adore Him,

we thank Him, we know He is here, we feel His presence, we know that He exists for our signs from Him are many. Some who came here without fear of God, without love for Him, heed not the beautiful signs He gives of His presence, and the flowers close and the sun refuses to shine in their abodes and all seems dark. God's patience and forbearance can not be measured when approached with a desire to become His child. Oh praise God! He makes our homes for us, He blesses us that we may bless others and we feel that we are not grateful enough.

Have faith that we may be able to accomplish our work for without faith we can do nothing. You are pursuing the right course and have done right. I have looked in your future and everything looks so bright that my spirit is free and happy. I can say no more. Meet at three to-morrow if clear, and Ma will talk with you. She is now engaged in important vocations and cannot come.

Have I cheered you in this interview? Have my words given you comfort? If you feel more peaceful I am repaid for battling with the elements. God bless you!

Olin."

Feb. 27 3 P. M.—1871.

(176-Vol. III) "My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here but will not attempt to take the paper because of the atmosphere. We will wait until it is settled then we will feel no anxiety on our way to our spirit land. I am happy to see your hearts a little lighter to-day. I can assure you again dear Sarah that you will be able to meet everything only have patience. This has been a trying winter for you but the worst is over. Have faith and believe me all is well. To your dark vision things look dark. You see only the present and the past. We see the future. Oh let the sunlight stay, let it not be dimmed by the shadows of your spirits. If the world without is dark make a heaven within by your sunny thoughts and we will sit down with you and

partake of your joys, when you laugh we will rejoice and send you blessings.

Sarah and George you have us with you. Friend after friend departs, or sometimes worse there are friends, those who flatter and caress when summer roses bloom, but when misfortune comes where are they gone? Only while the roses last do their friendships remain. We are firm friends, always, in the darkest hours we come to raise you up, to lift the heavy load off your hearts and clothe you in joy and sunlight. Then trust us, come to us we will guard you with our spotless mantles and throw them upon you when you sleep that your eyes may be unveiled to blessings. (177-Vol. III) This morning we all (our own circle) rambled together. We walked under the drooping trees by the water side. We took the children with us, Leila played on her harp. We are going to give her a garden of lilies. She loves so much to see them open with their pretty emblems.

Frankie is becoming quite an artist. Dr. Franklin will to-morrow occupy much time in presenting gifts. Leila will be delighted with her bed of lilies for she will have it all to herself and some night not far distant she will bring one to you and let you inhale its perfumes. Sarah and George there never can be a happier family than we are. ¹Frankie and Leila have been here in form and have been busy with the cards. Wednesday at three the circle will all be here and you must be punctual for we shall have much to say about our gifts and other things. I can say no more my dear sister.

Yours forever. Olin."

"My Dear Child I have come to let you know that I never forget you. We are happy to see the obstacles rolling from you. Peace be with you. I approve of all you are doing. To-morrow will be a great day with us. We will talk with you on Wednesday. My dear Sarah our family enjoy themselves as much if not more than any other family here. Some are comparatively happy and look upon us with wonderment when they see

(1) We knew that they wished to take more crayon paper. Farther than that we knew not their purposes.

(1) A pack of cards lay upon the back of the top of the bureau. When our meeting was over we found the cards in five loose piles on the front of the bureau.

us so joyous. God bless you my dear child.
No flowers are closed.

Your Ma."

Feb. 28 3 P. M.—1871.

(178-Vol. III) Katie was here and unexpectedly the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. We bestow our gifts this afternoon therefore we cannot say much. We are almost in the midst of it now, still I am happy to come and say a few words for I know they will be acceptable to you and certainly it is a source of great pleasure to me. I am with all the dear ones to-day. Oh how I do wish that you could for a few hours throw off the mortal part, that which bars the mortal from the immortal, and be one of us to-day, you would enjoy it so much. I wish it could be so, but my wish is fruitless, without a response it must be.

Dear Sarah when the morning opened on you I was with you to see if your heart was heavy. I saw that you would rise not with depression and I left you happy in my own spirit. I know that all is coming out right. You will be happy and free. Worry not! Over the shadows a beautiful golden light is gleaming.

I will be here with the whole circle at three to-morrow. We shall rejoice to tell you of this day's work and you will be happy to learn how we progress. Be of good cheer knowing that we keep watch over you and that no real evil, without a warning first from us, can come to you.

Oh! How sweetly the harps sound. The organs are pealing forth and all the air is music, music. You see that my ears even now are not deaf to the heavenly sounds. (179-Vol. III) Would that you too could hear all that I hear. Would that your eyes could behold the beautiful visions. When I return I will give your love to the whole circle and speak of our interview.

Now my dear Sarah I leave to join the circle above. Can your imagination picture us in our beautiful world, all our own? You can not conceive the holy beauty, therefore you cannot imagine one half. Think not that I leave you from a desire not to be with you, not so, but I must

depart, already there are loving eyes watching for my coming. God bless you!

Olin."

March 1 3 P. M.—1871.

I placed the paper on the little table as directed and when they were ready to leave they told me to return it to the box without touching it with my uncovered hands. They wrote.

"My Dear Children. I will give directions now. Do not touch the paper till we give permission, and never touch it with the naked hand, always place the handkerchief between your hand and it. We shall thoroughly prepare it before taking it. We would like the next meeting on Friday morning at half past six. You remember my children that our time is precious and that we cannot come to your earth at all times. Can we impress this on your minds? Our time is not at our disposal. Now, do not complain at time but be patient.

Yesterday I took your little children and presented them with some beautiful gifts. (180-Vol. III) To your little girl I gave a little garden of violets which she will take pleasure in cultivating and watching. I also gave her a large harp. To your son I gave a room, all to himself, filled with beautiful paintings. This room is for him to paint in and study the science of life, the immortal life. He can invite those he loves best to visit him there. It is his room. Other children received gifts from their guardians. It was a day of rejoicing. Here I stop. Here I stand silent, to explain what came after would be impossible. My pen would too feebly obey the wish of my spirit and were I to tell you the great joy, the beauty of the scene, the holy faces of the little children, it would merely be a faint idea conveyed in words that would not do justice to the effort, so here I stop. I leave your imaginations to picture heaven in its dazzling loveliness. Never wish one of your dear ones back. They are happy and away from temptation. God bless you!

B. F."

"My Dear Sarah and George. The children are away with their gifts to-day, oh so happy.

Ma, Grandma and all our circle are so happy

to have had Dr. Franklin present the gifts to our dear little ones. We go to the banquet hall Sunday afternoon. Ma has been here but is now gone to the children. God bless you!

Olin."

March 3 6½ A. M.—1871.

(181-Vol. III) We did precisely as at the previous meeting with the paper and returned it to the box in the same manner. They wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this morning and our souls go forth in praise for the blessings we are permitted to bestow upon you. How beautiful to come in the morning freshness when the gray of early dawn shadows earth, then disappears with the sunlight, God's sunlight. We feel a holy peace that we do not experience when the world is busy and curious ears open to hear and know what we are doing. We feel the outside influence and rejoice in this tranquil hour. Here we all meet and no one outside is the wiser. They know not that while they sleep you are in communion with the world unseen to your eyes. In the summer mornings when the air is perfumed with flowers we shall meet you. How sweet to know that we can make you happy. We are with you and all is well. We look ahead and see the golden paths, the flowers and the bright sky above you.

We love to have you open and close the meetings with singing the Lord's Prayer. Soon our other duties will commence in the bright world beyond and we shall think of you and send you blessings. God bless you.

Olin."

(182-Vol. III) "My Dear Children. Ask no questions, neither complain of time. We do all in our power and for the best. No clouds are over you that can not be removed and I am going to help you follow up your 'proof,' also will your friend Prof. Kenyon. Surely your object is worthy and must be successful. The tide will soon rise. I have seen your son William and he is a noble child. Tell him that he will come off with honors before long. Our next meeting will be at ten Sunday morning. My children we now

go to our other duties. Call us not! God bless you! Farewell.

B. F."

March 4 10 P. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. I am here to-night and I want to say a few words of love, consolation and hope. All the clouds that to-night hang over your earth affect not the beautiful paths we are walking in. No gloom hangs over you for there are no sorrowful eyes looking upon you. Happy eyes, bright with love, immortal love look down on you, without a shadow for they know that all is well.

My dear Sarah and George will you retire and let sleep refresh your wearied bodies and in the morning meet us fresh and happy? Our spirits will come clothed for our happy meeting in the loved world beyond this, and when we leave you it will be to greet those whom we see only on those occasions at the banquet hall.

You must also be dressed and ready for us at (183-Vol. III) ten as we want the room to gather in and you must not enter until quarter past ten.

George I would have the 'machine' put in perfect order. There is one place that wants fixing and you will notice it Monday morning.

I will be near you all night. God bless you.
Olin."

March 5 10¼ A. M. — 1871.

The air was clear and sweet with early spring. The room was prepared and the paper in the linen handkerchief placed upon the table by the folding doors and all left to the invisible circle who met and exchanged greetings while we waited in our parlor. While waiting I took up and read a sketch of the life of George Fox by Macaulay. I read portions of it aloud and we commented upon it.

At the appointed time we entered the room, took our seats and sang the Lord's Prayer through twice when my dress was pulled and strange, strong, heavy echoes said "Your reading about me has drawn my spirit to you. I will come and talk with you next Tuesday at half past twelve. Put it in your diary. (Again my dress was pulled) Good day.

George Fox."

We heard our loved friends about us, heard them move the round stand and heard them moving paper. Katie's hand wrote and when we opened our eyes after they had left we saw that the stand had been moved several feet and upon it was the crayon paper, which I had left upon the table by the folding doors, with the handkerchief nicely folded about it.

(184-Vol. III) "My dear Sarah and George. We are all here this morning. Dr. Franklin has so arranged the paper that you need not touch it with your hands in returning it to the box.

We are so happy to have this clear, beautiful atmosphere. Our souls rejoice. No shadows on our spirits. We are dressed in our most beautiful garments. Our robes are too purely spiritual for us to remain long in your earthly atmosphere. We are going to meet our friends, our beloved ones to-day at the banquet hall.

We feel the joy of their souls now while here with you. We feel their sweet influence, their desires. We feel their loving spirits anticipating the meeting in the banquet hall. We are so in unison with each other that we can commune soul with soul even when at a distance from each other. Thus it is with us and there is the charm of heaven. We are all happy at these meetings and grateful for them.

We will make a harp of flowers to-day and call it yours in the banquet hall. We will talk with you about it at our next appointment but over some things we shall have to draw the veil as we are not permitted to tell everything. Think of us in our bright homes and we will think of you, but do not think of us with the wish to have us return or our spirits will not be free. + + + God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah. I am here now with the children but shall leave in a few minutes. I want you to know my dear child that (185-Vol. III) I am watchful of you, that I think of and love you with my whole heart. A little shadow is over Ralph which makes me a little anxious, but it will pass away. I sometimes see dear Daniel in trials and troubles. To-day we must all be happy

for where we are going there is no sorrow. I love my children, but my Olin, my treasure, my sunlight oh how happy I am to have him here. Give my blessing to Emeline. We are now preparing to go.

Your Ma."

"George and Sarah I give you great credit for the neat manner and dignity with which you are preparing your work. I shall watch its progress. We are all here, your heart and home circle. Be of good cheer.

Prof. Kenyon."

"My Son your Mother is well. I shall take charge of many children to-day. Good bye. Do not forget to send for the old lady.

Your Father."

"My Children I want you to be patient. I have an object in view which I do not wish to explain. All progresses well. Meet Tuesday at seven A. M. We all go now. Do not call one of our circle. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

March 7 7 A. M.—1871

The air was bad and they remained but few moments and we remarked that they could do nothing. They wrote.

"Meet at half past nine. We have all been here and have not failed. We can not come (186-Vol. III) again in this atmosphere. It injures us.

The Circle."

March 7 9½ A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. We are here again to speak to you. How blessed to be able to come in your very midst, to be able to see you so distinctly. Would that you could see us. Every feature of yours is indelibly imprinted on our souls which we carry with us to our homes and there we watch and work for you.

We all met at the banquet hall Sunday. We had a happy time, a happy meeting. We clasped hands in loving silence. Do you know dear that we meet friends there whom we can see in no other place? Friends whose duties and paths are in different directions? These friends we love dearly and look forward to these banquet meetings with sublime pleasure. The children, Ma

and I made a wreath for you resembling a harp with your name in the center woven with flowers. It hangs there now. The flowers were all open except three buds which we left to unfold in our absence. I hope to see all opened and not one leaf withered. This will foretell much regarding your future. I can not explain to you till after we have our next meeting at the banquet hall, then be it good or sad the tale the flowers predict I will tell you frankly. This is the first sign of the kind that we have been permitted to try and we can read much of your future (187-Vol. III) in this emblem which now hangs in the beautiful drawing room of the banquet hall. Aunt Sarah and Uncle Albert were there.

The most striking circumstance was this. ¹Mr. Taylor hearing you speak of this beautiful place found the way through some parties who went to the banquet hall and he came in. I saw that he had a keen sense of the beautiful, his eye was pleased, but seeing no friends of his youth he soon left but not without noticing some of the most beautiful girls who glided from flower to flower and from room to room seeking their soul's companions. I think I will help him next time and direct him to the happiest paths. I will try at least. My dear Sarah how happy the children are. They have been with you this morning, now they are busy in their gardens.

The directions were left for me to give. You are to meet on Thursday morning punctually at seven. I need not repeat that we want to give you a great picture. We do not say much about it as we do not wish your minds fixed upon it. All is well and we are happy. The clouds are passing away. I mean your troubles. Tell George that Prof. Kenyon and Mr. Hopper are following him in his work. God bless you!

Olin."

"My Dear Child. My dear boy Olin has finished talking now I will speak. The dear boy never likes to touch upon (188-Vol. III) anything that might cause you the least shadow. He has told you how happy we were last Sunday, there

was not a cloud upon our happy spirits, but to-day I feel a little shadow. I will tell you my child what it is. I love peace and affection between brothers and sisters. You remember I predicted unhappiness for Ralph. The cloud I fear is gathering a little more heavily. I am sorry Ralph feels so unpleasantly. Can you not dear Sarah make him feel differently? He has a wife now. To her he goes with everything and she puts a different coloring on causing him to feel unkindly and hard to those who have ever been dear to him. My child I hope I have not worried you or caused your tender heart to feel oppressed. Oh, do not let me leave one shadow my darling child for all will be well. Have faith and be happy. Give my love to Emeline. God bless you!

Your Ma

to all eternity with a Mother's undying blessing for her child."

After reading Ma's letter I talked with her about its "subject matter" and expressed my desire to do anything possible to help Ralph's feelings, when she added the following.

"My Dear Child. I see that you can do nothing at present. You will have to wait patiently until a way suggests itself to you or me. George did right to send the letter but Ralph feels hurt.

Your Ma."

(189-Vol. III) "My Friend Sarah. Excuse me for styling you Sarah but it is a name endeared to me by many recollections. I am happy to say 'Good morning' and heaven bless you. I was attracted by your speaking of me. I will silently help you. Farewell.

George Fox."

March 13 9½ A. M.—1871.

Katie did not keep the appointment, did not come at all until Sunday morning and was then in no condition for a meeting. They wrote a letter, manifested great pain because of her conduct and made an appointment for the next morning which was this. We met, Katie and I, and they wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. How sublime the morning and how full of forgiveness are our souls. Charity, forgiveness and patience are the greatest

(1) James B. Taylor of Madison Ave. died in the summer of 1870.

blessings of life. We are happy to come this morning, happy to mend the chain again. Tomorrow we will have the meeting for the picture. We will have a consultation at three to-day in our own homes after which we will give directions. About Ralph, do not at present say anything. He will come around himself. We love to see peace and we hope to make it through our influence. All will be well in time. Ralph's heart is right but the influence others have over him is not favorable to you. God bless you Sarah and send you success. We have to go to our duties.

Olin."

(190-Vol. III) "Dear Sarah, My Friend and Pupil. I see some new blessings approaching you. Be of good cheer! Anticipate no evil! We are going to meet this day for consultation and I hope we will have happy tidings for you. I hope you will let no shadows come between you and us. No more now.

Prof. K."

March 14 10 A. M.—1871.

We have looked faithfully into the future and know it for six months ahead. We can now make appointments without fearing these breaks for Katie will be right and straight.

You and George will see bright changes. The star is rising and all the dark clouds are passing into the brightest sunbeams. Oh my sister joy be yours, may blessings follow you, may the trouble pass and may your soul be dressed in every beauty that charms angels. The directions are to meet at two this afternoon.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. We have looked in the future and we are satisfied, satisfied. Meet at two as your brother has directed. I will talk with George at the next meeting.

B. F."

March 14 2 P. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here. The children are anxious that you should visit their little gardens at Greenwood. We want Katie to go with you as we want to let the little angels drop some sweet flowers down in your paths. Flowers that you can bring (191-Vol. III) home,

but they may perish, we can not say. They love the little gardens for your sakes and because you know their forms were laid there and that there still remains some sign of their presence. Leila's hair has grown long and so has Frankie's. You would be surprised to see how beautiful their hair is in those little caskets. One thing I may be able to engage Mr. Taylor to aid me in as he is a very powerful earthly spirit, he may be able to penetrate those little caskets and take some of the beautiful hair for you. The little ribbon has faded but is still there.

Oh how strange is the decay of life, of the perishable part, and often so revolting, but all that is beautiful ascends to this world which is expressly for angels, men and women. The children we call angels.

Dr. Franklin is a fine looking man, noble, sublime. He is bending over the paper now. Oh would that you could see him but that time has not yet come.

All is well! Ma sends her love and blessing and will speak at our next appointment. I can say no more.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. The paper must have as little light of day upon it as possible. Now all is well! George, my son you are rather slow in producing your work, but you are the best judge of that. I know that certainty lies in slow and sure. Meet Thursday morning (192-Vol. III) at nine for directions. All is well! God bless you.

B. F."

"We have not forgotten our promises to you my son and daughter.

Prof. Kenyon and
Isaac T. Hopper."

¹March 19 11½ A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this morning. We are happy to come and perform our work in this beautiful, clear atmosphere. There is not a cloud upon the sky of our hopes, and our eyes look lovingly down upon you with approval. We have been preparing the paper

(1) Katie did not come on Tuesday, not till this morning.

and mending the broken links. The way is flowing now. This morning we have seen the flowers blooming and heard the harps sounding.

We have dressed the children for their Sabbath enjoyments and ourselves also. Sarah when the sun shines forth in such beauty upon your earth, making the very heart glad, we rejoice for it is the holy influence of unseen spirits in the atmosphere which impresses you and infuses peace in your souls and tells you there is a God, a Ruler above, One who says 'seek not to unravel these mysteries too often, thus far shalt thou go and no farther.' You may not ask Why? or Wherefore? too often. There are many things that can not be explained. What we wish is that the breath of suspicion shall not touch our souls when we come into your presence. It withers the brightest flowers in our gardens and keeps our white robes from touching you with peace. Oh how beautiful is faith, (193-Vol. III) how sacred. The angels of heaven gather around you and with one accord say 'We will be your guardians.' Your faith is perfect, nothing in your atmosphere chills our purposes for your happiness, and we love to come to you.

Sarah we love to bless you and make you happy. George you must not feel worried, look ahead, is not all bright? Times may be dull but you are safe and we are happy to tell you so. We have looked well and long, we know and we can advise. We can bid you hope and point you to a star not far off, the star of success. ++ We are all going immediately after leaving you to the banquet hall and at our next meeting we will explain everything to you, all that we are permitted to. We shall pass much time there for there are changes being made which we will explain.

Ralph would like to be here this morning. He feels lonely. He wants a pleasant place to visit and in his own family. I can say no more. God bless you!

Olin."

"My Dear Child. Oh how happy I am to say a few words to you. These little clouds will pass away. I do not like to see one shadow between my children, one little shadow of separation. It hurts

me like the morning light when it falls too suddenly upon the eyes, and still I can not advise what is best. Your judgment is good. My Dear Sarah what do you think of Emeline's going to see him with Willie? I may not be wholly right. We will (194-Vol. III) commune together and advise together on Tuesday.

Oh! My dear Sarah how I love to come to you. Tell Emeline that I have been very near her. We can say no more. My blessed child we must go, call us not back.

Your Ma."

"George do not feel worried. You will have all settled this week and everything will be well and as you anticipate with your book. You better drive out, the air will clear your brain. My dear Sarah we all go now.

Prof. K."

"My dear Children. Meet Tuesday at half past two. We will have much to do and say. All is well! Farewell.

B. F."

March 21 2½ P. M.—1871.

"My dear Sarah. The atmosphere is so unfavorable that we can not work on the paper. We will therefore talk with you. The atmosphere is very unfavorable even for us to write but we will put all our forces together and do the best we can. We are so happy to talk with you, to sit down with and feel that you know we are near you. Oh dear Sarah it is like meeting after a long parting. We all went to the banquet hall and lingered till this morning. We met all our beloved friends. We talked over everything. We reviewed our former lives, looked over the past and into the future. We were very happy for we could visit without fearing or feeling that we would be called away. Our time was our own and we felt no shadow over our heavenly homes. (195-Vol. III) We went through a process of taking tea and breakfast which was perfectly exquisite. A table was spread with everything that was beautiful to look upon, flowers, pyramids of roses and violets, and a spiritual food which we have to draw the curtain upon as we can not explain it satisfactorily to your minds.

But oh, Sarah our lives here are so much brighter and happier than yours. We have everything that you do, spiritualized and holy. We live pleasantly, homelike and have the things which used to make us happy when on earth. There is a great difference in families here as great as there is on earth. Our family on Sunday gathered by themselves. In the evening the lamps of heaven shone forth and the children danced. Dr. Franklin remained more with us than with any of the others. He is very partial to our Grandma. She is really a beautiful woman.

We are about leaving our old homes, the ones we have occupied and called our own for a great length of time. We are not going to leave them, they will be our homes but we are having prepared for us a Palace higher among the homes of the Great Masters. We have advanced so rapidly that we are about having this blessing bestowed upon us. But when you come here we shall first take you to the homes we are in now (and they are beautiful beyond description), then we will take (196-Vol. III) you to our palace Sarah where none save our own family will be present. Are you not happy to know this? It is a boon not granted to all, and this is a located home. We are preparing it. We are not yet permitted to enter it. It will be some time before we can complete our palace. I have not told of this before for fear it would disturb our happiness. I have said all I can about it to-day, but will let you know from time to time.

Ma is here and will speak before we close the writing. Dear Sarah do not feel anxious, George is not alone, he is guided and cared for by those who love him and watch over his interests.

I saw Dr. Franklin this morning and the next appointment will be Thursday at three. I will let Ma come now and leave my blessing with you. Your brother with a brother's holy love.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. I am here with my dear boy Olin, my own dear Olin. Here we are and do you realize it? Do you know that we are with you, very near you?

I leave you my dear child to do as you think

best about Ralph. Your judgment is good. I have been with your Pa to-day. He is not feeling very strong and when I leave you I shall return to him and magnetize him. I am so rejoiced that we (197-Vol. III) are going to have a palace for our own family only. Will it not be a joy very great? I am pleased and satisfied with every thing. I influence you oftener than you know. All is well dear child. Give my love and blessing to Emeline. Your Mother to all Eternity.

Your Ma."

March 23 2½ P. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here, Dr. Franklin at the head. We again have to contend with the atmosphere but we are able to do a little. There are great changes going on in our world as well as yours. We are very happy! Blessings are dropping softly, gently as the loving arms of a mother clasps her child do we bless you and as you journey on through life you will realize this more and more.

We are aiding you George, we are working for you. Sometimes we are obliged to work with great power in order to wave off the obstacles and keep away the clouds but we almost always succeed. We see clearly into the future and we see great blessings weaving for you, weaving in your lives George and Sarah, therefore do not let the present uncertain appearance of things make you hold your heads down nor make your hearts dark with the shadows of disappointment. This will last only a short time longer. Let our promises cheer your souls and make you happy. Dear Sarah we will renew your health and strength and guide you into sunny paths. (198-Vol. III) The children are very happy. We are preparing our palace. Oh how happy we shall be when we can all occupy it, our family. Then we shall live in each other. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. I am here. George you do not know how faithfully Mr. Hopper works for you. Surely you have nothing to fear while we are for you. All is well! I shall be one of your family very often Sarah in the palace above.

Prof. K."

"My Dear Child. I was with your Pa all day yesterday. He is quite well. Oh how I love to watch over him. Two of the buds are open, dear Sarah, which indicate peace and prosperity. The third will open within two weeks then I will tell you more particularly. Tell Emeline to feel cheerful. I am watching over her. We watch our palace with great joy. When it is completed you will be invited to a festival of our own. Ask no questions about it. God bless you.

Your Ma."

"My Dear Children. I wish the meeting at seven o'clock on Friday morning. I am happy that you were punctual to-day. Be careful how you handle the paper, I have left it covered. I can say no more. Farewell.

B. F."

March 25 7 A. M.—1871.

Katie did not come to the appointment for Friday. She came for this morning and the meeting was pleasant, and they wrote accordingly.

(199-Vol. III) "My Dear Sarah and George. We have been able to get perfect control of everything this morning the atmosphere is so clear and the conditions so good. I wish you to tell Em. that it would give Ma and me pleasure if she would go to see Ralph.

Your brother Olin."

"George My Son you are doing right. Mr. Hopper lingers by your side all of the time in case of any emergency. Never weary of well doing. You will be successful. Emeline better go and see Ralph to-morrow. Sarah you are always right. All is well.

Prof. Kenyon."

"My Dear Children. We have the paper under our control. Meet at half past ten to-morrow morning. George your book will be a great success.

Farewell. B. F."

March 31 3 P. M.—1871.

We saw nothing of Katie until this day. Six days had passed when she finally appeared and we met. They wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here this morning. This beautiful clear atmosphere ought to

give you new life and new hope. We gather the spring flowers for you to-day, the last day of March, and place them in your path there to bloom while we work for your happiness. We will soon be able to raise the curtain and show you more of this world than you have yet seen. Be patient till these things can be brought about.

I have been with you and George. I will tell you only plain truths and you may rely upon all (200-Vol. III) I say. There are no shadows, no troubles over your sky. We are so happy to look into the future and see no sorrow, no heavy clouds to rain down sorrow upon you dear Sarah. It is our heavenly duty to guard you from trouble.

We have spread our carpets on our palace floors. They are spring violets and the children will be the first to walk upon them. My dear Sarah how can you sigh for our return in the form? How can you wish us back? Where all is change and darkness, sorrow and death, for death is only on earth, everything dies to mortality and we are born for all Eternity here in these immortal spheres. Here the seal of everlasting is put upon the brow of every human child, and the garments of immortality changed according to the spirits' desires. Are you not happy dear Sarah to know this? To have the knowledge we are daily giving you? Time is short and all our family will be gathered here and it is well to know something of the country to which you are traveling. You will be no stranger here! All will welcome you. I know dear Sarah that you have had obstacles and are now having them. I hope you will not be discouraged or let your spirits droop. Never look back and sigh, but go forth and look forward to the blessings we are unfolding for you. I see that Dr. Franklin is coming. He will give directions.

The birds are singing in our gardens, the harps are sounding, the children are dancing (201-Vol. III) and all is well. God bless you dear Sarah and George.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. It is well that you have met to-day. There is never the least use of meeting when the telegraph is out of order. Now all

is well for the conditions are good. I wish the next meeting at nine to-morrow night and the second on Sunday morning when we can mend all the broken links, besides we have much to say. I have left other duties to come and give you these directions, therefore I hope you will respect them enough to keep them. We are with you in every sorrow. We stand by you and do more for you than human beings can do. My Son you have done well to-day but do not delay in any business. What you have to do do now. You shall hear from me again. I must now leave you and go to my duties. God bless you.

Farewell. B. F."

"My Dear Child. You need not feel unhappy nor depressed. You have done nothing to cause Ralph to feel bitter. Time will have to work all things out right. Now my dear child be happy and we will bless you.

I can say no more for we are spreading our palace gardens with the first spring violets and our circle must all be present. You shall hear more about it to-morrow evening. God bless you my children.

Your Ma."

(202-Vol. III) "My Dear Sarah and George. God's angels are with you, fear not. Farewell.

Prof. K."

April 3 10 P. M.—1871.

Katie was at this time greatly annoyed by the irregularities of her sister Maggie and we did not see her after the last meeting until this day. By the request of the circle we sat about the table at this hour having first placed paper and pencil on the bureau several feet distant from us. We kept our seats until directed to light the gas. We obeyed and found the following written in the round, firm hand of Dr. Franklin and with his own hand upon the paper which lay on the bureau. Katie's hands had not touched or been near this paper.

"My Dear Children. We are happy to come again and renew our work which is of so much importance. Now let me give in writing with my own hands directions which if followed will insure our perfect success. Circumstances have

been such as to prevent our meetings. I have been with Katie and know that with the day's worry and trial it would have been impossible for her to have met with her mind undisturbed, therefore our forces would have been weak. Now as things will be settled in a day or two I appoint Sunday morning for the picture, Sunday morning at half past ten. It is of no use to meet before. Katie must return early Saturday, go to bed early and get up fresh for our meeting. My son I see that all is going to work well with you. (203-Vol III) My power is exhausted and I must say farewell.

B. Franklin."

April 4 9 A. M.—1871.

Katie had passed the night here and Olin requested us to meet at this hour for writing.

"My Dear Sarah. I am here this morning to speak a few words. I have been very near you. I know how you feel and how you have been worried. Oh how I do wish I could make your pathway one bed of flowers and bear all your trials. But were this possible you would only become too much attached to earth to leave it and every day would bring a regret that life should ever draw to its close. The close of life must come to all in due time and God sends trials in order that the spirit may become more reconciled to fly upwards. You are only being prepared for the happy world where so many of your dear ones have gone before to prepare the way. They are your lamps. Do dear Sarah keep good courage for, as I have often told you, there is great happiness yet for you, many blessings which have not yet fallen upon you and all that is required is patience. I see the clouds passing away one by one. They will gradually all disappear, then your spirit will be strong and take joy in the world. We all wish you to prosper. We know that there are few more worthy of prosperity and happiness than you and George. We want to see you prosperous for Willie's sake, he promises (204-Vol. III) so much and we know that he will be your staff in years to come when you and George will find joy in living in him and leaning upon him. Let no dread be in your hearts when

you see him ill. He will live to see many years, many years and die in old age. There is no doubt of it and you may always feel when he is ill that he will get well. We are not often permitted to give this information but there is no harm in our foreshadowing it to you in this case but do not repeat it nor make remarks about it outside of the family. Dear Sarah are you not happy to know this? We can not be mistaken for we have just witnessed the opening of the two buds which were emblematic of Willie's future. We may never be able to do this again, therefore we implore you not to repeat it to any one.

My dear Sister I was with you yesterday. I heard your conversation. In some things Ralph is wrong and when he returns again to his home he will see things in their true light. Soon all will be peace in the household. Let that trouble your mind no longer. I will help you in every effort. We are going to make every trial easy to bear. Now my dear Sarah keep good courage. We will meet you again Thursday at three o'clock and give cheering words. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. I am here with you. I do not like to see you feeling weak and low-spirited. I want you to feel well and happy. You must (205-Vol. III) ride out every day, take the fresh air all you can, the electricity in the atmosphere will do you good and give you new life. I was with you yesterday. You did all you could. I was sorry to see Emeline feeling so unhappy, she has nothing to make her feel so and we will see that no sorrow comes to her. I hope she will see Ralph to-day. My dear boy Olin never gives me one moment's anxiety, how I wish I could say the same of my other two dear boys. Well my dear child do what you think is right yourself and you can do no more.

Olin has just told you that the two buds are open. We watched them with some anxiety but the future is predicted as we hoped it would be and we are happy to give you the meaning. I am satisfied with all you are doing. Be as happy as you can be and I will do all in my power for

you. God bless you. Give my love to George. Pa is well. Your Mother to all Eternity.

Your Ma."

"Good Morning My Child, good morning to you. I find you feeling somewhat cast down, too much in the shade, too little in the sun. Tell my son that I advise him to 'sell, he can make nothing by waiting, but get this other matter off his hands first. I thought I would scold him this morning for feeling discouraged, but on reflection I see that it is almost impossible to feel otherwise under existing circumstances, still I see the future (206-Vol. III) and I see that all is going to terminate successfully. Tell him that I want him to take you out to drive every day in the fresh air. It will do you good. I hope you will feel quite strong when I talk with you again. All is well.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"My Dear Children. Remember the appointment for the picture, remember all the directions and great will be your reward. We all go now as we can not linger longer in this atmosphere, and our duties call us. Farewell.

B. F."

April 8 10 P. M.—1871.

Katie did not come on Thursday but on Saturday at this hour she came to our parlor where the Doctor, Sister Em. and I were sitting. Soon her hand wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. I am here to-night and oh how happy to say a few words. I am not clouded in spirit, neither is the great director of our meeting. You shall be made happy by us to-morrow. We are all coming to talk with you to-morrow, our Sunday morning, so sacred and holy. We will breathe sweet words in your ears, we will bless you. We will weave the first wreath of summer roses for you to-morrow dear Sarah. Our palace is nearly completed. I have so much to say, so much to tell you. We are not anxious, we are happy and we want you to get up happy so that there will be nothing to retard our progress for we expect to do much to-morrow. Em. I heard a conversation to the effect

that your engagement was broken off. I felt like tripping (207-Vol. III) the party up. I see no shadows about you, no unhappiness. You are on no pedestal that will fall and let you down, so be happy. God bless you.

Sarah all your beloved ones send their love and blessing to you. Meet at ten in the morning. Olin."

April 9 10 A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this morning, not one absent. We are happy and we wish you all to feel happy. Let nothing disturb your minds for there is no darkness in the future to cast a foreshadowing of evil. Then let your spirits rise in thankfulness to the Giver of every good, this quiet Sabbath morning which is made more cheering by the unseen presence of your beloved ones. We were with you in the early dawn of morning. We brought our wreath of summer roses and placed it gently over your head dear Sarah with a blessing from the whole circle. You have passed through trials we all know, but each one makes you dearer to us and nearer. We sympathize with you always darling sister. We love to meet you two in your home and when your minds are tranquil we feel that earth has pleasures to give though fleeting, as well as heaven. We look into the future and keep unhappiness from you. Some obstacles we have already removed and you can feel sure of our protection and power to aid you. The children are better here. They wish to choose your rooms and make them beautiful for you long before you come here (208-Vol. III) to enjoy them. You build houses on earth to occupy only a short space of time. We build them to last for Eternity. You work and weep and struggle. We work in the sunshine of eternal life, and what we build up never bears marks of decay. Our palace is nearly completed, then we shall be by ourselves, then we shall be private, none except those for whom we have real heart affection can enter. You dear Sarah can imagine what a joy this will be to us. I think you often feel so yourself. To-day when we leave you we shall take the children to learn the way to the most beautiful

parts, and also select the music room. This is very important, more so than we can convey to your understanding for they are children still in knowledge and our duty is to teach them. Grandma looks lovely to-day. She is a beautiful, fresh young woman. She says she wishes Sarah and George were here for a short time to see how beautiful everything is about us. We do not want to take you away yet to remain as your work on earth is not finished.

Dear Sarah, Ralph's wife feels a little vexed with us all in this house for when she feels unpleasantly towards you she does towards me, do you understand? Dr. Franklin and Prof. Kenyon are at work on the paper. It has to pass through a process before we can use it answering to that of photographers before they can make pictures.

Pa is well and happy to-day. We have all seen him. I can not help feeling that Ralph (209-Vol. III) has been unwise, first in thinking you could aid him and then in being angry when refused from necessity and not from the want of a wish on your part to do all in your power for him. I can say no more as others want to speak. God bless you!

Olin."

"My Dear Child. We are all here this morning. Your Grandma has on her beautiful garments and Leila in her arms. She loves your children Sarah as well as you do yourself. The children cling to her also.

If I could paint our palace to you my soul would rejoice, but language fails and I could not do justice to the subject. If we could give you a painting on canvas, but no we can not paint the beautiful day or light that surrounds it. When it is completed I may be able to give you a faint idea of its beauty. It is what I have prayed for all my life and then to know that I shall have only those I love there! Oh what joy!

My dear child be happy for daily I glide in your presence, I touch your brow with my lips, I leave you always with a blessing. I am with you. Tell Emeline not to feel depressed but feel happy. I always grieve when I see her atmosphere of sadness about her. My dear Sarah I want to meet

you to-morrow at ten and if George can be present before we leave we shall be glad. All is well now. Go on rejoicing! God bless you my children. Your Mother to all Eternity.

Your Ma."

(210-Vol. III) "My Dear Child, My Friend and Pupil. I have never been absent from your meetings. If I seem quiet I am never idle. I am always working for some good purpose. I am rejoiced to see everything progressing so finely. You are on the sure road to success. Never fear, I am not going to leave you until I see you out of all difficulties. God bless you.

Prof. Kenyon."

"I endorse all the Professor has said in the above and I say the same.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"To fail in keeping appointments at the hours we name is one of the most lamentable things you can do when it is in your power to be punctual. To be twenty minutes after the time is as unfortunate as not to meet at all. We have duties and we set these hours apart for your work. If you fail, we fail. We can not wait and linger in your atmosphere for hours after the appointed time. Often we can only remain a few minutes. Can we impress upon your minds the importance of being punctual to the minute? We are not our own masters at all times and a higher power than directs you, directs us. Remember this. I am pleased with the progress this morning. Meet at ten to-morrow. My dear son you are doing right and will be successful. My children farewell. Call us not back. We go to our separate duties. Farewell.

B. F."

(211-Vol. III) Just as they were about leaving and before we had read a word of these letters the little echoes came and said.

"Dear Mamma and Papa we are here dressed so pretty. We are going to walk in our palace to-day. Uncle Olin will tell you about it but we have done it first."

April 10 10 A. M.—1871.

"Dr. Franklin will be here in less than an hour. We will talk first. My dear Sarah we are all here,

your own ties of blood and love. The morning is favorable, we are happy and satisfied. + + + + I never saw the children as happy as they were yesterday. No clouds darkened their vision and every beautiful place they selected for their Papa and Mamma. They chose a whole floor for you and a whole floor for themselves the doors opening into yours. We are all in our palace, but so that we can be secluded. We shall never forget our homes we are now in. We shall never part with them. There we will first receive those dear to us until they become familiar with our avenues and understand their new duties. You will be so rejoiced Sarah when you come here, so familiar with everything, familiar with every path that we have marked out for you. Nothing but the spiritual beauty will astonish you. Our palace, oh how transcendently beautiful it is. There it stands, trees and flowers surround it. We have what you would call the blue room, the crimson room, the violet room, (212-Vol. III) the rose colored room, the buff room, the green room and another made wholly of flowers. We have riches here if we could not have them on earth and they are gained by our acts. We have worked faithfully for our palace of jewels but it will be sometime before it is finished. We have to work still more. The children want to be there every day but we leave them not where our presence can not always be. Often they quietly sink back into a repose resembling sleep, then they are guarded by some loving angel. Often they become exhausted by over playing and repose upon the flowers, so real is our existence.

My dear Sarah we are always so much happier when we see the flowers blooming in your soul, when we see you happy. I have an eye on everything. All is well! God bless you. Ma, Grandma and all send their love and blessing to you.

Olin."

Mr. James B. Taylor now followed with a letter upon business matters, after which came the following.

"My Dear Children. We have succeeded well and are happy. Our work will now go on. I have been at work while you have been engaged with

Mr. Taylor. Our hearts are full of hope and happiness. All is well! Be faithful and patient. We will ask no more, and now my children we will go to our other duties. Meet Thursday morning, have room darkened at nine and enter at half past. God bless you all! Farewell.

B. F."

(213-Vol. III) April 16 9½ A. M.—1871.

Katie did not come on Thursday, not until Sunday when we met at this hour. By their request I placed paper and pencil upon the bureau before taking our seats. They wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this bright morning. If you are not happy it is not that we have neglected you in our prayers. We have prayed for your happiness and success and we feel that our endeavors to place flowers in your paths have not been in vain. We have been with you noting every act of your lives. The room is full of saints who were once like you, human and finite, weak and sensitive. Dr. Franklin is writing. He too is in form.

There are no shadows on the sky of your history. No sorrowful hands are uplifted, no flowers are closed in grief for you my dear Sarah. The sun shines upon you, the birds sing for you and hope cheers your heart as the star cheers the lone watcher. You hear not the soft strains of music as they float through the air. A requiem soft and low, solemn and sweet is now being sung for a soul just born into Paradise. Would that your ears were permitted to hear, your eyes permitted to see. Death would be life and earth would have few charms. How wonderful are the ways of Providence, how wise and yet few are the persons who see as they should. They send (214-Vol. III) up mournings for those who have gone before and bow not with resignation to the will of God. Oh learn to say 'Thy will be done Father not mine,' then will the heart become spiritual, the eyes see with an inner vision and nothing seem strange under the sun.

Ma is here with the children. She says 'Olin say a great deal for me.' So I will tell you that she smiles upon you with holy affection and kisses the children many times during the day for you.

She watches the tide of your life. She sends you peace in dark hours and leaves your heart happy. Our Ma is a treasure. I will have to close as Dr. Franklin wants our presence in his thoughts. God bless you and guide you!

Olin."

"Good morning Sarah and George. I am happy to meet you, happy to say that all is well. I rejoice to see no heavy clouds over you. We are happy souls. Our first visit we have paid to you, our first congratulations we have given to you this morning. We shall go by ourselves to the palace after leaving you. I would like one if not half as large for myself. I shall have to wait my time and work for it, so I will be patient. George you are doing well, do not worry. God bless you and Sarah.

Prof. K."

"My Son I have not forgotten you. I have been with you. My hands and heart have been busy. I have worked, I am working for you. The time is approaching when I will present you with a token of my affection. God bless you.

Isaac T. Hopper."

(215-Vol. III) While the above letters were being written at the table through Katie's left hand Dr. Franklin wrote upon the paper on the bureau with his own hand, in the round, full characters peculiar to himself the following letter.

"My Dear Children. We meet this Sunday morning to show you that we forgive and still trust. In one thing Katy is improved beyond our expectation, while in breaking her engagements she is remiss. We hope however for an improvement in this soon. Commence now and great will be your reward, Katy.

The air is full of blessings breathed upon you my children, by the beloved of your souls, Mother, Children, Brother, Grandparents, all kindred are here. The flowers are blooming in the gardens of rest. No weary feet tread upon their green carpets. Do you realize what a holy privilege it is to be able to sit and hold communion with those who have gone to the world of eternal happiness? When the eve of life comes and the new morn dawns upon you, then will the

pure and undefiled stand by you to draw aside the veil that your eyes may behold the beautiful truths we are teaching you. My children weary not; our meetings for the picture will commence next Wednesday at seven A. M. Let there be no failure. Come to us fresh from an early rest. Come to us in faith. Come not weary and we will reward you. Meet next Wednesday at seven in the morning for the picture. No other communications will be made while (216-Vol. III) the picture is going on. George and Sarah all is well. Be happy. We all leave you now and can say no more. Farewell.

B. Franklin."

April 19 7 A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here, have good conditions but a poor atmosphere. Dr. Franklin and Professor are working on the paper.

My dear Sarah we have been with you and all is well. Beyond the present, a little beyond Sarah, the flower of peace and happiness has opened for you, and you shall feel it soon rest upon your bosom. I wish I could raise the veil and show you what we are doing but that can not be.

Ma will speak with you at half past nine when I shall be engaged with other duties. Sarah and George I can see nothing that you are leaving undone. You have been assured that you have our aid. When danger and sorrow threaten I will be with you to give you timely warning. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. I am extremely happy to have had this meeting. The next will be Friday at seven A. M. I choose the early hour hoping the atmosphere may be clear. My dear children all is well. God bless you. Be punctual and we will succeed. Farewell.

B. Franklin."

April 19 9½ A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. I am here. The morning lends no cheering rays to gladden our footsteps through the damp fogs. The only light we bring is from our own spheres. If I could leave with you the (217-Vol. III) peace and resignation I have within my soul I would be happy and bear

away your sighs to die into darkness. My dear child I am happy to see you well, happy to see no clouds upon your sky that will shadow the brightness of the future. I rejoice when all is well. I feel all the anxiety for you my child that you do for Willie therefore I am always on the watch. There are changes coming, they are transpiring now slowly but surely; changes which will place you beyond all difficulties. We are working upon our palace daily and one of our greatest pleasures is to visit it and make improvements. We shall have a great meeting with you when we take possession of it. The children are well and happy. They send you kisses of love. They are playing among the flowers and in the sunshine of heaven. I do not like to bring them in this dark atmosphere. I am here Sarah, dear child, talking with you. Do you know it? Can you realize it? The pleasure is so great that I myself pause in wonderment and joy. Pa is well, I have been with him this morning. Tell Emeline that Olin did not forget her but he could say nothing as he saw no change in her plans. I have been with Frank. He is well and quite cheerful. Emeline has no reason to feel depressed. Sarah, Emeline, George, all my children God bless you.

Your Ma."

Mrs. Lucy Wells wanted to write and tried but said she could not remain in the atmosphere. (218-Vol. III) April 21 7 A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here this morning and happy for we have good conditions and a better atmosphere. We have been with you. Now do not gratify Sarah's curiosity and let her see Katie or know that she is in the house. I have read her mind and it is a sea of doubts and suspicions. We are here in form but the atmosphere has dampness in it still and we were not able to dress in our beautiful robes. We have all exchanged greetings with each other.

Now my dear sister keep your heart happy and I will make the flowers bloom. Every day we watch to see what we can do to add to your peace of mind. We will all meet here Sunday morning at half past ten. Let the others go to church

(1) Cousin Sarah A. Langworthy, daughter of Uncle Nathan.

while we gather from our beautiful world. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Child, you did not feel the flowers drop upon your head this morning but I was with you and brought you the first offering of spring violets. The children are here. They are happy. They see you just as distinctly as you see each other. God bless you my dear child. I will not say much this morning but we will reserve our pencils for Sunday morning. Tell Emeline all is well. Pa is well. We are all going to our duties now while you go to yours.

Your Ma."

"My Son. We are helping you.

Isaac T. Hopper.

Prof. Kenyon."

(219-Vol. III) "My Dear Children. Let your hearts rejoice in the blessings you are receiving. We go to our duties now and shall not cease to think of you in our devotions. God bless you my dear children. Farewell.

B. F."

April 23 10½ A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this bright, beautiful morning so pure, so clear. We love to float through this atmosphere. Our white robes shine in purity equal to the rays of the sun. Oh how happy we are to come this morning. We have been with you. We see that you are doing right. Have faith, have hope and no blessing shall die while you live. We have no anxieties, no shadows on our hearts. Ma, Grandma and the children stand very near you. Oh how beautiful they are. They touch you with their lips and leave their blessings upon you. The children love to be with you and love to visit the palace as well as the banquet hall. We go with them there to-day and we shall hold a consultation. Dr. Franklin and Prof. Kenyon are great friends. They aid you in your business more than human friends or beings, they remove many obstacles, they linger about you with loving interest.

On our way here we saw George Fox, George Washington and many whose names are only

familiar in History. I have seen ¹Mrs. Middleton. The artists engaged in her work are great masters and we will hold a consultation with the hope of getting their aid. This is the wish of the whole circle. The golden clouds are gliding in their beauty, following the sun through (220-Vol. III) paths of duty into the land of the blest. When through the sunset gates the west rays fall we shall be near to grasp you to our hearts. Then dear Sarah and George a golden glory will await the other side. We will be near you to-night, we will bless you, have no misgiving.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah. I think of you, I pray for you, I watch over you and guard you from sickness and pain. Tell Emeline that she will be happy in her new life and vocation. I can say no more. We are going with the children to the banquet hall. They are happy and you have not lost them. Death! Sarah there is no death but Eternal life. God bless you my children. Pa is well.

Your Ma."

"My Dear Children. Meet at seven Tuesday morning. We have had a glorious morning for us. We go to our duties now. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

"Sarah I will sometime give you my experience when awakening in the new life. We can do no more now.

Prof. K."

May 1st 7 P. M.—1871.

We saw no more of Katie until this morning when she came worn and tired out. Olin asked to have her get some sleep so that we could meet in the evening. At seven we met and they wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. Again we are with you, again we come to bless you. The day is gone, a day never to return; so much nearer are you to (221-Vol. III) us, so much nearer to the world of peaceful rest where toil and pain are over, where sorrow never comes save from seeing the suffering of those we love. We are happy, very

(1) Mrs. M. had been a resident of 5th Ave., but now resided in the "world beyond." Katie had often spoken of a portrait that was being made at her old residence by spirit hands.

happy to have this opportunity to see you. Meet at seven in the morning.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. I am again with you. The hour for gathering in our spheres of joy draws near and I only wish to tell you to sleep peacefully, to feel that I am watching over you. God bless you my dear children.

Your Ma."

May 2 7 A. M.—1871.

We met as desired and the time was mostly taken up by the writing of a long, very long letter by Dr. Franklin about Katie and her affairs. He appointed another meeting at three in the afternoon.

May 2 3 P. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We feel quiet, we feel happy now for we see a bright opening in the roses of the future. We will say no more about unpleasant things but hope for joy and sunlight hereafter. We have slipped out of our palace gardens to come to you this afternoon. It is a joy for us to come when we see you feeling that there is happiness ahead. All the blessings there are in the future for you should buoy you up and make you feel that life has charms and although trials will come in the midst of happiness and peace the spirit should not droop. Dear Sarah there is no falling off in appreciation of George's practice. In distant cities about, and all over the world (222-Vol. III) it is taking root. We know this and soon you will have a greater knowledge of it.

I have a great thing to tell you. The first day of June we take possession of our palace. Remember this day, to keep it sacred for us, the whole day and night commencing at six in the morning. We will do something on that day to celebrate it. We will commemorate it with an event that will last through all the years of your lives. Will you realize this? Will you keep it fresh in your minds?

Dr. Franklin wants my aid but I must tell you that we are all here and our dear Ma is throwing in her sentiments with me. God bless you.

Olin."

"Meet at seven in the morning. All is well.
B. F."

May 3 7 A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this morning. The atmosphere is not clear but we are in your presence and happy to add new links to the broken chain. Sarah we are watching your thoughts. They are many and shadows of anxiety seem to throw a little gloom over you. Do not my dear Sarah feel worried. I want you to feel free and happy for you deserve to be. All sunny and bright are our homes above you. Cloudy and dark is the atmosphere of your earth. Oh blessed are we who live in the world beyond. No desire have our hearts to return in the earthly garb. No desire have our hearts to again (223-Vol. III) dwell in mortal existence. We have passed over the dark river and are safe from death, from mortal change. Then my dear sister think of the world to which you are coming as the brightest home in all your existence, the heaven of your rest. And as you draw nearer the beautiful land you will look forward with impatience to the hour when we can clasp you in our arms.

My dear Sarah we want to look in the future a little to-day so we shall not be in your presence much through the day. Some of us will be here at three to give directions for the next meeting, the Prof. or some of us. With blessings from us all.

Olin."

May 3 3 P. M.—1871.

We met for directions and received besides the two following letters, the one from Mr. Hopper and the other from a very dear uncle who had been in the beautiful world twenty-six years. Although I had often thought of him when we were with Katie and wondered that he did not come still I did not ask for him preferring to wait his time. Now while our circle (Ma, Grandma, Olin, etc.) were away he came and I was so glad to see him, so glad to hear from him.

"George My Son. Thy labors have been quite tiresome to-day and thee needs rest. Thy labors will bring their reward. I have been with thee my

son. I think however that thy limbs need a little repose. I do not forget thee and never shall cease to give thee my aid. (224-Vol. III) God bless thee.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"Sarah I think of you. Do you think of me? Yes I know you do. Often your childish tricks come visibly before my eyes and I see you as you were in those childish days. God bless you my child. I am happy.

Uncle Albert."

As soon as the last letter was signed it was handed me to read. We knew by the motion of the hand that the writer was not accustomed to the manifestation and could write only by making great effort and when I saw the signature I understood the reason, it being his first endeavor. I expressed my gratification to Uncle Albert and inquired if he enjoyed his life. The response came.

"Yes Sarah. I rejoice that I am here. I have been saved years of misery. I have dear companions here. My children, I wish I could write fast, Oh how much I would say. I see all your surroundings, I love you. I will come again soon.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Child. Your family circle are off looking into the future and I am here only to tell you that the meeting will be at three to-morrow. I can say no more. God bless you.

Prof. K."

May 5 3 P. M.—1871.

"My Son. Let us give thanks and gratitude to the kind hand of Providence for aiding thee in completing thy work. May it bring thee great (225-Vol. III) success, may it spread thy path with flowers, may it be the cause of bringing thee all the comforts of life, surely thy labor has not been in vain.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"George, I am glad that you have at last finished your book. You will have great success. I congratulate you with my whole heart. I know you will realize more than you expect.

Prof. K."

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are happy to come again, we are happy to let you know that

we are cognizant of your steps, of all you are doing. You have done your duty faithfully and are still doing it. I am rejoiced that the book is out at last. Golden be its success. We know it will be. Katie is nervous and extremely weak. She is low spirited. We hope she will look ahead and see how bright the future is. The world has much to thank her for from the first little echo. Through her this great truth has been established. Oh Katie appreciate yourself more. It grieves us when she is sad. Dear Sarah keep happy and your heart hopeful.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. My Son I congratulate you on the neat manner in which you have got your book out. I like it very much and I am sure it will be a great success. It is well written, it is neatly gotten up and I have no fault to find.

Now my children meet to-morrow at seven in the morning. All will be well. (226-Vol. III) We have so much happiness in the future for you all. So much to make you happy. Lasting tributes of our presence. Why you should be the happiest circle on the globe. God bless you.

B. F."

"My Dear Sarah. I am again here. I am not one of the circle but some day I may be. I am often with you. On Sunday morning I will come and say more. I never knew your husband Sarah but I know him now. Send a book to each 'worthy' member of your family. Sarah you will soon receive a message from me of some importance. Your Willie I love and admire.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Sarah. We will aid Uncle Albert next Sunday morning. We can say no more.

Olin."

May 6 7 A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Children. The elements we can not control, that is not in our hands. We hoped it would have been clear to-day but it does not seem to my eye that there will be a decided change until after to-night. I have watched the clouds and I see we must be patient until the change comes. I am happy however that you met as we can give directions for the next meeting which

will be of importance. We are all here this morning, we have left our homes, our sunny land to come to you. Perhaps we can leave some rays of sunlight in your paths in order to help you go through the day. All is well. My son you must keep on persevering until (227-Vol. III) you get the 'other book out which will be of far more importance. We will all help you. We are happy and satisfied. Let no shadows rest on your hearts. Our next meeting may be at half past ten tomorrow, till then we can do nothing. God bless you! All is well! Farewell.

B. F."

"My Dear Sarah and George. We knew as we came along our way that the atmosphere was against us but we came to see you and say a few words to show you that we love you and love to give you comfort. The morning has not opened brightly but we hope it will close more fair. We are all going to gather in our home to-day, Uncle Albert, Aunt Sarah, his children and all who will be here to-morrow. Be dressed and ready to receive us at half past ten. I can say no more. We leave our blessings.

Olin."

We had intended to visit Greenwood on Sunday but could not well do so if we met at the hour they had named, so after reading their letters we inquired if they could as conveniently meet before breakfast? They answered.

"My Children. Yes, I will make arrangements to have the meeting at seven which will be just as well.

B. F."

May 7 7 A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this morning and all happy to meet you in a clear atmosphere. It is a long time since we have come in the bright morning time. I wish I could convey to your minds our joy when you (228-Vol. III) keep punctually our appointments, otherwise our duties here are disarranged. We have to-day made appointments with each other here. We are all to meet in our palace at a certain hour, then we will go off together to the most

beautiful place we can find. So you can see that it is important to be punctual when we name the hour. Uncle Albert is here. He is delighted with the circle. He and Ma are talking together near the window. We will be near you till eleven, then we shall be roaming in brighter lands but we will think of you, we will send you blessings, we will make your hearts glad and you shall know that we love you. I will now help Uncle Albert to talk as he is anxious that you should hear from him.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah. It gives me joy to see that I am so well remembered by you. I know that you love me for I love you and I rejoice to see you in another position, a happy wife and mother. I have had Frankie and Leila in my arms this morning. I kissed them and told Leila I would cut her curls off which she quite resented. Sarah do you remember the trials I endured? Your Mother and I have talked it over. My wife never made a lasting impression upon my mind when crying down Eliza. It vanished before it took root. Let that pass. I am so happy to know that I can be admitted in the palace to-day. I have never been there and I rejoice that I can (229-Vol. III) be admitted to-day. God bless you. I will always have a care over you. I will come another day.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Child. It is sweet to know that we can comfort Uncle Albert. We all love him and we shall be with him to-day. We can not say more as the power is required by Dr. Franklin. All is well! We shall have a happy day and think of you my children. Your Ma.

Your Mother to all Eternity."

"My Children. This has been a very successful meeting. We have used all the power. We want the next meeting for directions on Tuesday at twelve. Remember the hour and day. I am rejoiced with this meeting.

You better not go to Greenwood for Mr. Taylor until all the dampness is out of the earth. All is well! God bless you my children. We go to our work now, our other duties. Farewell.

B. F."

Before they left the little echoes said. "Mamma I have not forgotten you." Frankie then handed me my watch which I left on the bureau eight or ten feet from where I was sitting.

May 8 4 P. M.—1871.

Katie came in and Olin asked me to meet him at this hour. The Doctor being engaged could not be present.

"My Dear Sarah. We have come to appoint the regular meeting now that the atmosphere is clear. Dr. Franklin desires it at three to-morrow. All the circle will make their arrangements and be (230-Vol. III) here. We were very happy yesterday. We were all together, the whole family circle. We went to the palace and walked through the beautiful halls. They were festooned with flowers and wreaths. Over each door were the names of the different members of the family in flowers of different colors. Everything had the most cheering and exquisite appearance.

Oh how Uncle Albert did wish for you and talk of you. He knows how you love him. Frankie ran away from Uncle Albert because Uncle Albert teased him about a picture he was forming in flowers. Uncle Albert is still the same tease. Ma had a long conversation with him in her room alone. She held a book in her hand which she was keeping to amuse the children with, a blank book for them to draw in. It is Frankie's delight to draw Leila's face. Uncle Albert says that this being able to come to you and express his thoughts is the greatest new found joy of his life. Dear Sarah what a happy circle we are. We hope soon to be able to take possession of our palace.

We want you not to fail to keep the day for we wish to come to you each one of us and speak to you as we enter the palace. It would grieve us very much to have this fail. Tell George that we know that all is well. God bless you.

Olin."

"Well, Sarah I am here again. I am with you from the celestial spheres, from the scenes of entrancing beauty. I come to you from the (231-Vol. III) palace of beauty where all the blood relation, all who are one in faith will henceforth dwell. I and my children are to be one with

them. Sarah when the last breath left my mortal frame, when my spirit took another form in every way similar to the one you looked upon, I was led to where I could mingle with those I knew and loved. I was happy and not sorry to leave the earth with its cares.

Dear Child tell Emma that I am coming to her some night and touch her face. I may pull her out of bed. Well, my child may God bless you. I can say no more.

Uncle Albert."

May 9 3 P. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this afternoon. We will soon take the picture now and finish it, then we will present it to you with a blessing from each one of us. You will feel satisfied and rewarded for patiently waiting. We cannot talk to-day as we are required to give our time and mind to this work but to-morrow at four we will come and talk. We long for a bright sunny day and we hope soon to have it. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah and George. The power will be mostly given to the picture. We will come to-morrow.

Prof. K."

I had just received a letter from the Hon. Robert Dale Owen saying he should be in the city in Sept. We talked of him while at the table.

(232-Vol. III) "Tell Mr. Owen that we have a new manifestation to give him here in this circle and in this room. Something we wish him to receive for the benefit of the world. We want to finish the picture dear children as soon as possible, therefore we are giving our time and power to it during these meetings. Meet for directions at four to-morrow. All is well. Farewell.

B. F."

May 10 3 P. M.—1871.

As this day passed on I saw that my duties would interfere with the meeting at four so asked to have it at three to which they readily assented.

"My Dear Sarah. We are here now. We saw the difficulty and we are here to fulfill our promise and give directions. We are pleased with the

hour better than later as we too have our duties to fulfill and other things which we can not explain to you. My dear Sarah we have come from our world of light, we tread noiselessly. You hear us not yet we stand before you. Oh would that the veil could be raised and you permitted to see our faces. We hope that day will come soon.

We have talked over everything, we have looked in the future and know that all is well. There are no shadows of disappointment on our beautiful sky, no dark spots. We know our course and we shall follow it. My dear sister we wish you to have the room ready to-morrow at three. Get a bowl of water and place it on the table as you used and we will go on with our work. It will not take long to finish it when we commence. The above are Dr. Franklin's directions. (233-Vol. III) Oh! How beautiful is our palace. We look upon it with admiration and joy, a tribute of God's love, and we bow in adoration to His will. The first day of June we still keep on our tablets, keep it also on the tablets of your memories for it will be a great day.

Uncle Albert is approaching. He will speak to you after Ma. Tell Em. I see her heart. It is full of little anxieties. They seem great to her but I see they will amount to nothing. Soon her day will come and I hope she will not look back with a sigh for the days that are now gliding into Eternity, still they will be pleasant leaves for her to turn in the book of the past. Tell dear Em. that all is well.

God bless you dear Sarah. Tell George he is doing right and will succeed. His Father Hopper will help him through to the end.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. I am glad that Louise, Ralph's wife, is here. I am happy to see peace. My dear child I am here in the room with you. We are all here. My noble boy, my Olin is here. Uncle Albert is with you often. I only wanted to say these few words, now your Uncle Albert will speak. Give my love to Emeline.

Your Ma."

"My Dear Sarah. I am happy to come and tell you how much I love you, how dearly I love to

come to you in this new found way. My soul has found a new joy. I live again!

Soon I will write you a private letter with my own hand. I will gain power (234-Vol. III) enough to do it in a few days. God bless you.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Children. Meet at three to-morrow. Follow the directions. We are going to have a consultation to-day and we will give you new information to-morrow. All is well. Every promise shall be fulfilled. Farewell.

B. F."

May 11 7 A. M.—1871.

The morning being perfect B. F. desired us to meet now. We, as always, obeyed.

"The morning is bright and clear for our purpose. We are all here. Everything is as we would wish to have it. There is no dampness in our way and we come to you with joyous hearts.

We will now give our time to the picture for it is seldom we have so clear an atmosphere as this. We do not explain to you about the picture for the reason that we do not wish you to have your minds on any particular thing. We are satisfied. Yesterday we had a consultation about matters here in your house. The woman who has something the matter with her neck and is about to leave, would not do so if you would encourage her. You can help her if she has patience and you must give such nervous women more encouragement, George. Now we have great faith in your skill and you can help such diseases permanently. We are always looking out for your good. The Professor always feels so anxious when he sees any of your patients discouraged. He works more for you than he does for them.

I told Sarah yesterday I would (235-Vol. III) have information for her to-day. This is it. See that lady and all will be well. We are very happy this morning. It gives us great joy when we are successful.

Sarah I will be here at three to meet you and Em.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah and George. I am here as usual. I often give my signal which is different

from any other person's. God bless you. Let this morning inspire you with hope and good feeling. All is well!

Prof. K."

"My Dear Children. All is glorious. Meet Saturday at seven in the morning. All obstacles are overcome. The chain is perfect. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

May 11 3 P. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. Close the window a little. It is well to shut out the beautiful sun as it distracts the mind.

Here we come to talk with you in the silent room of so many scenes: Some have been sad ones, but from each a lesson can be gained. You have seen more joy than sorrow dear Sarah (to you I will speak first) in this room. Here your little ones first breathed life. Here they were born through the pearly gates, ransomed souls into Eternal life. Here Frankie suffered and glad were we when his tired spirit took its flight. My dear Sarah I was with you then. I tried to lull his cries, his agonies. Oh what a relief it was to him when we carried him and placed him in Ma's arms. Grieve not for him! Grieve (236-Vol. III) not for Leila! Our Lily of all the flowers. She will be a beautiful maiden in health and joy when you come here. She will know you and welcome you for daily she visits you and you never can grow less dear to her. The same with Frankie. We are happy to come aside from all the others and talk with you. I think Sarah that I understand you better than any one else, still Uncle Albert understands you nearly as well. I can come down to you, kneel by your side and sympathize with you. I can feel your sorrows and your joys. Is that not sweet for you to know? To have in this world of change an unseen protection? One who can weep with you, laugh with you and partake of all your joys? Oh Sarah the world can not realize what you can. So many are ignorant of this blessing. Many will go down in darkness there to live for a long time. Be happy with your faith and enjoy these blessings. Here comes Uncle Albert but he must keep silent while I

speak to Emeline. Let me tell you Sarah that all is well, you are doing right. The summer will be a happy one for you and I will make it so. God bless you.

Olin."

Now he wrote a letter to Em. about her personal affairs which I will not insert here, then the following came.

"My Dear Sarah, My Niece, and are you well to-day? I went with you this morning. ¹I want you to wear a different hat from the one you wore to-day. I did not quite like it, (237-Vol. III) and sometime my dear little niece I am going to smooth your hair down just as I like it.

I never saw Emeline when on earth so if I tell her that she looks melancholy she may think I am saying too much. Emeline I want to know you better and to know you I must see you in your pleasant moods. I will look up this young man of yours and pull his ears if he don't hurry up. Dear Sarah I will soon be able to write you a private letter. We can say no more. Good bye girls. These are pleasant days that you are all having. Now Emeline try to value them. God bless you.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Cathie. You too will look back upon these days with pleasure. You do not appreciate them now, but oh my child you will look back upon them and sigh for the peace you are having now with Mrs. Taylor, then I hope she will again hold out her hand to you. Mrs. Taylor will you accept my thanks for your gentle kindness to my child. May blessings follow you, mine shall to all Eternity.

Mrs. Fox."

May 13 7 A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here, happy to come in the bright morning time. The atmosphere is clear and all is well. We have been with you. We want to take away every shadow if we can. Try to look on the bright side and be happy. The little ones are here looking oh, so beautifully. I wish you could (238-Vol. III) see

(1) The hat I wore was a very plain, drab straw. Uncle Albert had remarkably fine taste.

them. They have grown in beauty as well as stature. Ma has one on each side. My dear Sarah all your loved ones are here this morning. We will be here to-morrow morning at half past ten, then there will be no outside noise to disturb us. The noise of the workmen will be put aside and we will all talk with you. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. I have the little ones by the hands this morning. They are happy little birds. We have left the flowers all in blossom, many in full bloom. Some of the gardens we call yours. My dear child do not feel discouraged, the shadows can not last long; the gladness of the sun will chase them away and flowers will take root, your heart will be glad and life will seem blessed. I am with you. To-morrow I will come again.

Your Ma."

"Sarah My Child. I remember how depressed I used to get when here suffering. Everything looked so dark to me and there were times when I really suffered from fear of death. I dreaded the dissolution from the body and I feared the unknown hereafter. I can not tell you how pleasantly my breath passed from the body. I fell asleep in the arms of my wife and when I awoke I recognized the dear companions of my boyhood. I was not much surprised, I was happy and at last the vacancies of my heart were filled almost at once.

My Child I see much happiness for you. Keep good courage and I will be your friend, your father. (239-Vol. III) George I am sorry to see you disappointed in any way especially in your business, but I know that all will work out well and that a day of rich harvest will come for you, certainly if it is in my power to hasten it I will use every effort. We will all meet you to-morrow. God bless you.

Prof. Kenyon."

"My Dear Children. Life is pleasant. Be happy! Enjoy it. God has given you the capacity of enjoying every beautiful thing. Look not on the dark side but trust and all will be well. Meet at half past ten to-morrow.

B. F."

May 14 10½ A. M.—1871.

The morning clear and bright. We entered our room a few moments before the appointed time and directly after we were seated, a piece of paper from the table before us was handed to me and the echoes said "Place this on the bureau with a pencil." I immediately obeyed, resumed my seat and took both of Katie's hands in mine. The Doctor and I hold Katie's hands every moment during our sittings except when her left hand is required to write. During this sitting her left hand wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this bright morning. How inspiring is the atmosphere. How beautiful are the rays of the sun as they fall upon you in gladness, warming your bodies and dispelling the gloom.

My dear Sarah we are happy to come and happy to talk with you. Uncle Albert is here (240-Vol. III) watching Dr. Franklin write and trying to learn the way so that he can fulfill his promise to you at a favorable time. We can all learn from Dr. Franklin. Can you realize what a great thing it is for Dr. Franklin to write you a letter with his own hand? It is a great boon hard to realize. I myself feel blessed in having such a friend to aid me. It is seldom the spirit can write a letter when in the form and I must give my aid to Dr. Franklin. Uncle Albert requests you to meet him at ten on Tuesday morning. God bless you, Sarah, Katie is the channel for us to come through and Dr. Franklin is now using the materials which permit him to write with his own hand. Let me tell you Sarah, I like your dress, so does Ma. I can say no more.

Olin."

After reading the above we looked at the paper on the bureau which was entirely blank when I placed it there. No human hand had touched this paper since and still upon it was written in a clear, beautifully round hand the following letter.

"My Dear Children. Would that I could explain to you the great difficulties we have in coming to you and performing the work we have made so many efforts to do. The storm and clouds of life will pass. Look up with serene faith to

the Great Giver and be glad. We confess our eagerness to lift the veil and show you the vistas of Eternity. We watch the workings of (241-Vol. III) your inner feelings where hope golden hues the future and we long to make all clear to your vision. Reason and faith are often antagonistic and conflicting, the one is shrouded in darkness and doubt by the mysteries of Providence while the other is serenely hopeful. Reason is driven from her throne by the tumults which drift across the sea of human destiny while faith soars above all obstacles and casts her anchor within the vale. Reason gropes and stumbles while faith undismayed ascends her watch tower. To the eye of reason many things are dark but faith sees through all the dark shadows and the flowers go on blooming. My children respect those who visit you unseen, their eyes are upon you, their ears hear you. We do not rebuke you, we only advise. It is Sunday morning. The busy hands are folded, the noise is hushed and we are here.

How beautiful is charity. I pity the poor wretch whose life hangs on a word, who to-day is shut out from the light in his prison cell. He who has no temper to overcome and is by nature good and amiable is not entitled to high encomium as he who battles against his evil passions. Oh I pity the poor outcast and my prayers are offered for his deliverance. My children, the morning is bright and full of peace. Let your hearts be glad. The little ones are here. (242-Vol. III) Their pure robes have touched your white dress. We love to see you in pure garments. It shows that you know our eyes behold you. We go now to fulfill our duties in the heavenly land. The harps are sounding, voices are calling us. Meet Wednesday at seven A. M. Farewell.

Benjamin Franklin."

May 15 6 P. M.—1871.

"George I do not advise you to sell. I think Mr. Taylor was wrong. Hold fast to your property, it will increase in value. I have looked well into this matter. Hold fast to it!

Dear Sarah we look down upon you from the sunset sky. We see your thoughts. Let them be

peaceful for all is well and we will guard you. To-morrow at ten we will come to you and aid your uncle in speaking.

My child be not cast down. We all love and bless you.

Prof. K."

May 16 10 A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. I am here this morning to fulfill my promise. There is not a cloud upon the horizon and my spirit is happy to speak through the telegraph which connects the two worlds. I have been with you and know much that you have suffered during our long separation, our long silence. Oh how often I have wanted to raise you up and take you in my arms and rock you to sleep. I did not know the way to come and soothe you. I have found out now (243-Vol. III) and when you feel tried and unhappy come to me and I will give you rest. The world is full of changes, and sorrows mingled with pleasures and joys, joys which are taken from you before you are able to grasp them.

The rose blooms and falls to the ground while you are inhaling its perfume, but the soul of the rose lives forever; it passes into another rose of its kindred, another and another; nothing is lost.

My dear Sarah I have just begun to realize what a great blessing this subject is; what an enlightenment to the world, to all mankind. What a key to unlock the gates of heaven!

Sarah do you remember how dearly I used to love to tease you and caress you? I tried to make you all as happy as it was in my power to do. I hope my child you will never forget those happy days. They are bright memories for me to turn back to. I have been with ¹Eliza all the early part of the morning. She is very busy and looks lovelier than she ever did. I told her I was coming here and she sent her blessing to you and wished me to say that she was going to take the children into a beautiful park where there are different amusements. I shall join them when I leave you.

I am happy to see you well to do in life. I hope to see you perfectly independent in a few

(1) My Ma.

years. Keep good courage my child and be happy. Oh how I long to take the (244-Vol. III) pencil in my own hand and write you a letter for your own eyes. I shall be able soon. I am fast becoming an adept. All will be well with you. I will help you every day. I visit them all Sarah in the old familiar places, but I can not speak to them. I am pleased with Willie. He has the same sweet disposition that you used to have and looks very much as you did. I often look in his face.

Now my dear Sarah we have had a nice little visit together and I can remain no longer. God bless you! Have I not been a good Uncle? I have not teased you once. Good bye.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Sarah I have only come to say good morning, be punctual to-morrow at seven and all is well. Be happy for we are happy in our beautiful home above and you are not forgotten there. Give my love to Em. Tell her that I think of her. Olin."

May 17 7 A. M.—1871.

Now I regularly placed paper and pencil upon the bureau so that any unseen guest could write if so disposed. We sat about the table and Katie's left hand wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this morning. We are sorry the atmosphere is not clear, however we are with you. Uncle Albert will endeavor to try his skill at using the pencil with his own hand and we will aid him. (245-Vol. III) He is so anxious to write you a letter, and you know Sarah, that when he makes a promise he always perseveres until he accomplishes it and although the morning is very unfavorable he will be able to get his hand in the business as he calls it. Now I am going to help him while he holds the pencil in his own hand.

Olin."

Upon the blank paper which lay on the bureau we found in a hand writing much resembling Uncle Albert's the following letter.

"My Dear Sarah. I can not say what I wish to but I can get my hand in so that it will be easier next time. No one knows how much I endured with Emma, her ignorance, her uncon-

genial spirit. I always loved Anna. We are together. But Sarah I can not explain to you now. I will write you the whole particulars at a future time. Anna is not my wife but a dear friend and loves me better than she ever did. I have a companion so lovely. Orville is with me. Yes, I remember how you loved him. He is all my soul desires. He will speak to you some day. Now Sarah what do you think of me? Can't I write? I will write you a private letter soon. Oh how happy I am!

Uncle Albert."

Through Katie's hand B. F. told us to meet at three on Friday and "if the atmosphere is clear we will proceed with our business." (246-Vol. III.)

May 19 3 P. M.—1871.

"Again we are with you. Our spirits come without a shadow. The air is full of the whisperings of angels and we know that you feel our blessings for we breathe them softly upon you and leave your souls brighter. We are happy to come in your presence. Oh how soft and genial is the atmosphere. The birds warble sweet notes for you on earth while ours fill the air with echoes from distant lands. We are so happy! We would not exchange with you and yet you have every thing to make you happy, every thing to make life seem pleasant. The world is beautiful in all seasons. Winter with her icy covering, her pure white covering is beautiful. Autumn with her changing colors is beautiful. How glorious when the leaves fall to the ground and the winds sigh mournfully through the trees as if sighing for the departed beauty. God has made life a study, nature a still greater study. Enjoy every day of your lives and dear Sarah to-day when you go out I will speak to you in every beautiful flower you behold. Dear Sarah and George I have looked in your future and there are no dark rivers between you and success.

On Sunday morning we hope to accomplish something new. Uncle Albert wished me to say to you that he would endeavor then to write you the promised letter. Be happy and know that all is well. Olin."

(247-Vol. III) "My Dear Children. Meet Sunday at half past ten A. M. clear or cloudy. Let me again assure you that all is well. Our protection, our aid is ever with you. God bless you. B. F."

May 21 10½ A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here this beautiful morning; hushed is the noise outside; everything breathes peace and we come out of our heavenly homes sanctified by the grace of higher spheres, sanctified by the holy atmosphere through which we have come, free from sin, free from all human frailties. If we can leave you more peaceful we shall feel repaid and know that another gem is added to our crown of happiness. We wish you to keep the first of June fresh in your memories. We are now perfectly satisfied with our palace. If your imagination can picture us in it when we take possession we shall be rejoiced. But oh Sarah and George let your imagination be of the purely beautiful.

Mr. Hopper is a little disappointed to forego the pleasure of giving George his tribute of love and protection. We are all aiding Uncle Albert in writing. We do not know what he is writing, we only aid him in giving our power. No one looks over him but Ma. She stands by his side. I know that you are pressed and troubled in many ways, but do not feel disturbed; there is a dark time always in the most prosperous business. (248-Vol. III) Every flower in your future home is open and blooming in great beauty. The sky is not dark with trouble and disappointment.

Tell dear Em. that I am with her. I see how troubled she sometimes is. I don't like delays myself, but I think all will come out right. Of course she must expect some disappointments. You need not repeat the last sentence. Some minds never rationally accept anything of a saddening character but at once imagine evil, therefore we often refrain from predicting the future.

Dear Ralph is well and doing well. Now Sarah I want you to have a happy summer, free from anxieties. All is well. I can say no more now but on Wednesday, the day for our whole circle, we will all greet you with blessings. Prof. Kenyon

and all who have not spoken send their love and blessing now. We are happy. The remainder of the day we shall roam together in the heavenly land.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. We are happy to bless you in form. We are happy and satisfied. The power has been greatly exhausted. Meet at seven Wednesday morning. God bless you. We now go to our beautiful land where happiness is perfect and joy eternal.

B. F."

Upon the blank paper which I had placed on the bureau, written in the clear, manly hand of Uncle Albert was the following letter.

(249-Vol. III) "My Dear Sarah. I am truly happy to come this morning and write you a few words.

Life's struggles have been many with me, but they are all over now and I can sing with the happiest here. You know how I suffered when on earth, the trials I bore and oh, how patiently Eliza worked through the tangled threads. I have often felt for you children: when you with aching heart left home to go and teach, when Emeline suffered the loss of her mother, and most sadly I felt when Olin came to his untimely and unfortunate close of life. All these events I was aware of, his body found a watery grave but his soul winged its flight in his Savior's arms. Now he dwells with those he loves.

Sarah be patient for all will be well. I have your little favorite here. He has looked in your face this morning. You would not know the young man now unless he made himself known to you, but when you meet us here I will have both my boys, one on each side of me and Uncle Albert you will surely recognize. I am at rest.

I see you happily situated in a pleasant way to success with a fond husband and a devoted son. These two things should make your life a summer under any circumstances. I can write no more. They have all aided me in giving this. One

(1) Olin rode an ill-tempered horse into the water. The horse plunged into deep water, threw up its head, struck Olin in the forehead and stunned him. He slid from the horse's back and was not found until hours had passed.

thing let me say. I do not think Emeline will have much (250-Vol. III) happiness in the young man she has chosen. There will be trouble and disappointment. Remember this. I am exhausted. Good bye. God bless you.

Uncle Albert."

On the same paper and below the last letter was the following note written in a fine delicate hand, resembling precisely Uncle Albert's fine hand with which I was very familiar. The paper containing both letters was nicely folded and on the upper side in Ma's hand writing was "Sarah."

"While the passing events are going on dear Sarah we lift the veil of the future and often throw light upon the darker side to make you strong for the trials that are to come.

I do not see that Emeline's future is dark but she will have to bear her cross.

This hour, how lovely and serene. Peace shines on all. Believe my child, all is well with you. Doubt clouds the soul with darkness and shuts the heavenly light out. We must depart now for we have lingered long. God bless you.

Your Ma."

May 24 7 A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here and satisfied with our work. We are of one mind and work together. +++ All is well! Anticipate no evil. There are no clouds. God bless you.

Olin."

"We have all been here.

Prof. K."

(251-Vol. III) "My Son I will fulfill my promise to you as soon as the artists take the picture. All is well.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"My Dear Children. Meet at three to-morrow. We have done all we hoped to and are satisfied. All is well! God bless you.

B. F."

May 26 3 P. M.—1871.

Katie did not come the day before as appointed, but sent word that she had sick-headache and Olin had postponed the meeting until the same hour on the following day. The day came hot and sultry. Katie came and we prepared the room

but when the hour arrived we were unavoidably detained five minutes.

As soon as we entered the room we were conscious of the presence of our spirit friends. They took hold of the Doctor's beard and lovingly touched with separate fingers my arm and before we were in our seats they said "Sing." We commenced the Lord's Prayer in the tune of "Home Sweet Home" and immediately Leila on her golden harp accompanied us. We were greatly surprised. They had not mentioned the harp in many weeks, neither had we when with Katie. The notes rang out from the instrument clear as silver and with fullness and firmness of sound. We heard with distinctness the touch of the fingers upon the strings and the music brought out of that harp from heaven surpasses in sweetness any description language (252-Vol. III) can give. It accompanied us through the tune four times and played through three times alone.

These occasions on which our angel loved ones come to us in form and bring instruments from their abodes in the very heavens, and make the most soothing and inspiring music upon them, these are occasions of great solemnity. We feel that the veil is almost drawn aside, that we have only to lift our eyelids and behold our lovely children, our loving Ma and Grandma, our noble Olin with others of our precious dead standing in all their purity before us. But this they have not yet permitted us to do. If they can show themselves to us they will: they would like to do it as well as we would like that they should, but if they should not succeed in this one great demonstration we are just as sure of their presence and know just as assuredly that what professes to come from them does come from them.

"My Dear Sarah. We are happy to come to you this afternoon. We are all here. We take great pleasure in preparing for our new home, our palace of beauty. We wish you to remember the day we have appointed. Our only great earthly wish is to see you happily situated with plenty of money to spend. We feel sure you will see that day, so be happy and let no clouds darken the sunny side of your life. I see so much

in the future for you, so much joy, so much new joy. There is peace in our souls undisturbed. (253-Vol. III) Joyous are the little ones who play upon the harp that your ears may hear. Ma, Grandma, Prof. Kenyon and all are here. Uncle Albert will now say a few words and I will close with my blessing for you and yours. Dr. Franklin was here first and will remain until we all depart.

Olin."

"All is well Sarah. Be happy.

Prof. K."

"My Dear Sarah. Then you were pleased with my letter? Well, I am glad. I wrote you some great truths Sarah, as I ever shall. I will give you plain facts, real facts.

I have been with you and all is well. You are following in a course which will be satisfactory to yourself as well as to others. Now Sarah I will write you another private letter soon, I have so much to tell you that I want you alone to see. I am keeping watch over you and everything will be bright. On Sunday morning I will be here. Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Children. We have accomplished much to-day. We are satisfied and happy. No clouds hang over you to dim your bright future. Let your hearts be happy. No longer look on the dark side for the world is beautiful. Enjoy it.

Meet Sunday morning at half past ten and now we go to our duties. You are connected with them.

We are happy to get out of this oppressive atmosphere. God bless you.

B. F."

(254-Vol. III) May 28 10½ A. M.—1871.

The morning was clear and cool. I prepared the room, placed the paper, which was folded in the linen cloth, on the little table. At the exact time we entered the room and everybody was happy.

The Doctor and Katie were frequently sent by the folding doors. Uncle Albert, Dr. Franklin and cousin Orville spoke to us. Little Orville died thirty years ago and was but fourteen months old. He is Uncle Albert's eldest child

and I loved him passionately. He said, "I love to look in your face cousin Sarah. Orville." I answered, "and is it you little Orville?" "Not little Orville," was the reply. They wrote and then the cloth they had kept pinned about the paper for months was placed in my hands and they said, "We want that no more." Now we were directed to stand by the open window and soon to read.

When we opened our eyes I first looked for the paper which I had placed upon the little table when I prepared the room, and which I had placed there before nearly every meeting for months, and this same paper had been, at the close of each meeting, either brought and placed in my hands for me to put in the box or they had put it in the box themselves and then brought both to me. But now they had not brought either paper or box, only the cloth. I looked faithfully for the paper but it was not in the room. We read.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here. We have a clear atmosphere and good conditions. The paper is prepared and we will take it with (255-Vol. III) us and do our work as soon as possible. It has been difficult for us to take the paper and our crayons will be used up when this picture is finished. We shall invent some colors of our own. Oh how happy we are! No shadows are on our spirits! No clouds. We are more than happy.

Dear Sarah we can not say much as we have this paper and must get it placed where we can leave it for only the circle to see. We shall finish it in our palace. To-morrow we all gather in order to choose our separate floors. You will therefore meet on Tuesday at ten. I am mistaken, Dr. Franklin raises his finger to me and means that I should stop, he will give the directions. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah. I am learning to come and write letters as well as an expert. I can not write with my own hand this morning for the reasons that Olin has given you.

I am so often with you when you are trying on a new dress, and Sarah I think you have fine

taste, but you must not let my saying so make you proud. I like your linen dress and I like you in white, in black silk and in blue, true blue. Never wear green. It is beautiful to the eye but not pretty for you. I am going to write you a letter too for the first of June. I can not say more. Oh! I must say a few words to Emeline. She is a good girl, I like her and I will help her, she shall have happiness. Give her my love and tell her that I am going after that "Beau" (256-Vol. III) of hers. I can say no more. God bless you.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Children. Meet Tuesday morning at seven. In the mean time do not call for us.

B. F."

May 30 7 A. M.—1871.

The morning was clear and we were promptly in our places. They wrote the following and asked me to get the box from the drawer and place it on the bed, which I did and removed the cover as I did it. Soon the box with the cover on was placed on the table before me.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here. We are all happy to come. We all gathered in the banquet hall yesterday and had a consultation. You will meet Thursday at seven in the morning and at eight in the evening. We will not talk much till then. We have to follow laws dear Sarah and George and can not step over them.

We anticipate great joy. We anticipate great happiness for we shall all be present, all the circle, Grandma and all her children and those you loved and still love. We can see you, oh would that you could see us. Dear Sarah and George daily you learn some new truth from us. We try to impress your minds with much that we experience here. God bless you and give you all the enjoyments of life. We were happy to let fall upon your listening ears music from our spheres. I will say no more now.

Olin."

(257-Vol. III) "My Son. I will present you with my gift on Thursday. You will therefore

have no interruption on Thursday night. My son all is well. I am always mindful of you.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"The drawing paper we shall place in the box until Thursday when we shall take possession of our palace and then we will take it to finish. We have to make changes to-day. Do not open the box. There will be no change in the appointments.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. We do not wish you to have your minds on any particular thing. Do not touch the paper. We will leave it with you till Thursday. God bless and prosper you.

B. F."

June 1 7 A. M.—1871.

The morning was clear and we were ready and in our seats before seven. The echoes told us to put the box containing their paper upon the table, the little table and take off the cover. They touched both the Doctor and myself, they wrote and left us in a half hour. The uncovered box we found upon the little table but the paper was gone.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this morning. We come from our palace. Day began with us some hours ago. We are in our palace, our beautiful palace. We have our souls' desire, no wish ungratified and we feel adoration and love for our great Creator who so freely bestows upon us these blessings. (258-Vol. III) We will tell you more about them this evening when we anticipate much happiness. This morning we will take the paper to our home; it will be a little difficult to do in this atmosphere but we will succeed. All is well, be happy for we live guiding everything. God bless you. Do not have anticipations to-night as it interferes greatly with our writing. We shall be busy in our home, our palace through the day. You know more of our real lives than many who have investigated for years. I will use no more power.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. Meet at quarter before eight to-night. We will use no more power this morning. We are satisfied with the conditions. God bless you!

B. F."

"Oh how beautiful our palace is. I am one of your family now to all Eternity.

Prof. K."

"Meet me at three Sarah. Do not forget Uncle Albert. I will bring the boys.

Uncle Albert."

"George my son how I do wish your Mother was here. Oh what a glorious time I am having.

Your Father."

June 1 3 P. M.—1871.

We went in our room at a few moments before three when Uncle Albert through Katie's hand wrote the following, every word of which is full of meaning to me, but with little significance to either the Doctor or Katie. The tears would flow when he came so vividly before me.

(259-Vol. III) "My Dear Sarah. I was afraid I would not get an opportunity to speak to-night so I appointed this hour to meet you. I have come from my new rooms; the splendors of the palace you can only imagine. Oh how surprised I was to be admitted into the circle. My children, my sisters and brother, all, all are united. We are one family, the most sympathetic, the kindest, the dearest in the world; in unison with all pure and holy souls.

Sarah, my child I have sat by the fountain of life, I have dipped my fingers into the stream of everlasting waters and now I come to you, not a man advanced in years but in the prime of life and as you remember to have seen me last, no, not as you saw me last but as I was when in health.

I have had your children in my arms to-day. They played about their new home and were overjoyed. They talked much about their Papa and Mamma. How I love these little ones. Sarah I teased them a little by telling them that they must come and live with me. No! No! They would not leave their Grandma and their own pretty rooms one step.

I remember the house by the water, the mill, the boys, all come freshly before my vision and I see you a child again upon my knee, oh how I loved you Sarah.

Now I will not use much power as some new

thing will be done to-night which will require a great deal of power, something that (260-Vol. III) Mr. Hopper is now entreating the aid of Dr. Franklin or Mr. Taylor. He will succeed and you will all be happy. Tell Emeline I will look into her future and tell her something to-night.

Sarah what a beautiful thing this subject is. I am only beginning to realize it. I love you, I bless you and now I am warned to stop but to-night I will be with you. Your loving Uncle

Albert."

June 1 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ P. M.—1871.

I prepared the room, leaving blank paper as usual upon the bureau and at the desired time sister Em with us entered the room. We sat about the table and sang, the Doctor and Katie being sent from time to time by the folding doors. Prof. Kenyon appeared to have the directing of their movements. Katie took a pencil in her hand to write and immediately it was taken out of her fingers: directly Prof. Kenyon said "Olin is writing and we are all aiding him." Ma said "My blessed children we are all paying you a visit from our palace." Again "Open the blinds and let Mr. Hopper in." Again after a half hour "Let in air."

After an hour and half Katie's hand wrote a few lines, and while she was writing, two pencils were placed in my hand and directly after two long strips of paper were handed me. As soon as she dropped her pencil they told us to get a light and sit about the table and read aloud. Upon the papers placed in my hand we found written with Olin's hand and in his clear, open style the following letter which I read aloud. (Katie's hand had not touched this)

(261-Vol. III) "My Dear Sarah. This is the first day of June and our family have taken possession of our palace in the Garden of Eden. We occupy different apartments and can be by ourselves when we desire. There are chapels in our palace where we can silently worship and meditate. To paint the beauty of our home is impossible; no fairy land has ever been more beautifully portrayed than this palace of beauty which needs not the pen of a fabulous brain to add one

flower to its perfection. Every leaf, every bud bows before God as the Creator of every blessing. Flowers are the perfumes of our atmosphere, the incense of our walks. Glow is in some, gold shines upon others, in some we see the ruby, in some the sapphire and sky-blue.

It is a holy thing to watch your hours

As they glide through life away.

By the opening of some favorite flowers

We can tell thy future day.

In such sweet signs our thoughts flow on in golden currents, there to trace a bright flower or withered leaf. We mark these symbols and if they are bright and fair our souls rejoice and we go on in gladness, feeling that our beloved ones on earth are safe. To-day is a bright and holy day for us, we have reached the goal of our desires and like one family we shall live to all eternity. We will dear Sarah and George be permitted to do more for you now in our palace. The doors were all thrown open (262-Vol. III) and sacred harps sounded as we entered. Let us thank God. We can not say now,

Where are the friends we used to love?

Where are the joys of earlier years?

All, all are here. Then for you to know that some day you too will inhabit our dwelling. We will not leave out one of your beloved. Uncle Albert and his children were a little surprised to be admitted at once into our circle. We all love him and take pleasure in his society. Prof. Kenyon and his wife are also our family and now dear Sarah I will close with a few remarks from one higher in intellect than myself.

The theories of Voltaire no longer exist and if the world is not as good as it might be it has become much better than it was. Evil is a delusion. Take pride in good and never despond. Leave through life the gift of pardon in the pathway of every erring mortal whose earthly hopes are crushed; but still look up to heaven. A smile of forgiveness from you will perhaps be a star to cheer and comfort; and for every joy you give we will give unto you doubly. Earth has many trials, we pity the poor outcasts. God gives them two paths to bring them back to Him. Love and

suffering, both are hard. Those who tread them feel their feet pierced, but through tribulation and patience reach at last their journey's end and find peace. It is not for us to point out two roads (263-Vol. III), marked the one to good, the other to evil, and simply say choose. We must, as Christ did, point out the paths that lead from the latter road to the former so that the misguided and erring may be led back. Jesus was full of forgiveness for all human passions and he loved to alleviate those wounds. This he said "Much shall be forgiven thee because thou hast loved much," a sublime pardon. Why should we refuse the helping hand to those whom we meet bleeding from the evil of a long career? Why should we refuse to dress their wounds? Mortals must not be more strict than Christ. The child is small but he contains the germ of a man, the brain is small yet it is linked with the immortal mind, the eye, a mere speck, yet it takes in leagues.

Judge not by appearances. The rough nature contains the diviner part. Blessed are those who help to cultivate that spark of goodness.

My dear Sarah with one voice we all pour out our blessing, our love and while we walk the paths of the New Jerusalem we shall not forget you. George and Em. we speak to you also. Life dear Em. shall be less full of trials than those whose flowers have been withered by disappointment and neglect. There is a casket which holds a jewel. That casket is your heart; the jewel love and constancy. Keep them pure and untarnished is the wish of all who love you here.

(264-Vol. III) The golden rays of the sun shone upon our paths to-day with new joy. From our palace windows we will look towards you and ever keep a vase of flowers to mark the future of each one of you (our family).

May you ever be happy and this day with its holy gifts remembered.

Olin—Circle."

We found upon the bureau a beautiful white daisy with its root in soil four inches deep. It had twelve blossoms and more buds, and weighed with the soil exactly one pound. This was Mr. Hopper's present and what he brought in when

the window was opened for him. It is very beautiful and we shall try hard to keep it in life and health. The following is what they wrote through Katie's hand.

"We are all here. Keep the flowers in memory of this night. I hope they will live. God bless you.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"My Dear Emeline I have not much power, but in a few words let me say that your life will be bright only be patient. I will take a charge in your affairs and when a flower withers I will tell you. I like your Beau as well as I can on short acquaintance. God bless you.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Children. I have been with you every moment giving my aid. You see how we have advanced in power. I am happy to see you all happy. We will all walk through the palace garden after we (265-Vol. III) leave you which will be in a few moments now.

All is well! My son keep your gift carefully. Mr. Hopper, or rather Isaac is looking upon you with beaming face and satisfaction.

Meet Sunday morning at half past ten. No more. Farewell.

B. F."

June 4 6½ A. M.—1871.

We were going to Rockaway beach to spend the day hence our meeting at this hour on Sunday.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this morning, happy to come from our beautiful palace paths. We can do much for you when we come in your presence. We do not have to contend with doubts, we are not repelled and chilled. There are some who can never learn how to accept this great truth, to such little can be given. We shall go with you this morning and give you a happy day. The children are here in form and Dr. Franklin is at his work, aiding us. You shall have a gift from him that you will long remember; it will live long after you have joined us. Last evening he visited us and remained some time. We had a happy visit together. Surely God has blessed us beyond our expectations and we

will bless you beyond yours. Prof. Kenyon says that the friendship which existed between himself and our family when on earth was ordained that we might be permitted to enjoy ourselves as one family in the world of immortality. He is very happy. Now my dear Sarah, Ma will speak. All is well. Be happy.

Olin."

(266-Vol. III) "My Dear Child. I feel now that I have my family all together. I feel that they are mine, I can entertain all my dear friends and make many happy. Oh would that you could realize our joy and peace and comfort! Would that you could be with us for a few minutes!

To-day, my dear child, I will be with you. Go down by the beach, listen to the sounds I used to love, I will speak to you in their murmurs. Keep Willie near you, do not let him stray from you. I will take a seat by your side and you will feel that I am near you. Tell Emeline I am glad to see her feeling happy. God bless you my beloved children. I left Uncle Albert in the palace with his children and sisters. He sent his love and blessing to you.

Your Ma."

"My Dear Children. The conditions have been very good this morning and we are glad that you are going to enjoy a change of air. I think you need it my son. Meet Tuesday at three for directions. God bless you my children. Farewell.

B. F."

"My Son. The flower lives and thrives emblematical of your future. I watered it last night myself. God bless you.

I. T. H."

June 7 7 A. M.—1871.

Katie did not come to her appointment in the afternoon but knocked at our bedroom door at half past ten. We had retired some time before (267-Vol. III) and the house was very still. On opening the door I heard one clear ringing note from an instrument, but without noticing it I spoke with Katie and while doing so heard another clear and strong. I said "Why Katie what have you got?" She replied "Nothing," seemed frightened and stepped inside.

I closed the door and immediately the little sweet echoes said, "Dear Mamma I have been here all the evening playing on my harp. I can not stay longer now. Leila." Olin said "Meet at seven."

The morning was very unpleasant, still as soon as we commenced singing, Leila accompanied us with her harp, her wonderfully sweet, pure sounding harp. She accompanied us through "Home Sweet Home" three times and then played four tunes alone. The instrument is the same, the sound precisely the same each time, but oh, I can in no way give an idea of its sweetness, nothing besides is so clear, so clean, so penetrating and altogether so delightful.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this morning. We came directly from our palace and while we walked through our paths the sunlight of heaven shone over our heads forming crowns of glory such as you have seen on the heads of holy pictures. I wish you could have seen us, but the vision would have made you discontented with earth and perhaps it is better that your eyes are not permitted to see into our world. When our family is complete, when we gather every one into our fold, oh then we shall have our (268-Vol. III) palace dedicated, the home of peace, of happiness, of love made perfect. That day will come and you with your family will know where to find the new palace. You will be too happy to express your delight and sit down to wonder at the magnificence before you.

We are all happy. Uncle Albert wants you to meet him on Friday at twelve. I left him talking with Aunt Sarah and his boys.

This meeting has been of great importance for we have brought into our circle a new artist. Our work is progressing nicely.

The children speak to you in their sweet music. They show their immortal love, their devotion.

Oh Sarah and George we could not be happy with all our joys and blessings if we could not bless you at the same time. We must depart.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. Do you hear your chil-

dren singing their love to you? Do you hear their sweet voices singing their praises for your ears? Blessed little ones! Meet Friday morning at quarter before seven. All is well. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

June 9 6 A. M.—1871.

We met a little earlier on the account of the noises of carpenters who commenced work at seven next door to us. Our meeting was pleasant, they wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here and will use our power mostly for the picture. We are happy to come in this cool quiet atmosphere. There is no noise to confuse us and (269-Vol. III) we shall use every moment. We have had a glorious meeting in our own beautiful palace while you were unconscious to the world. We would like to have had you with us. Every one of us met in the chapel. No one looked in except our own family and you can imagine our happiness. All the glory of heaven is upon us. We are happy. Uncle Albert will write his letter at twelve to-day. I must say no more now.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah and George. I am every day happy and grateful to heaven for having known you and finding out the way to hold communion with you on earth. No other source would have opened the way for me to return in this manner. God bless you freely my child.

Prof. K."

"My Dear Children. All goes well. Meet at quarter past twelve to-day. God bless you.

B. F."

June 9 12¼ P. M.—1871.

During this hour there was written upon the paper on the bureau with Uncle Albert's own hand the following letter from him. And through Katie's hand, upon the paper on the table came the other two.

"My Dear Sarah. Again, as the school boy says, I take my pen in hand to write you a few words. I have been with you. Oh my dear niece

how fair, how delicately beautiful is everything in our new palace.

(270-Vol. III) Your Ma and I have had a long conversation this morning. There is not a cloud that arises on our sky. She is mistress of the mansion and makes us all happy. Too bad child that you can not see us! but patience! you will some day. I am happy to see you preparing pretty things for summer. I intend to give you a happy one. Your children are playing on the organ in their palace. I do not know Ralph as well as I would like to. I think he will get along well and you will all again be the greatest friends.

Tell Emeline that I know her well and will see that she gets through with all her difficulties. Her Beau is well and will be prosperous. He only thinks of her as every Beau should when he gives his heart to the one he chooses for his wife, for better or for worse.

Sarah you often feel depressed about business; now do not for I am sure you will always have just what you like. Your Ma wants me to tell you to keep the outside over the silk, you will like it better. She saw how you were troubled. I can say no more now. I will be with you Sunday morning again. Nice picture is going on. God bless you.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Child. I have never been happier in all my life than I am now, no, not when I stood at the altar with your Pa. (My husband) I shall stand at the altar of eternal life in my palace home when we are (271-Vol. III) united, so I am waiting Sarah, waiting for you all. Oh how happy I am. Tell Emeline that she has me with her. Give her my love and blessing. In a window of my room her flower basket blooms and thrives. Tell her that all is well. I keep watch over her. George your book will bring you great success. I see and am happy to give you this information. My children we will all meet you Sunday.

With a Mother's holy love.

Your Ma."

"My Dear Children. We have had a very suc-

cessful day. God bless you. Meet at half past ten Sunday morning. Farewell.

B. F."

June 11 10½ A. M.—1871.

The meeting of this day was in no way marked except by a long letter written with Dr. Franklin's own hand. This letter is remarkably written. Every letter is so perfectly formed. The hand writing is the same he always gives. While Dr. Franklin was writing his letter on the bureau, Katie's hand wrote the following.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here. We have come from our palace; every hour in it is precious to us. We never knew perfect happiness before, now all is bright and our souls rejoice in the rising of a new sun. Tell Emeline that we are watching over her and everything will be brighter than she expects. I will write but little as it takes much power when one of us forms so perfectly and holds the pencil and writes.

(272-Vol. III) We shall all be here Wednesday at twelve and Uncle Albert wishes me to tell you that he will be here and write you. We shall not linger longer than we are obliged to to-day.

Know that we see that the future is prosperous. The whole circle tell me to give you their love and blessing.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. We have had a good meeting. We shall not talk much till after the picture is finished. I often call on your family to see them in their palace home and enjoy their family gathering. It is Sunday morning, all is hushed and our souls are not disturbed by the noise of the hammer.

You may think sometimes that you are not progressing in the truths we are unfolding to you. Could I but hold up the mirror of the past to you and the mirror of the present you would be astonished at yourselves, so great is the change in the world to which you are daily ascending. Your faith has purified you and brightened the chain of immortality which is now linked with those who have only been known to you through history and who are the purest among the blessed. You will realize all when you come here and they

(1) I was having a dress made and was slightly perplexed with it.

will welcome you as their own dear children. Blessed to look back upon will be these hours passed in our presence. The grave has no longer any terrors for you; those you once thought dead live again; (273-Vol. III) heaven is a home to which you look forward as a home of happiness where dwell your beloved treasures. What would take from you this holy belief? You mingle with the world and hold a jewel locked in your innermost soul that gold can not purchase and their eyes never behold. Go on my children seeking these truths. Katie will, we see now although we see obstacles, go to Europe, but that must not close this intercourse between heaven and earth. Not long will she linger away, then she will come back to you. The sweet assurances we give you will be laid aside for awhile; but we shall silently commune with you. Seek us not elsewhere. We will send you messages through her as we do now and we shall bring her back a new creature, better and purer for having suffered.

My dear children, my son above all never despond. Your business will be prosperous. Enjoy life; God has given it for you to enjoy. The world is beautiful; enjoy it.

I have written a long letter and now I close. Call us not back when we say farewell. Meet Wednesday at twelve o'clock. God bless you. Farewell.

Benjamin Franklin.

We all go now. Farewell.

B. F."

(274-Vol. III) June 14 12 M.—1871.

"We are all here; the hour is still and we take pleasure in coming to you, our work in our hands. Oh how peacefully our dear ones looked as we drew near earth. They sent their blessings to you. We left them seated in the palace, Uncle Thomas, Aunt Sarah, Uncle Albert's two boys, Grandma and the children. Mrs. Kenyon we left conversing with Grandma. The Professor is here. Our palace is so beautiful that it requires nothing added to enhance its beauty and yet by the hour it grows more charming, more like "Home, sweet home." Our whole family were together last night; we visited together, we took our spiritual

food, our twilight walk and bowed at our devotions. Your names were often on our lips and we did not forget our nightly duty to look in upon you and see that all was well. Oh, how much we enjoy and at the same time how much we can bless you and make your days glide on peacefully. We see no shadow on your future. Uncle Albert will write you a letter soon as he is looking constantly into the future. He will come and make his own appointment. I saw Ralph yesterday. He feels well and happier. You will all be together pleasantly soon. All is well my dear Sarah. All is well with your little household. Ma has been with Pa much of the time lately. She talks of his coming here with fond anticipation and looks forward to their reunion with tender feeling of love. We are all very happy.

(275-Vol. III) Dear Sarah we looked at your flowers this morning, they were fresh and beautiful, every leaf was unfolded and no signs of decay. You have reason to be happy, reason to anticipate happiness.

When we leave you to-day, we shall be occupied with the future. We have so much pleasure in our palace that we have neglected visiting the banquet hall. Next Sunday we are invited there for social purposes, and we will report to you at our next meeting.

I can say no more. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Son, I was with you in the movement room this morning. I am happy to see an increase of patients. The plant thrives, my gift of pure white flowers. You cannot look upon them without thinking of me, and I will never cease to aid you. Keep good courage, all is well.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"My Dear Children. Meet Friday at twelve precisely. Great progress is being made. God bless you my children. Farewell.

B. F."

"Dear Sarah. I will meet you also Friday at twelve.

Uncle Albert."

June 16 12 M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here.

The air is pure and cool, therefore we will take as little power from our world as possible. We have been with you and know that all is well. The flowers are all open, the (276-Vol. III) sun shines upon them, gently the air fans them and blessings fall upon you. We have looked into the future and on Sunday you shall know all that we are permitted to tell you. We shall look further in the mean time.

We have been over all our beautiful grounds since our last meeting with you and we will have much to tell you on Sunday. We hope the sun will shine as softly as it does to-day. Our souls are glad and we come to you bringing an atmosphere of peace and the happiness of heaven. Let us take back with us your smiles and happy thoughts for our companions. + + + + + + + + + God bless you and be happy. We keep constant watch over you and of this you have proof.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah. I can not write my letter to-day but I will drop in between the work on Sunday and do it. There are good reasons why I can not write to-day. I must collect all my material. I will sit in my rooms in the palace to-day and dream, I will think of you Sarah. On Sunday morning I will meet you. The picture and pencils are here and it requires much power to convey them out of your atmosphere. My child, God bless you. I will advise you in my letter.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Children. Meet Sunday morning at precisely half past six, if clear; if not, meet at half past ten. All is well. God bless you.

B. F."

(277-Vol. III) June 17 9 A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. We are having a fine time in our palace this morning. Ma is receiving company, she is dressed for the occasion. Dr. Franklin made the first call on her with his wife. Oh, Sarah she is looking lovely, our Ma. Em. go to your work happy. I never said that you would not marry Frank. I never said I did not approve of your marriage. I do not feel the least shadow

about it. I am happy if you are, now I speak for Ma. God bless you both.

Olin."

June 18 10½ A. M.—1871.

On the paper before us, through Katie's hand the following was written.

"My Dear Children. I will write now and introduce the new artist for our next meeting. We can not work on the picture.

B. F."

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here and happy. Ma had a fine reception yesterday. Every friend she ever knew was there. + + + + + + +

Olin."

On the paper which I left upon the bureau we found the following letters written with their own hands in beautifully formed letters, notwithstanding the morning was dark and rainy.

"My Dear Children. It is Sunday morning and all is calm. We are happy to see you all in good condition. What is more sacred, what joy can be greater than to hold communion (278-Vol. III) with those whom you have loved when in health and whose dying eyes have been closed by your hands, whose moanings you have listened to as you supposed for the last time, but who now come back to you in joy and gladness? You feel their touch, you hear their voices, you listen to their beloved tokens and know that they still live. I ask what joy can be greater? My children, all is well. The clouds will all pass away and success will follow in your footsteps. I can say no more as I have work to do, duties to perform and now I will give way to others while I stand by the artist who has kindly offered to come and execute this picture. When we leave you, call us not back. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

"My Dear Sarah. I am here. I have looked in your future and see that all is well. You can go to Boston, the change will benefit you. We will be with you and give you a happy meeting with those who love you. I am frank, I never deviate from the truth. Let ¹Mrs. B. go away.

(1) A member of our family.

I heard her say that she would not again return to this house; and this is one whom you have trusted.

Looking ahead I saw you retired from public life. I saw you settled in a home of your own, flowers blooming in your gardens, horses and carriages, every comfort of life. Your son a young man worthy the name of Langworthy. Your husband satisfied with (279-Vol. III) his efforts and contentment breathing through every thing you enjoyed. This I saw in the future. I am not permitted to tell you all to-day, or rather this morning. Your Ma is also writing with me. Now, my dear child be happy. My power fails. I can say no more. We are all going to the banquet hall. God bless you.

Uncle Albert.
and Eliza."

"I find that we lose power, when we attempt to come in an atmosphere like this, and also injure our fine spiritual organization. We will never make the effort again.

B. F."

Through Katie's hand was added.

"My Dear Children. Meet Tuesday morning at seven.

B. F."

June 19 8 P. M.—1871.

Katie came in and through her hand they wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all preparing to come to-morrow morning, and talk with you. We want you to meet at quarter before seven. All is well and we are happy to see the future so bright. We all went to the banquet hall yesterday. Uncle Albert was delighted with the sacred pleasure of the place. We were all together in our room the greater part of the time. We will tell you all about it to-morrow. The sweet flowers are now open. Ma is talking with Uncle Albert and I must join them in the palace (280-Vol. III) grounds. The air is filled with music and the children are singing sweet hymns. We are all talking of you too, Sarah, and thinking of you. God bless you.

Olin."

June 20 6¼ A. M.—1871.

During this meeting we received through Katie's hand the following letters.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We looked upon your earth last Sunday and compared the different appearances of the two worlds. One was the perfection of beauty, the other full of little vexations and clouds, weary feet stumbling at every step, we could not refrain from wishing you with us. It is sweet for us to be by ourselves, even in the banquet hall, so strong are our family ties. Yes we are happy and we want you to know that there is not a sorrow of yours that we do not see. Sarah you will not be separated from us one moment after you come here. You will be prepared to enter in our fold at once. Is it not sweet for you to know? Is it not a joy?

Olin."

"My Dear Son. Your Mother is well. Don't you want to see her? I don't think I like to go to the banquet hall as well as to the palace. I am very happy my son. I am where Charles cannot ridicule my belief. Oh, what a glorious time I am having.

Your Father."

(281-Vol. III) "My Dear Sarah and George. I am with you as usual, working for you. George take Sarah's advice and see to it as soon as possible or you will have trouble. God bless you.

Prof. K."

Upon the bureau at the same time Katie's hand was writing the above, they wrote with their own hands the three succeeding letters, all beautifully written.

"My Dear Sarah. Again we meet. I have no particular work in the circle to do but I can write letters which is a great thing to do, specially when I use my own hand and hold the pen. I know you like to hear from me. I went yesterday with the circle to the banquet hall. Too exquisite was all I witnessed for pen to portray, or words express. Surely we live again; this is the resurrection, the life eternal. I was introduced to many who just filled the wishes of my soul. Young and gay were there, it is no place for the suffering. Every spirit drops all care and there

we find only happiness. We know that some day you too will be led through the scenes that we are now enjoying. My dear child be happy and enjoy your present life. ¹Go on Wednesday. I will accompany you, so many will be made happy by your visit, go with your dear son and we will protect you. Your sweetness when a child has left an indelible impression on my soul and that is why I love to come to you. (282-Vol. III) Your life has been one of discipline and faith, pure and sacrificing. Clouds have darkened your life. When your little ones were taken from you, your heart had to be disciplined to believe it was for the best. Oh, believe me, child, your reward comes daily. I enjoy the greatest happiness talking with Eliza about you. The voice of love never ceases to praise you. But now do not worry about your business affairs, everything will come out right. I have used all my power. I can say no more. Meet on Wednesday at twelve. We will be with you again. We can not always come. While my hand is in your ²Ma wants me to tell you to feel no anxiety about parting with the girl who has been so long with you. Take the big one in her place, she will be just as good. God bless you. Good bye.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Children. Meet at twelve on Wednesday. All is well. George, my son, look not for one moment on the dark side. All is bright in the future. We can say no more. God bless you, my children. One thing important let me say, Katie must give up these late hours. We take much strength from her and she must retire to her bed by ten every night or she will feel the need of stimulants. Do attend to this sacred duty. Farewell.

B. F."

(283-Vol. III) "My Child, your Uncle Albert has said all. I go now to your Pa, my husband. Tell Emeline that I am watching over her. God bless you both.

Your Ma."

June 21 12 M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this bright, clear morning. Our spirits rejoice to come and assure you of our presence. We are happy in our palace home. The doors stand open for all our loved ones to enter.

My dear Sarah we will go with and protect you, feel sure of our presence. You will have a happy time and it is well to renew these ties by visiting one another. We are all glad that you are going, change is good for every one, it is necessary in order to keep the mind and body in healthy state. There will be no meeting during your absence for the picture. My dear Sarah forget all care and enjoy yourself all you can. Ralph is well. Tell Em. I am taking care of her future. Everything shall go smoothly in your absence. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah. I will accompany you to-day. I will guard you from all danger. Think of me when you look out upon the water, I will be near you and you will feel my presence. I am going with you, we will have a nice time. Sarah I would make it very gay for you all, if I were in earthly form. Now they believe not that I am near them almost as life-like as (284-Vol. III) ever. Well, you know Sarah, how near I am to you and you can take pleasure in my unseen presence. Keep good courage dear child and let me be one to lift the clouds from your heart. God bless you. I am informed that I take the power when I write with my own hand therefore at certain times when other work is going on I will do more and say less. I love and bless you.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Child. You can not take my love to the dear ones you are going to visit, but you can kiss them for me. Oh, how glad I am that you are going, it gives me great happiness and I will be with you my child. God bless you. Your Ma.

Your Mother to all Eternity."

"My Dear Children. The next meeting will be one week from tomorrow, Thursday at seven in the morning. All is well. You can go with

(1) To Boston to visit Uncle Isaac and family.

(2) Maggie, the girl who had been my maid for five years had left me very unexpectedly.

my full approval. The change will do you good. My son I will speak with you in your wife's absence. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

"You do well not to let your servants know that you have meetings for this purpose. Use cautious judgment and all will be well.

B. F."

June 25—1871.

While I was away the Doctor received through Katie's hand the following.

(285-Vol. III) "My Dear Son. I have a beautiful home. Emma is with me a beautiful girl and a comfort to me. She comes here to see you with me. She is standing by you now. I told her we would have a glorious time with you this morning. I am going to take seventy-five children with me to the palace to-day, boys and girls, then we will go out into the beautiful fields. Your Mother is well and happy. George, think not we lose our affections for those we loved on earth. Oh, no, the tie grows stronger daily and dear Emma loves you to-day as dearly as she used to when a child in your arms. We will all clasp you in our arms when you come here, Emma, your Mother and I will be first to meet you, among the first.

Your Father."

"My Dear Brother. I remember how you loved me. I will make your garden bright with flowers and take you to beautiful places when you come here. Oh, how happy Father and I are together and we shall all meet here never to part. I will come again soon.

Emma."

"Dear George, I have only come to tell you that Sarah and Willie are well and safe, just as happy as they can be. Sarah was a little restless last night, but this change will do her good.

Olin."

June 28 7½ A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here this morning, happy to meet you, happy to see you back again. (286-Vol. III) You made them all happy by your visit. We are glad you went. The last night you passed with them we were with you and

enjoyed being among you. God bless you. We are now going to work on the picture every moment so that we may present it before ¹ Uncle and Aunt come. Uncle Albert wishes me to tell you that he will speak with you at the afternoon meeting. All is well.

Olin."

"Have no anxiety. I will see that everything goes right to-day and that all the appointments are kept.

Prof. K."

"My Dear Children. Meet at three this afternoon.

B. F."

June 28 3 P. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George + + + + The flowers are all open, our faces are bright with peace and hope. + + + We are going to read the future to-night and it will occupy much of our time. I can say no more.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah, I have you again where I can speak to you, I have you again where I can give you proofs of my love. We had a nice time in Boston with the folks, did we not? And Sarah did you know how near I was to you? I watched you on the boat till you were safely landed. I wanted to place my arms about you and squeeze you. I am taking care of you; keep good courage and above all do not let the servants know that you have meetings with us. I will write you a letter on Sunday morning with my own hand. I will also be here to-morrow morning.

(287-Vol. III) All is well, be happy and to-day I will take you out to drive, at least I will float about you. I can say no more.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Child. Meet at half past six to-morrow morning. Now if you are careful you will excite no suspicions. The chain will be perfect after to-morrow. Farewell.

B. F."

June 29 6½ A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. We are here. Is it not a pleasant assurance to know that we are here and

(1) Uncle Isaac and Aunt Sarah were coming in July to pass a month with us.

to know that all is well? We all gathered in the palace and looked into the future. We can not foreshadow it to you till next Sunday when Uncle Albert will write it with his own hand. Ma has been with Pa this morning. She felt a little anxious about him. She is here now and the little oppression she had has nearly disappeared and we are all happy again. Prof. Kenyon is very busy here this morning. He wishes you to know that not only in the circle is he with you, but in your business hours aiding you unseen. The absent ones are all well.

I know dear Sarah and George that ¹Maggie did not speak of your meetings with us. Your mind can rest easy about that. God bless you. Olin."

"Good Morning, My Son. I am here to tell you that things are taking a change and you are coming out safe from all obstacles. All is well. There can be nothing in heaven more beautiful than the palace of your beloved ones. At early dawn, at noon, at night it is a scene of transcendent beauty. How happy your hearts should be to know that you have a home like this to come to. God bless you.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"My Dear Children. Meet at half past six to-morrow. We are now going to our other duties. Let your minds be peaceful, hopeful and trustful. Farewell.

B. F."

July 1 6 A. M.—1871.

Our sleeping room, the room in which we always meet was being cleaned; the pictures were down, carpet up, furniture removed and everything in disorder; so we received our unseen guests in another room. They write.

"My Dear Children. We are here to give directions but we cannot work in this room from the fact that we are not accustomed to the change, but we can keep up the chain which is important. We do not blame you for you are doing the best you can. The morning is clear and cloudless and we are here to speak words of peace to you my children. Toil on! Life is a toil at the best, the

greater part. Often the holy light of heaven comes between you and your daily strifes. Now life seems a joy and you long to fold your arms from all earthly care and fly away. So my children cheer up and look forward to the joy ahead. We are with you and it is not (289-Vol. III) always that we can come to give hope, for there are few who receive this truth as you do. In this you are blessed and we can lighten many of your burdens. We are happy to come to you this morning for we know when weary nature gives way there is need of comfort from our world. Now let me say that all is well, hope for the best and always look on the golden side, and above all my children never despond. God bless you. Meet at half past six to-morrow and we will be with you. There will be much this morning to occupy your hands and time, we will not detain you. God bless you. Farewell.

B. Franklin."

"My Dear Sarah and George. This little meeting with us will do you good. Feel not wearied. We all, I believe, are your truest sympathizers in everything. What a joy it will be for you when we come to bear you to our palace. What a delightful change it will be when we bear you both in our arms through the flowers, up, up to our home where we shall all be prepared for you. Still Sarah and George we want you to live on many years to do good and to taste the fruits of your labors as you advance in life. We all want you to enjoy the sunshine of life. Rest early to-night and we will be with you early in the morning. We will close now with blessings from us all.

Olin."

(290-Vol. III) "My Dear Child. We are all here. We see you and know that all is well. If we do not all speak remember we love you. No shadows are in the future. Your Pa I was a little anxious about, but this morning I left him well. Uncle Albert kissed you Sarah before you awoke and he wishes me to tell you that he has not gathered matter enough to speak this morning but he will speak to-morrow. Uncle Albert and his mother are together now in our palace gar-

(1) She had been accused of it, but not by us.

den. She is beautiful as a flower and sent her blessing to you. Be happy! God bless you my child.

Your Ma.

Your Mother to all Eternity."

"George I guess I will say a few words to you this morning. Can you remember Emma's features? If so you can imagine how pretty she is now. She is gay, never sad ¹but not so fond of going with me to visit strange abodes as I would wish. Mother is well. Emma says tell brother George that I am going to talk with him soon.

Your Father.

You laugh when I say, oh what a glorious time I am having.

Father."

July 2 6½ A. M.—1871.

They wrote through Katie's hand the following.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here this morning. Uncle Albert wants to write, therefore I will not use much power in writing myself.

We will all go with you to-day and you shall feel our presence. Dear Sister, you need (291-Vol. III) rest and you must take it. We are happy to come in our accustomed trysting place. I believe we love this room as well as you do. You have all your beloved ones here this morning, Sarah. God bless you. Our palace is all that we desire; every day it seems new to us, it is so beautiful. Uncle and Aunt will be here this week and we are glad they are coming. I can say no more. I am required for aid, the atmosphere is so bad that we must concentrate our forces. Be happy and look on the bright side.

Olin."

"Brother George. I am here. You must think of me now as a young lady and not as the little child you held in your arms. I watch over you and love you both.

Your Sister Emma."

"My Dear Children. Meet at twelve to-morrow if clear. Now keep your hearts happy. Worry not about the house, everything will be provided

and all will go well. God bless you. We are happy to ascend to our beautiful home and leave all well. Farewell.

B. F."

Upon the paper left on the bureau, we found the following letter written in Uncle Albert's fine hand and with his own hand. Katie never touches the paper I place upon the bureau.

"Sarah, did I ever disappoint you? No. I am here this morning. Love is strong after mortality is dead; that is all that dies. I have looked in the future. There is no cloud (292-Vol. III) of sorrow for you, but there is for Emeline. I am going to try to help her. George will be successful, so you can enjoy the summer.

I come to you now from the palace. Mother kissed me for you; and so you love her memory; well you may for here she talks of you as her favorite grand-child; and you loved Uncle Albert too, and he loves you. As I came through the palace gardens, the flowers opened and moved in sweet recognition of my presence. I looked upon them and told them I would bring them a companion some day. I meant you, Sarah. Your lovely children have only one hour ago been in my arms. I kissed and kissed them. How sweet these meetings are, how holy and how I love to come to you.

Go to Greenwood. I will go with you. The sky is overcast but I think it will not rain. I can not say however. You see I have learned to punctuate somewhat. Now my dear Sarah, God bless you. I can say no more as I take the power from the other purpose. God bless you again.

Uncle Albert."

July 3 12 M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here. Oh, how happy we are when your hearts are happy. All is bright in your future, no clouds are over you except the clouds of the elements. All is well, be happy and do not let one shadow dim this week's appointments. All that now troubles you will pass away and everything will be successful. (293-Vol. III) You may take all the pleasure you can this summer; remember it only comes once a year. To-morrow we can do nothing on earth. It is not possible for us to approach earth on the

(1) Father Taylor's curiosity was large.

fourth of July without great injury to ourselves.

We shall work some on the picture in our own home, only a few touches. Uncle Albert wishes me to say to you that he will talk with you on Wednesday. George look on the bright side and be happy. Sarah our circle are not like the spirits who come usually. We are more advanced and of higher order therefore our ways are different. To-day we have a great meeting in our palace and we shall have much to tell you. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. Meet at six Wednesday morning. Ask no questions. I will give you written directions with my own hand then. All is well, all will be well; never fear. God bless you, my children. Farewell.

B. F."

Later in the day Katie was still here and we were discussing the expediency of doing or not doing a certain thing but could not come to a decision. I wished in my heart that Olin could give me his opinion if any he had. Directly Katie took the pencil and the following appeared.

"Olin saw your wish and wants me to tell you to have Katie here early in the morning and he will direct. Don't you re- (294-Vol. III) member the message he gave you to-day? They are all in the palace and I do not care to be there all day so am now going to look after my flock. I left Emma there.

Father Taylor."

Bright and early the next morning Olin came and gave us his opinion which was directly opposed to our wishes and intentions. It was however a matter about which we knew so little that we concluded to take his advice and before night came we had actually demonstrated that he was right and we were wrong.

July 5 6 A. M.—1871

We had the usual session for them to work. They wrote very little.

"My Dear Children. Meet for letters to-morrow at six when we will not bring the picture. I will then write full directions about the house and you

will see that I have looked into affairs. All will be well. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

July 6 6 A. M.—1871

We met as requested and Katie's hand wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here. We will all lend our aid to Dr. Franklin and Uncle Albert as they wish to write and can do so with great rapidity receiving all our aid. Be happy for all is well.

Olin."

On the paper upon the bureau we found the following letters, each bearing the unmistakable peculiarities of their individual hand writings. Katie did not touch the paper on the bureau.

(295-Vol. III) "My Dear Children. We are here with you this morning and all is well. About business I will speak first. Keep this house if you can without making sacrifices. If you are obliged to give it up, which you will not be, you will find a better home. Give yourselves no anxiety. The future is bright and no obstructions in your way.

We had a happy day together. All we grieved for was to see Katie suffering from an act that only caused her misery; but God be thanked, she is in the arms of her friends. Far be it from you, my son and daughter to condemn the weak and erring whose impulses are like the rushing waves. There is no apology for sacrifice of principle, but let none sit self-complacently in judgment upon a human being when God has made each one to widely differ.

Learn of him who was meek and lowly of heart, by a frown of displeasure or a cruel word never to break the bruised reed. Life is formed of trifles and their imperishable influence will appear in the great summing up of the final judgment.

Meet Saturday morning at half past six. We can say no more and must ascend from this atmosphere. Farewell.

B. F."

"My Dear Niece. I am here to write you a letter, and one that will breathe my affection in every line. The winds are hushed, the daily (296-Vol. III) toil has not yet commenced and we

your beloved ones are with you. Had I been told some years ago that I would to-day be communicating with you in this way I would have laughed at the idea and called men crazy who would advance such a theory. How blessed are we thus to be able to come to feel the sorrows of others and make the heart human to weep when you weep, to joy with you in your joys. No blessing greater than this. Christianity my child lies in these few words, to lift up the broken spirit and throw a veil over the dark past of God's children. You know Sarah that I have had many a dark hour. I have felt the want of soothing hands, the want of sympathy.

Well, now let me speak of our feast on Tuesday. We all met in our palace, each one was there. The palace gardens were filled with blooming flowers. Your children were dressed for the occasion and my Mother looked lovely in her white dress trimmed with violets. She held Leila in her arms; the contrast was exquisite, my Mother with her dark hair and still darker eyes with that fair child on her lap. Oh, it was a sight so beautiful and we were all happy. Olin was the pride of his Mother so manly, so pure, so good; and we thought of you, we talked of you and breathed your name in our songs. One day you shall be with us, we shall meet here in our palace. My child I love you. I know (297-Vol. III) your heart, its longings, its affections. Lean upon me and I will comfort you. I can say no more, the power is exhausted. God bless you. All send their love to you, and now my child believe me, no sorrow rests near you.

Uncle Albert."

July 7 6 A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here this morning. The heat is against us but we will do all we can on the picture. To-day we will look into our duties and see what we can do to bestow happiness upon you and also to see what conditions are best for us to work under.

Give Katie something to make her sleep that she may be fresh for our next meeting. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. We will have a short meeting this morning. Meet for directions this evening at seven. All will be well, feel no anxiety. We can not remain long in this atmosphere. Now we all ascend to our palace in the cool atmosphere of heaven and return to you at seven. Farewell.

B. F."

July 7 7 P. M.—1871

"My Dear Sarah. We are here this evening. It is the twilight hour and we are happy to come after the heat of the day. The atmosphere has been oppressive to us. We have come from the palace of beauty, of holy love and now we stand near you on earth. There are (298-Vol. III) bright new flowers opening in your future, so keep good heart and look forward to a happy future, one of sure success. Dear Sarah I know that in this atmosphere ¹ Mr. Taylor could not accomplish what he desires, therefore you need feel no disappointment at not going to Greenwood; and I also know that in making the effort to accomplish any such thing, the picture which is going on would be interfered with. Sarah and George all is well. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Son. I have come to tell you to keep the establishment you are now in. A rolling stone gathers no moss and here you are established. I know that all is well. I see no withered leaves upon your pathway. My son success is with you, it must follow you. Meet at six to-morrow morning. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

After reading the above, the Doctor said "We will let events take their course." The pencil in Katie's hand, immediately wrote.

"You will not have to let events take their course. I will be better able to direct you after I see what is to become of a certain party who may not be able to make the arrangements. Changes will transpire for your benefit. I will direct after a few days. Have no anxiety. Will you all retire early in order to get up fresh in the morning. Farewell.

B. F."

(1) J. B. Taylor had promised to give us an evidence of his power in Greenwood.

(299-Vol. III) July 8 6 A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Niece. I am here this morning to say a few words. I have reposed in the palace with your blessed children. All is well. I wish you to feel perfectly easy about your future home. I have looked into affairs and I have a confident and clear understanding and I advise you to have nothing done to this house but commence at once to build one of your own, then it will be yours and the money you pay out will be for a purpose. If you rent it will be with the expectation of continually having such annoyances, for the man will keep raising on his rent so I advise you to do this at all events.

Of course it will be an inconvenience to you in the beginning but you will never regret it. There is one obstacle in the way. The party who wish this house may fail but that is not certain; so I say to you grasp the certainty and build a house of your own. You will be surprised to see how easy everything will come in your way.

My dear child, God bless you. I am with you and all is well. I will be with you again to-morrow and say more then.

Our home is growing more beautiful every day. All send their love to you.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all happy to be able to come to you. Let no shadows rest on your hearts, everything speaks of hope and success.

Olin."

(300-Vol. III) "My Son. I advise you to have a house of your own built after your own fancy and no longer pay rent, you will never regret it. Everything will be easy for you and you will see that it is wise.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"I too, so say, build.

Prof. K."

"My Dear Children. The circle all wish you to build. I thought it would be better to wait but they may be wise in hastening you to do this. I think there will be changes that will enable you to keep this house. At all events give yourselves no anxiety for the way will be made clear. God

bless you. Meet at half past ten to-morrow morning. Farewell.

B. F."

Whether we can retain this house, in which we have lived since our marriage, after the spring of 1873 has become to us a serious question. A hotel has been opened by the side of us and the proprietor is desirous of adding our houses to his establishment, and he will give more for the lease than we think it worth. Under these circumstances the above letters were written. The difference of opinion upon the subject is very conspicuous, and Olin's silence is also noticeable. He left this life before he became the least absorbed in financial matters. When I read these letters, Dr. Franklin's particularly pleased me for my judgment was not to build, and I exclaimed "Oh, Dr. Franklin I want to kiss you." The pencil immediately wrote, (301-Vol. III) "Yes, my child, you shall kiss me in your Mother's palace and I will return your kisses of pure affection.

B. F."

July 9 10½ A. M.—1871.

Olin wrote a few words and this followed.

"George and Sarah, good morning my children, I am happy to come and write you a few words of remembrance. Now do not let your minds be troubled about the future. Everything will be ordered for the best and entirely satisfactory. All is well. I am not one to say what I do not know; so have good courage and believe what I tell you. We can write no more. Call us not back.

Prof. K."

"My Dear Brother. I am happy to give you a little token of my presence, for I do love you and I know your heart is always open for me. I guard you, my brother from evil. I water your flowers with affection and I will never cease to bless you.

Emma."

On the bureau we found the two following letters beautifully written. The first signed by Ma and Uncle Albert was clearly and unmistakably in his hand writing. Dr. Franklin's in his own as always. Katie did not touch the paper on which they were written or even the bureau on which the paper lay.

"My Dear Child. Uncle Albert and I will write together. We are happy to talk with you in this way. We feel so near to you when we can take the pencil and write our own thoughts.

(302-Vol. III) We have come from our palace home, from the garden of flowers, from the blessed and beloved, and we are happy to be with you. Our message must be brief as the atmosphere is too oppressive for us to remain long.

My child, let events take their course; do not worry about the future; we have told you that all would be well; rely upon us. When we see shadows we will warn you. Olin, my blessed boy, is happy; he is a great joy to me. I say he is happy for now he stands by me smiling sweetly with satisfaction to see me write, and Uncle Albert says weave my love to Sarah in every line. I left the children in the palace as I did not like to bring them in this atmosphere.

¹Emeline will come home feeling better and happier. I am glad your Uncle and family are coming here. It is needless for me to tell you to do all in your power to make them happy. All is well. We shall now ascend to our home above, to our palace. Call us not back. God bless you, my children.

Your Ma.

Mother to all eternity. Eliza and Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Children. We have succeeded well and our next meeting will be Tuesday at half past six. We can say no more to-day, the atmosphere is so oppressive and we are now going to ascend to the pure atmosphere of heaven. Let your minds be easy about your house. Have no anxiety. All will be just (303-Vol. III) as you would wish it. We must now go. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

July 11 6½ A. M.—1871.

Uncle Isaac, his wife and eldest son were to arrive during the morning. Sister Em. we expected by the same boat. Our meeting was very short. They wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this morning. The air is oppressive through which we have had to come but all is well. We are hap-

py to see the good folks on their way here. They come with happy hearts to meet you.

Dear Sarah, you must enjoy yourself while they are here and have a happy time. I am glad to see your minds at rest regarding your future. We have given you all the encouragement we can. Now do be happy and feel no anxiety. I do not wish you to feel indifferent, but I want you to feel at ease. We have reposed in the palace all night, only occasionally coming to look after our friends on earth. We are all happy to have this palace of our own and rest in the bosom of our family. Uncle Albert is on his way with Aunt. We are just as life-like as you are, and speak of each other in that sense. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah. Your Uncle and Aunt are on the way. They will be here soon. Emeline will soon begin to feel more contented in her mind, but she must learn to bear trials patiently. Procrastination is Frank's great fault. In the end, after waiting long and wearily, she will (304-Vol. III) have her desire. My dear child, all is well. Let your heart be happy and know that I am always with you, to care for you. Blessings follow you.

Your Ma."

"My Dear Children. Meet quarter after six tomorrow. The meeting will be short. God bless you, my children. Farewell.

B. F."

July 12 6¼ A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. We are here but it is not possible for us to form this morning. We approached earth with the paper and most of the circle were compelled to return, therefore we can not work on the picture this morning. We will not fail you in having everything in good time.

We were all here when the folks arrived. We are happy dear Sarah to have them here. Do not let them feel one shadow. How little the world knows of our joys? We come from a home where everything is perfect in its adaptation to our feelings, perfect in its beauty, in every thing. Heaven is a great contrast to earth and often we wonder how life can seem so dear to those who

(1) Emeline was visiting our friends in R. I.

inhabit earth. Few realize the great blessings in store for them; perhaps it is as well for some minds are so unevenly balanced, that were they to have a glimpse into this world they would not live their time out, and a suicide is a dreadful calamity. These things are wisely hidden. Tell Em. that I am glad to see her back. Uncle Albert wants me to tell you that he will talk with you Sunday morning. God bless you Sarah and George.

Olin."

(305-Vol. III) "My Dear Children. We can not bring the picture this morning. We are fearful of injuring it in bringing it and using up our power before we touch earth. My children all is well. We watch over you in our gardens of immortality, and watch that all goes well. Have no anxiety. Meet Friday morning at quarter after six. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

July 14 6¼ A. M.—1871.

"The picture is nearly finished and all is well. We may be able to give it Sunday morning. God bless you, Sarah and George.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. All is well. Meet Sunday at half past ten. God bless you.

B. F."

One of the long pieces of paper we left upon the bureau, we found carefully folded several times over and on the upper side, beautifully written was "S. E. L. T. from her Mother." I unfolded the paper and found the following letter from Ma, but Uncle Albert's penmanship was very conspicuous in every character from first to last. This letter like all others written upon the bureau was done without Katie's touching paper or pencil.

"My Dear Child. It was a little bud in the cold ground you placed and wondered why it should slumber there with mists and dampness all around; but a ray shone down on that little plant and it bloomed in beauty in the world beyond. She sighed at first, she missed her Mother's (306-Vol. III) breast, but soon she began to love us here and your child found mothers plenty, and

now she is happy in coming to you in my arms and the arms of her Uncle Olin, who does more for her happiness than he does for any one in our palace. Your children live for you here and love you deeply. It is therefore we feel a love for Katie like unto our own family and we want the tie never to be broken. Cheer poor Katie at all times, Sarah, my child. We wish to come through none but her. This may seem selfish to you, but we know Katie and we know that she loves you. Dear child, we wish to give you a private letter on Sunday. God bless you. Oh, how happy we are to see you all happy. Tell Emeline to keep faith, without faith she will be most wretched. Frank is true to her, loves no one save her and all will be well. George, my son, God bless you. I have talked with your sister Emma many times, she is sweet and pure, holy in every thought. Sarah try to imagine her as she is, a devoted sister in affection to you both. May God bless you.

Your Ma.

Mother to all Eternity.

Eliza."

July 16 10½ A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are happy to have such good conditions. The day is more favorable for us than it has been for some time. Dr. Frank- (307-Vol. III) lin is in great power. He is happy to complete this picture. It will please you so much as you will, I feel sure, be happy to see Leila and myself together. Now you must be patient as we have had to erase the first drawing. Frankie came in so many times that we were obliged to efface the first outlines from a confusion which took place while we were at work. You must not think that in doing this we have marred the paper in the least, we have not and would not have told you only we have been so much longer than we intended at first and this is the cause. The next meeting will be Wednesday morning, six o'clock by order of Dr. Franklin. In the meantime we want to talk with you, say Tuesday at half past twelve. We have been with you every day. Dear Uncle Isaac, we love to hear him talk especially when our names

are called over in conversation. We are so happy to see him resting. He feels our influence although he knows not from whence it comes. Ma is much with Pa these days. He feels the debilitating weather. The children are busy in their garden, twining flowers in their hair and dressing their Grandpa Taylor. We shall have to bring Leila here for a few minutes in order to get her expression. Uncle Albert is bringing her now; she has a wreath of flowers on her head and looks beautifully. Now be happy and know that we love and bless you. George, success is sure.

Olin."

(308-Vol. III) "My Dear Child. Isaac would learn more from me than fifty men in the pulpit. I would give him more information. I think I will play a little trick with him before he comes here. Well, Sarah when you were riding with him yesterday, I wished you could have talked with him regarding me and my coming here. However it must not be, better not mention the subject to him. I will meet you Tuesday. George better be present to hear from his sister. God bless you.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Children. All is well. We have had a glorious meeting. God bless you. Farewell. B. F."

July 19 6 A. M.—1871.

Katie did not come to us on Tuesday at the appointed hour although she was in the house. When I saw her she was very irritable and said she was ready to come at the hour etc. We met on this morning instead and the following letters from Olin, Emma and B. F. were written through Katie's hand, but Uncle Albert's was written upon the bureau and without Katie's hand.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are happy to be able to come in a cool atmosphere. We see no clouds on your future, be happy and hopeful. We are all with you this morning. All night we have reposed together in our palace, the perfume of the flowers coming in our open windows made

the air we breathed sweet and pure. We wish you could experience a little of our happiness.

Olin."

(309-Vol. III) "My Dear Brother. I am here this morning to say a few words. I have been with Mother. She is well. She often talks in spirit with Father and myself. Dear Brother I see your great desire to have a picture of myself. You shall have it; get the paper on Thursday and I will give directions. It will be as great a pleasure for me to give it as for you to receive it. God bless you and Sarah. I love you as much as when I was a little child and I will do much for you.

Your Sister

Emma."

"My Dear Children. We have had great power this morning, which comes from Katie's not having many sittings lately. Meet Thursday at six. Keep happy, all is well my dear children. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

"My Dear Sarah. Again we meet. Life goes on the same, almost, as when I was with you in worldly sense, and yet it is different for you are living in an enlightened age. I was living in an age of bigotry and doubts. Doubts still remain but the way is open to see beyond the veil. Oh, if I could but talk with Isaac. If I could but pour in his ear some truths. But alas! alas! I can not, neither can you my dear child open the door of his understanding so we must leave him. You are born of different material, you are a woman of feeling, a woman of soul. Despise not those who will come to learn from you the way up the golden steps, (310-Vol. III) for there will be many in future years, connected as you are with the originator of the alphabet to the language of heaven.

I have been with you. I saw you were weary last night and I wished I could take your head on Uncle Albert's breast. Time enough for that dear Sarah. Some day I will and you will call me Uncle Albert and I will call you my child. I love to come to you at this hour. I know your mind is easy. Go back with me to the mill at the

old homestead. Uncle Albert falls in the water; you laugh for you too have had a similar christening.

My child I love you. Holy are such words when they come from one who is beloved.

George Taylor prize your wife, none better. Feel no sorrow while she is with you to cheer you. Katie does right to keep out of the way for I think I will play the trick on Isaac while he is here. It grieved me to see the misunderstanding Tuesday. I saw the nervousness on one side, the mistake on the other. Sarah be her friend under all circumstances.

Now God bless you. Good bye my darling child. Sarah lean on me. The circle warned me to cease writing some time ago so now good bye.

Uncle Albert.

I will kiss the children for you, but first let me tell you that I think Olin has a preference for Leila. Mother for Frankie.

Uncle Albert.

Bold hand Sarah."

(311-Vol. III) July 21 6 A. M.—1871.

Katie did not come on Thursday and our meeting was this morning instead.

"My Dear Sarah. We are happy to come here this morning; we are all here and all is well. We have come from our palace, free from clouds, free from shadows. The home we now occupy grows daily more beautiful and we love to dwell in it. Dear Sarah we are with you every day and take pleasure in seeing Uncle Isaac enjoy peace and freedom. Here he has no care, here his mind can rest. We are all happy to have him here. I am sure dear Sarah that you will remember this visit with Uncle Albert and Uncle Isaac, many years. It will be a bright spot in your memory. I can not write much now. To-morrow at twelve we want you and Katie to meet for us. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. I have just left your Pa; he is well. I wish he could be here with you all. I think he would be so happy. I am with you. Everything that can be done for the happiness of those about you, you are doing and it gives me pleasure to see them appreciate it. My child

you have my full approval in all your acts. Bless you. Love to Emeline.

Your Ma."

"My Son. The circle wish me to say that they will take the drawing paper just as soon as they bring back the one they are completing now. You shall have a likeness of her true to life.

(312-Vol. III) My son all is well. Let your heart be happy. I am with you as usual. God bless you.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"My Dear Children. Do not feel impatient. We are doing all we can and as rapidly as we can. Meet for directions to-morrow at twelve. You are doing right my son in business, have no misgivings. Peace be with you, let hope guide you and we will continue to bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

July 22 2½ P. M.—1871.

We were detained and did not meet at the appointed hour, but two and half hours after, consequently we received very little.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are here. We take pleasure in all your enjoyments and we hope that you will take pleasure every day. We see no clouds, no sorrow, nothing that will mar your future. We want you to feel that we never forget you. We can not talk much now, the hour for our appointment has passed and we have other duties which are ordained, my dear sister, by the higher power so we can not linger with you now. We will be with you to-night silently. Now we go to our duties. The palace doors are thrown open and all are assembling, we must not be missed. God bless you. Uncle Albert will speak to-morrow.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. Meet at half past six to-morrow morning. My son you have our blessing. Farewell.

B. F."

(313-Vol. III) July 23 6½ A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Child. I am here, but they say they want all the power and I will give them mine. I am with you, I love you, I watch over you. God bless you.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Children. We have come here in great power this morning. Our bell has sounded. Yes, sounded for our presence. Some one needs us and we must go. Call us not back. We take the paper to the palace. Meet Tuesday at six. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

July 24 12½ P. M.—1871.

Katie happened to be here, the way was clear and they asked us to meet, but not to displace the regular appointment.

"We come from our palace, our beautiful home to tell you that all is well. Uncle Albert is here waiting to say a few words. We are preparing homes for the poor wounded soldiers who are rapidly coming to our world. My spirit grieves to see how ignorant some are, how unprepared. We wish to give you a letter written with our own hands. Dr. Franklin will give it and we wish to meet at the most favorable time, at some quiet hour, but the appointment we will make at our six o'clock meeting to-morrow morning. Dear Sarah Uncle Isaac would grasp this truth if he could have it opened to him in a careful way. Say nothing to him at present, you will have the opportunity before he leaves. I will close now with blessings for you and yours.

Olin."

(314-Vol. III) "My Dear Child. I am happy to come and say a few words. I wish I could tap Isaac on the head and open the door of his understanding. Oh, would that I could sit down in your midst and talk with you all together. Why is this privilege denied me when I have the opportunity? Would that I could touch him and talk with him as I do with you. There are seventy-five wounded men just awakening into the land of immortality. We have soothed their pains, now they rest.

Sarah, let your heart be happy. Let nothing trouble you. All is well. God bless you. I can say no more. Tell Emeline to be of good cheer; her pathway shall be lined with flowers if I can make them spring up, if my wishes and influence can avail. Now my dear child, be happy, Uncle Albert cares for you and loves you.

Uncle Albert."

July 25 6 A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Children. Meet to-morrow at six and I will give you a letter of importance. All is well, feel no anxiety but let your minds be easy. We are all here this morning. There are no dark clouds crossing over your future, therefore rejoice and be glad. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

"My Dear Sarah and George. In the fall all will be bright, you will have great success and altogether a new class of people: be hopeful and trust in what we tell you. We are aware of all your difficulties and see all the obstacles. They will pass (315-Vol. III) away. Keep good cheer. Ma is very happy, she was looking in your future early this morning and sees that there is no cause for her feeling anxious. My dear sister let no sadness be upon you, remember that I have charge of you and will not let evil come to you. Be sure that we will not fail.

Olin."

"My Dear Brother. I am with you this morning. I have looked in your face; would that you could look in mine. You shall look upon the shadow some day not far distant. Mother is well. Father and I are very happy together, we often come to see you and Sarah. God bless you.

Emma."

July 26 12 M.—1871.

Later in the day the appointment was changed to this hour. We three sat about the table and chatted as usual. Katie did not even take a pencil in her hand, but when we opened our eyes we found upon the bureau the following letter written in the strong, bold hand of its author. On these occasions, when they write with their own hands, they never bring the picture.

"My Dear Children. We assemble here this morning to give you a few important directions.

The Patriarch Jacob waited seven years and again seven years for his betrothed and you are not willing to wait that number of weeks. The seven years that Jacob served for Rachel seemed to him but a few days for the love he had to her. Now if you loved truly the blessings of this glorious work where (316-Vol. III) in you are

field laborers trust and confidence would be the impelling principle that would sustain you, giving wings to time, making it anything but a wearisome task. The bitterest poverty is that of the soul, but all are not able to satisfy or alleviate these afflictions since all have not like you been permitted to receive this great dispensation of God's power through the manifestations of the angels. Have you not cried from your heart of hearts that some proof might be given, have you not longed for a sign from heaven, has not the immortality of the spirit seemed hidden in impenetrable mystery, has not tradition however venerable failed to give you this proof? And now when this great object is obtained, when the honest heart has obtained this object and received the actual knowledge it should be willing to work and toil and wait in meekness and love and faith.

Now my children we can not name the day when we will place the pictures in your hands, but when we are permitted, and at a time most fitting for their reception, they shall be given.

Meet Thursday morning at six. God bless you, prosper you and give you happiness. Farewell.

B. F."

July 28 2½ P. M.—1871.

All was not quite right with Katie. She could not sit with us yesterday morning, so they desired her to (317-Vol. III) do so this morning but she was not in condition, still they succeeded in keeping her long enough at this hour to say the following.

"My Dear Children. We are all here and happy to resume our writing. Although short it will keep the chain perfect. We will not be able to say much owing to the weak conditions.

We desire our next meeting Sunday morning at six. We have great hope and know that we shall soon be able to make your hearts happy. God bless you my children, fear no evil. Farewell.

B. F."

"I will talk with you Sunday morning, in the meantime be happy.

Uncle Albert."

July 30 6 A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here this morning. We are happy to come and fulfill our promise. We are happy to have as good conditions as they are, the weather is against us some but we will speak briefly as Dr. Franklin will write at great length. My dear sister, you and George both require rest. It is necessary for the growth of the spirit, and we wish we could convince you that life is prolonged by the pleasure you take in nature and all God's beautiful works. Try to feel this. God bless you. I must close in order to give an opportunity to others.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. I sat down by you and Isaac last evening. I sat down by you and looked in your faces. I shall talk with Isaac yet. My child, you shall go to the White Mountains (318-Vol. III) and I will go with you and George shall go. You shall stay as long as you wish and if George gets restless he shall come home and I will remain with you. How do you think he would like that? My dear child Isaac is having a happy time. Oh, how I am rejoiced, so is my Ma, and so is your Ma. I will say more at a future time. I close now with love and blessings. Your devoted and faithful admirer.

Uncle Albert."

"Brother let the lamp of hope ever burn in your soul, let the flowers bloom there and let me help you to look on the bright side. My own dear brother I have learned from Father how you loved me when a child, and I too know it from the affection you manifest in your heart for me now. Mother is well. God bless you brother.

Emma."

Katie's hand or pencil never touched the paper upon the bureau, but upon it we found the following letter, written in the clear, strong, bold hand with which we have become perfectly familiar.

"My Dear Children. It is Sunday morning and one of rest, rest from toil, rest from care. The hands rest with the body. The spirit can not rest when oppressed with remorse. There comes the sickening of the body, the shadows of

the brain, the dark despair. The believing in heart may lie down at night, fold the hands, knowing that to-morrow he has not wherewithal to get his bread, but faith will cheer his soul and hope will be his lamp. (319-Vol. III) God cares for the sparrow why not care for me? There are some few who have this perfect faith. Why not you my children who have had 'line upon line, precept upon precept,' proof upon proof that God's angels care for you who trust in Him? Now my children you must learn more, learn to trust. Say, 'I will believe' and in no one thing shall you be disappointed.

What are their lives, is asked, these spirits who seek communion with their friends on earth? I will answer. Their duties are many. Their demands (the demands upon them) many. They save, they heal, but most of all they show the way to the real life, the life eternal. Your days are few when compared to the years of immortality, a few short years on earth and the life immortal commences. Then why not learn the way up the golden steps? My children I will write you a history soon, one that will be to you the greatest blessing that heaven can bestow. I love to talk with you for you understand.

Excuse me for using the time and power. Ask no more about what you are to receive. No disappointment shall come to you, enjoy life, enjoy your blessings, live well, live happy. We can say no more for our bell has sounded as well as yours, ours for spiritual devotions, yours for earthly repast.

My son, your mind is one I like and appreciate. You shall be successful.

(320-Vol. III) Meet Wednesday morning at six, before we cannot come; and now be happy, Katie, all is well. Farewell.

B. F."

No more."

Aug. 2 6 A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. Bright is the morning and happy are the white robed beings who come to you in the gladness of their hearts to tell you that 'All is well.' I want you to meet us for letters this afternoon. We can not write

this morning as we want all the power to work on the picture. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. Meet this afternoon at three o'clock and I will then write you a letter with my own hand. All is well, be happy. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

Aug. 2 3 P. M.—1871.

We met for letters and all of those under this date came through Katie's hand excepting Dr. Franklin's which was written at the bureau and without Katie's hand and while her hand was writing the other letters.

"My Dear Child. ¹ I was with you all yesterday but just before poor Emeline fell I was called away. She must be more careful in future and less fashionable. The high heel boots did the work for her; she will be better soon. Dear child I am with you often when you do not know it. I wanted to play a trick on Isaac yesterday. I did but he thought it was something else. I took hold of him once. My dear Sarah you may prepare for bright changes in the month of (321-Vol. III) October. Much will happen then to make you very happy and I will play an important part. We see this and we are going to bring much about ourselves. We see no shadows, no dark clouds. Let your hearts be happy. Life is so beautiful, so much to enjoy, so much to gladden the heart and cheer the eye. Oh, try to take pleasure when it is offered.

Your Ma, my Ma, and all the remaining family wish me to tell you that they send their love and blessing to you from their festival. We shall join them when we leave you. We are having a happy time. God bless you. All is well. I like your hair, Sarah, very much. It is very tasteful, very pretty.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Children, Sarah and George. I have not made myself manifest to you for some time. I am with you just as often. Now, my children have no fears for the future, it looks just as

(1) Yesterday we all went to Rockaway Beach. On our return as we left the steam cars for the boat sister Em. caught the heel of her boot on the track and fell bruising her face badly.

bright as I would wish to have it and you must be satisfied. Keep a remembrance of me often in your minds.

Prof. K."

"My Son. One hundred years ago and over I came into this world. My Mother knew not when she held me in her arms a crying baby that any one at this day would speak the name of Isaac T. Hopper. She has since felt proud to know that she gave birth to such a son and what is more pleasant than all the rest is that my memory (322-Vol. III) lives in the hearts of great and good men. So I hope it will be with you, that before you come here, you will cure so many sick and lame that your name will be sacred to many. My son I will aid you forever and ever.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"My Dear Children. We meet this hour to give you a few important directions. We hope, and your own hearts should respond to our hopes, that you will forego all doubts in the assurances we give you, that assurance which we can give, knowing all the surroundings, knowing what is to come, what joy lies hidden from your eyes: we therefore entreat you to wait with patience until we see fit to finish the pictures and also to wait with patience the time. There is one in the universe, one whom we wish to be present at the time they are given. The name we will not now mention for reasons of our own. This person will be a benefit to you and we wish to link him with you in this way. When he comes here, Sarah and George, give him a room and keep him near you. Tell Katie to meet him, when in this house, only in your room, not in the rooms of any of the boarders.

It is unwise for Katie to think of leaving this country before he comes. Oh how little the world know her trials; we do and deeply sympathize with her, quietly advise her all you can, for she loves you, and tell her not to be prejudiced against her best friend, Mr. Livermore, who has great control over her. Now (323-Vol. III) she must not leave till October. The pictures will be beautiful, the way in which they will be given

still more beautiful. Go each your separate ways and return to meet at the earliest opportunity. We will in every way aid you. My son have no misgivings, go and enjoy life, give out your money freely for your pleasure wherein your soul can expand and you grow better; you will never miss it, never. All is well with you.

The palace is filled with your own immediate family to-day. One or two will come and speak with you. This is a festival day with them. Your children are very happy.

Look up, not as Abraham did, turn not your face away when we speak, for your children live with you. There is no higher sublimity than trust. Cling to your faith though every star drifts from its moorings. Then have faith. Meet at six to-morrow. We can say no more. Farewell.

B. F."

Aug. 3 6 A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Children. We have all been here and are happy to say that all is well, and no darkness is over our spirits. We had a happy time yesterday at the palace where so many of your Mother's own immediate family and friends were present. The whole scene was entrancing and beautiful. It would be useless to try to portray one scene of its loveliness. We have been busy working (324-Vol. III) on the picture this morning, and our next appointment will be at six Saturday morning. We can say no more now. All is well.

B. F."

Aug. 6 10½ A. M.—1871.

We did not meet on Saturday but all went again to Rockaway beach and all enjoyed the entire day very much; we bathed, we gathered shells, we sat upon the sand and watched the rolling, swelling and breaking of the surf at our feet. No accident befell any member of our party and we returned weary but satisfied. It is to this excursion that the following letters allude.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this morning; the air is fresh and clear; we have no impediment in our way. We have been with you and know everything that is connected with

you, all the surroundings, therefore we have arranged accordingly. We first study the conditions, then the effects, the interests of you all, then decide how to act. We often have to change our plans as yours change and thus conform to your needs. We are happy to be able to come in your presence this morning, to glide invisibly about you and drop unseen some flower of hope that you may feel in your dark hours that there are those who love you and care for your future happiness. How still is the air and how full of peace this room where we love to come. Can you realize dear Sarah and George that we are (325-Vol. III) with you? Can you realize that only an hour ago we were singing in our palace? Can you realize that we live and love still; that we take pleasure in making ourselves look beautiful in each others eyes? We look in the water where our forms are visible and turn away happy when we are dressed in beautiful garments. Many spirits here, many of the first and most beautiful, sometimes look sad and anxious owing to some shadow over a beloved one on earth. When we see the arms folded, the head drooping we know that all is not well with the loved who walk the paths of earth. So you see how human we are. Dr. Franklin will write you fully about the future. He seems very happy in contemplating some new work and at the same time giving a great surprise to you. We looked for Uncle Albert yesterday who remained by you till you came home. My dear sister all is well. Let your heart be happy and we will take care of the rest.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. Your Ma and I are here together this morning giving our united sentiments on one paper. I remained by your side pretty faithfully yesterday. I was not going to let one of you come home with a black eye this time. I am glad Isaac enjoyed himself so well. He will never forget this visit while he lives and it is a pleasant thing to be remembered after the eyes are closed in the sleep of immor- (326-Vol. III) tality. Love is immortal and it is a sweet thing to be remembered beyond the shining shore.

My child I see that you are going to have some new and important ties. There are pleasant changes taking place. You will realize many of our predictions now soon. I want you to enjoy yourself all you can. I shall be with you; do not be so happy that you will not have time to think of me. God bless you and give you happiness is Uncle Albert's constant prayer."

"It is pleasant dear friends to come and meet with you. I feel as much interest in you as I ever did and it is pleasant for me to see those whose faces used to gladden me in my youth. I have been with you much of late. I know you have had a pleasant time with your Uncle and Aunt and it is well to enjoy ones self in such pleasant associations. George the Michigan matter better be looked in as soon as you can have it done conveniently; there is no particular hurry. God bless you.

Prof. K."

"Brother you knew not that I was with you yesterday, you did not think of me. I know that you do not like bathing over much. I want you to feel that I am near you when there is danger in your pathway. I love you so much that I love to see written in your heart thoughts of me. I will guard you, I will bless you. Do not feel worried, you are going to succeed in your work. Mother is well. (327-Vol. III) I left Father in the garden with some children. I love you both dear brother, you and Sarah.

Your Sister Emma."

"My Dear Children. ¹Let me say, for one who knows, that truth will triumph over falsehood, justice will triumph over treachery, and at last there has been a great and just exposure of all these men who would make beggars of one half the world. I am rejoiced to see that the black veil no longer hides their crimes. My children meet at twelve to-morrow, I will write you a private message. All is well, we are satisfied with everything. There are bright changes coming to you. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

We go now."

(1) This letter refers to the disclosures of the rascality of our city officers.

After reading the above letters the pencil continued.

"My Dear Child. Your wish draws me back to earth. I will speak. We listened to the music of the waters yesterday, we were with you and my soul was happy. Do not feel depressed, do not let the shadows come for we all watch over you and guard you from danger. All is well. I see passing over the sunny side of your heart, I see, my child, some little shadows, and I would dispel them, I would like to see them all pass away before I go back to the palace for I have to meet many in my home to-day and I want to feel happy. My child, to-morrow Dr. Franklin will explain much in a private (328-Vol. III) letter which will make you happy. The birds are singing, the flowers are all opening, and we are happy. We know that all is well with you. Bless you, my child, bless you.

Your Mother.

I go now."

"I have come back to say that the meeting better be at six in the morning, therefore send some one for Katie at ten. I can linger no longer. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

Aug. 7 6 A. M.—1871.

We were now thinking of visiting the Catskill Mountains with Uncle and family and had already engaged to visit an Uncle at Westerly with them and it is to these anticipated excursions that reference is made in the following letters. The first, Olin's, was written at the table through Katie's hand, but the second, Dr. Franklin's, was written at the bureau, without Katie's hand.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here this morning and all is well. Dr. Franklin will write whatever is important, we can say no more. If you are here meet at half past six to-morrow, if not, meet at another time favorable to you: all this is the wish of Dr. Franklin. We shall be satisfied. Read his communication to yourself as some part of it is private. God bless you. Go and be happy.

Olin."

(329-Vol. III) "My Dear Children and so the days go on and we meet day after day in our

trusting place, this room, that we have learned to love. The dead come not back to you, but the living, those who have died as it were in your arms and you know that they live, the eye that grew dim in pain and sickness, the eye that closed to your gaze and seemed shut out forever from you, now looks upon you in loving kindness. There is no death. That which you call death is only a transition to life immortal. Then sigh not my children, to place beneath the sod all that is mortal to rise again in everlasting life. My children, I call you so for you have grown dear to me, the pictures will be given to you in the presence of Mr. Owen. We wish you to give us this opportunity for it is for a great purpose. By doing this we will benefit you in a way that you do not expect and your hearts will be glad.

My son let me speak one word or a few words to you alone. Too often we have noticed the shadows on your heart, now there is no cause. You will never be a poor man; enjoy life; let your wife help you. You are all differently constituted, what you cannot enjoy in one way enjoy with her in another and be sure all will be well. God in His infinite (330-Vol. III) mercy will bless you, has blessed you in throwing in your pathway these great opportunities; and where are they to end? Not here, oh, no! far greater things than have ever been given you, you are yet to witness, so keep good courage and have faith.

My daughter, you are right. You are doing right and will be blessed. The longest part of a journey is when we are hastening towards those we love. I have spoken freely to you. I fear that I may offend yet I hope not. Keep all appointments and may God bless you.

Look not coldly upon Katie at any time. She has much to contend with and our sympathies go out to her. Meet Wednesday at six. We can say no more to-day. Some of your loved ones will be with you. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

Aug. 18 12 M.—1871.

We went to the mountains, consequently did not keep the last appointment. We then went to R. I.; had a very pleasant time and returned

on the morning of the 17th. This hour marked our first interview with our unseen friends.

"My Dear Sarah and George. Welcome back to your home. We have been with you on your journey and we enjoyed the silent hours with you. Do you realize that the summer is departing and the time drawing near for us to come and place in your hands our beautiful (331-Vol. III) gift? Do you realize dear Sarah and George that all our predictions are coming out right? Too often our promises, our messages pass from your memories as quickly as the sunbeam from your pathway. Read over Dr. Franklin's letters and try to believe all at the same time. We are very happy to come and talk with you and renew the chain. I wish you felt perfectly free Sarah. I wish you had no weight on your mind, and that you could enjoy the close of the summer more than you did the beginning. Ma feels anxious that you should visit Pa, but if you cannot go we will not urge you. I know he would rejoice to see your face in his home again. You must think it over and decide. I will not urge you but hope your own judgment will guide you. I know Pa's feelings and his fondness for his children.

Now my dear sister do not be disturbed. Know that there are brighter days coming, successful and peaceful. The house will get along well and you will have all you can do. We have occupied the banquet hall of late quite often to watch the progress of spirits whom we have tried to make happy. George, I know you are glad to get back. No place like home were your thoughts as you entered the door, and you are home again and all is well. You must rest before you commence your fall (332-Vol. III) labors. Do not imagine that you are not going to succeed. I know you are. God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. Meet for letters of importance to-morrow at twelve. I am happy to see you back. Success and happiness follow you always is the prayer of your faithful friend.

B. F."

Aug. 19 12 M.—1871.

These short messages from Olin, Ma and Uncle

Albert came through Katie's hand, but the long letter from Dr. Franklin was written at the bureau and without Katie's hand. It is in penmanship like every letter of his, bold, firm, round and distinct.

"We are in form to-day dear Sarah and George. Ma is here. Grandma has the children in the palace. We will talk with you. Dr. Franklin is in form writing with his own blessed hand. Trust him Sarah, trust him always; he knows and says what he has perfect knowledge of. If you do not ¹go to-day meet at half past ten to-morrow. I hope you will go. I will not use the power.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. If you could visit your Pa it would give me great happiness and also cheer his heart for many months, he loves you so tenderly. I wish you could go. I have been with Willie to-day; he is happy and well. God bless you, my dear children.

Your Ma."

(333-Vol. III) "Sarah how are you? Well, and so you are going away this afternoon. I will go with you.

Now I am a great listener and I do not want you to let your husband go to see his Mother without you. His place is by your side, your place is by his side. Go together. All is well. My favorite, my pet as much as ever! I will come again in a day or two. I must not take the power. Good bye.

Uncle Albert."

I had been persuading my husband to take Willie and visit his Mother without me, for I was so occupied with my household affairs that I could not consistently leave; but to all my persuasions he turned a deaf ear, still I think I should at last have succeeded but for Uncle Albert's letter.

"My Dear Children. The time approaches when we will place in your hands the last sacred gift that you will receive from us for some months. Changes have taken place. Katie will soon be where we can not work through her as we do now, but you must be patient until we

(1) To Elizabeth City.

bring her back again a new creation. Although we cannot but grieve that she leaves before October, we too will be patient. We will give this last proof in the presence of Mr. Owen whom we love for his truth and sincerity; it will also be a tie between you and that good man. As the time approaches for us to cease coming and giving these (334-Vol. III) tokens, we cannot but feel the shadows which always accompany partings. Let your memories live on the past and never let the dark wing of doubt hover over you for one moment. We shall be with you and perhaps we may bring about an influence that will defer this voyage till October. We shall try. Let me once more entreat you not to let mistrust and doubts come in to mar the beautiful truths you have received. Everything is a mystery. Gaze down into a deep well, you will perceive an uncertain gleam of light. You cannot tell from what source, nor why it glistens upon the surface. You cannot fathom those waters with the eye nor see what they cover. So it is with us. If you would know what lies behind the veil that obscures your vision, plunge deep, torch in hand. You will never know all till you come here; and it is well for God has made it so, hath willed it so.

My Children all is well. The palace grows more lovely day by day. We are a happy family together in our mansion. We look down upon your earth. Those with whom we come in contact, those who claim our sympathy, always have our tender care. Could we only show them the difference between happiness and misery we would feel that we had done a great thing. The distinction is that the life of a happy (335-Vol. III) man or woman is a painting with a golden ground filled in with stars of jet, while on the other hand the life of an unfortunate man or woman is a dark ground with a very few stars of gold.

My son do not be in haste to take a hand-worker with you. Try him well first. This man who has applied I am not in favor of as he is not a regular physician. You will require some help but wait, the right one will come.

Meet to-morrow at half past ten if here. Do not be later as we have important duties to attend to of our own. Each one of the circle will follow me, and try not to recall one of us. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

I was greatly annoyed by a little matter, but said not a word about it to any person, not even letting my husband know that I gave it a thought although he knew the circumstance. I resolved, however, to tell it to Dr. Franklin. So while we were sitting with closed eyes at this meeting, I tried to write a few questions. When we opened our eyes, I had written one line into another so that I could not read it myself and Dr. Franklin had written on another piece of paper as follows, (which I read to myself, wishing to keep my own counsel).

"My Dear Child. Write these questions over again and place the paper in some place; leave the room for me to write the (336-Vol. III) answers. I can linger no longer now. Farewell.

B. F."

As soon as Katie left I wrote unknown to any human being the following.

"How can we meet the name that has been given my husband, by some bad person, of being a 'humbag?' He is regularly educated and is strictly scientific and does not in any sense deserve the name. We know that his brother has taken great pains to injure him, but wherever this unjust name comes from makes little difference in the effect or consequences. I was hurt and greatly pained by hearing at Watch-Hill his good name professionally slandered. Will you, can you, my dear Dr. Franklin, tell us how to meet these wickedly false assertions?

Sarah E. L. Taylor."

I placed this writing where I knew it could not be disturbed without my knowledge. Katie came back the next morning, went in the room, with me not without me, where the paper was, but did not see it, or touch it, or know of it. Some time during the morning I looked at this paper on which I had written and found just beneath my signature the following note beautifully writ-

ten, but when it was written I know not; and that human hand never touched the paper after I wrote my questions and laid it aside I also know.

"My Daughter. These false accusations against your husband can not harm him: (337-Vol. III) he stands too high in the eyes of the country and in the eyes of God. So give it not another thought: treat it with silent contempt. We will guard your husband's reputation. The false assertions will fall to the ground. God bless you. Tuesday you will meet at twelve. God bless you. B. F."

Aug. 20 10½ A. M.—1871.

We had intended to visit friends at Elizabeth City, spending from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning with them but did not hear from them in season on Saturday, consequently we were home and ready to meet our spirit friends on this bright, quiet morning.

We closed the blinds and sat about the table. Olin's, Emma's, Prof. Kenyon's and Frankie's letters were written at the table and through Katie's hand, but Dr. Franklin's and Ma's were written at the bureau and without Katie's hand.

"My Dear George and Sarah, My Dear Sarah and George. We wish you could have received the dispatch before; but you can go just as well another day. We want you to enjoy yourselves when you do go. This is just the day for outdoor reveries. We are all here in form. The children are looking in your faces and although they love to look upon you they do not love the darkened room. They are very happy to come and manifest their presence in some playful way. All is well! (338-Vol. III) We have our duties to fulfill this day after our visit with you. Pa is well. God bless you.

Olin.

Ma requires my aid in writing. Olin."

"My Dear Brother. I am happy to come and talk with you. I am so glad you and Sarah are going to visit Mother. Father will not ask you to go again, he says, he knows that you will do as you please. He told me to give his love to you and tell you he was having a glorious time. He is with a family who came here some time before

he did. I left him there talking over old times. You know how Father always loved to visit. My dear brother I am with you when you are not thinking of me. I love you very much. God bless you.

Emma."

"My Dear Dr. Taylor, or rather my dear son, I hope you will not for one moment let the remarks on Watch-Hill cause you sorrow; they cannot injure you; they are not worthy a thought. A great and good man always has to have such things. My children I have been with you and I see a successful future before you. Keep good courage and let not the shadows mingle with the sunlight when all is so bright. The flowers are all open in your spirit home. Look up and be glad.

Prof. Kenyon.

Sarah do you love me as much as ever?

Prof. K."

(339-Vol. III) "Mamma. Leila and I do not like to come in a dark room. We shall go home with Dr. Franklin. Prof. is holding my little hand. We are very happy.

Frankie."

"My Dear Children. We have all come to say a few words in writing. This is our Sabbath morning and we have brought the children to look in your faces. We are happy to come. We can not remain long as we have duties of our own which require our presence. We are getting everything in glorious order to meet the eyes of our friend who will be here soon.

My daughter I was pained to see you disturbed by the false assertions made against your husband. They can not injure him in the least. He is a man with a fine reputation and cannot be injured, therefore, I say to you feel not disturbed. We have nearly completed the picture. We all go now to the palace, there to wait the orders of a higher power. Meet Tuesday at twelve. Call us not back. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

"My Dear Child. Go and see your Father who looks for you with yearning eyes. Let not your heart be sad. I have the children here with me.

We shall all return to the palace and I am now going to leave you as I must be the first one in my own home to receive the circle. The day is (340-Vol. III) beautiful for you on earth, enjoy it, also grasp the sunbeams while they last. My dear child when shall I welcome you here? If my desire alone was the only thing I would have you here now; but you have ties on earth, you are needed and must not come yet. Meet Tuesday at twelve. We must leave you now. I dictated the first through Olin's hand, I now hold the pencil myself. Tell Emeline to look on the bright side, tell her we are with her and will make her future bright as this day with the sunlight playing about her pathway. God bless you my child; feel not worried about the assertions against George; nothing of that kind will harm him; they will die on Watch-Hill. Call us not back. We go now. The little white dresses of the children have nearly disappeared in the distance. They are going with Olin. Good bye my child.

Your Ma.

Your Mother to all Eternity."

This last letter commenced in Olin's hand writing and continued in it until the word "circle" at the bottom of the last page, when his hand disappears and the next sentence commences with Ma's hand precisely as it used to be in life and health. Her hand now continues uninterruptedly to the close of the letter.

(341-Vol. III) Aug. 22 12 M.—1871.

The day was beautiful and we three sat about the table as usual. Katie's left hand, which was the hand towards me, was writing and I was sitting a little from her and opposite the Doctor, and holding three lead pencils in my hand, playing with them upon the table. I raised my right hand about six inches from the table and hit the hand of a gentleman. I exclaimed "Why, George, is your hand over here?" "No," he replied, "my hands are here and so are Katie's." I knew it was not Katie's for it was much larger and the touch was not like hers. The hand was warm and firm and perfectly natural in its feeling. I had no more than asked the Doctor if it were he, when one of the pencils was taken from my hand

and the echoes said, "I want it for Frankie. He wishes to do something to make you laugh. Prof. K." Katie kept writing during all this. After they were gone and we opened our eyes, we found on the table before us my hand glass, which I use to read the left handed writing, wrapped carefully in the large handkerchief I left spread upon the little table by the folding doors, and upon the handkerchief was written, "Mamma can't read now. Frankie." We did laugh heartily over the playfulness of our little boy, who speaks so often and naturally to us, but upon whom we cannot look.

(342-Vol. III) "My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this morning dressed in pure white garments. There are no clouds upon our pathway. We were busy on Sunday for many hours. We visited the banquet hall and met all our own acquaintances and talked over the different degrees of happiness. Some told me that this was their first visit to the banquet hall; that they had not progressed very rapidly as their hearts had clung to earth and it was almost impossible for them to look beyond or find pleasure in soaring higher. After they had thrown away the desire to breathe continually the atmosphere of earth, they found it easy to advance into the beautiful paths of heaven.

I told many of them that I would take them to our palace and show them what our advancement and spiritual desires had been. We are happy to give you these little accounts for you can learn much from them.

Ma receives all who visit the palace as she is sole mistress of it. We are her children and rejoice to be welcomed by her. A little circumstance which occurred in the palace I will give you, although I stood by and watched the same with a feeling of amusement, I could not but note how human we all remain. George's Father called on Ma with a number of his old friends among them a medium whom Mr. Taylor used to visit. Ma did not feel drawn (343-Vol. III) towards her and closed the door of her reception room, saying when she did so that she could not visit with them at that time.

I tried to take her place, but as we read each other's thoughts, the company read Ma's desire to shun them and they silently withdrew. Ma sent for the Doctor's Father yesterday and had a pleasant talk with him alone.

My dear sister you do not know how much we have assigned to us, how numerous our duties. We have to work carefully to guard our loved ones on earth; we do not feel safe about them till we have seen that every cloud is removed. Ma has sent Uncle Albert to see Willie safely home, so you need feel no anxiety about him.

My dear sister I hope you will follow your own desires about going with George. We prefer you should go for we think the change would do you good and I want you to be happy. I know you will have some disagreeable things to contend with, but bear all patiently and do not take anything to heart. Remember that truth cannot be crushed and you will be victorious. Our work goes bravely on. Yes, Mr. Bradley is drawing nearer to his rest every day, we hope he will not linger long in suffering. Ma has been with Pa this morning. She found him well. Peace be with you, blessings follow you and we will guard you. God bless you.

Olin."

(344-Vol. III) "My Dear Children. Meet at twelve to-morrow if all are here. All is well. My children be happy. Daughter, go and enjoy yourself and let the sunbeams gladden your soul. God bless you, my children. You shall soon have another letter from me. Farewell.

B. F."

Aug. 24 12 M.—1871.

We did not meet on the next day but the second. Robert Dale Owen, to whom reference has been frequently made, lost when a young gentleman, a very dear friend by the name of Camilla. They were deeply attached to each other and affianced. Camilla died more than forty years ago. Mrs. Owen, the lady that Mr. Owen made his wife after Camilla's death, died within the last week or ten days.

"My Dear Sarah and George. The whole circle are here and the pictures nearly completed will

be ready to give the moment Mr. Owen arrives. We will take great pleasure in presenting it in his presence and at the same time we will give some beautiful new proof of our presence. I have met Camilla, who is a most beautiful spirit, and had a long conversation with her. We knew when we told you, some months ago, that we wished Mr. Owen present when we presented the picture, that he would be in grief, for at that time Camilla saw that Mrs. Owen was coming, but we were not permitted to tell you in so many words, but if you will read over the communications you will see that we gave (345-Vol. III) you a foreshadowing of it. Oh, Sarah, we will have the happiest meetings we have ever had, we will enjoy every hour that you and we can give. God bless you. All goes well.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. We always direct everything for the best and always study your interests. We are happy to look beyond the present and see everything looking so bright. Your hearts shall be made glad and ours also. The pictures are almost finished. Meet for letters at twelve to-morrow, shall not want the little table then. All is well. God bless you my children. Farewell.

B. F."

Aug. 25 6 A. M.—1871.

Katie could not meet us at twelve, so anticipated the meeting at this hour. She was in very bad humor, had quarrelled with Mr. Livermore and was out of sorts generally.

Willie had returned and we were going and did go the next day, Saturday, to visit at Elizabeth City.

"My Dear Sarah and George. When you go away have no misgivings, we will see that all goes well. The change in the hour is not favorable for us. Tell Em. I will speak to her in three days. God bless you.

Olin."

The following two letters were written at the bureau and without Katie's hand. The hand writing looks hurried and weaker than usual.

(346-Vol. III) "My Dear Children. Again we are with you under circumstances of disturbing elements.

Why, knowing this child, should people throw stones in her way is more than we can tell. Not like other beings is she, if so we could work through every one.

There are great changes coming for you or I would not tell you so. Now what we wish to say is this. Avoid seeing Mr. Owen in any room save your own, avoid this. Tell Katie it is your wish. And now let me say another great truth. Better she should never see Mrs. Townsend who only annoys without giving one ray of joy.

We are sorry she grieved Mr. Livermore. After the poor girl is gone, tell him this. And now let her go in peace. Meet Wednesday at twelve for I have not said one half what I wished. Mr. Owen better go also; he will bring back Katie. My children all is well, all will be well. Go next Saturday to make visits, return and meet with Owen next week Friday or Saturday. Oh, will they never learn the delicate channel through which we come? God be with you is the prayer of one who loves you. Farewell.

B. F."

"Sarah My Dear Child, I am here with you. I would have written you a long letter but the conditions are too unfavorable. Meet Wednesday at twelve. (347-Vol. III) God bless you. In your absence all will be well.

Uncle Albert."

Sept. 1 1 P. M.—1871.

We did not see Katie until this day which was Friday when she came to us by Olin's request at this hour. We were having an elevator placed in the house, for the taking of the invalids up and down stairs on the stories, hence we had plenty of noise and great confusion. They wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are no judges of house work but we know enough to feel that this house is not in order.

Now my dear sister and George, my brother in spirit, we want the meeting to-morrow at six A. M., when the house is quiet, we want to write you a letter of importance, we wish you to feel that we are with you and cognizant of all you do which relates to your happiness. Katie must return from ¹Connolly's at an early hour. We

see that ¹Tweed and his party are going to have hot times. It looks to us as though the prison beds would be the resting places for some. Thank God, George, that you are not a politician. My soul is happy. Ma is in the palace; she has just parted with Uncle Albert and sent a message by him to you. Three beautiful flowers opened in your vase this morning, emblems of peace and happiness. All is well. God bless you and give you every enjoyment of life.

Olin."

(348-Vol. III) "My Dear Sarah. When will the noise cease; when the world is done? I do not like to see you worried. Three things I love, your own dear self, every bit of you, the way you dress your hair when you want to have it look very nice, and the memory which your heart retains of Uncle Albert.

My child, your Ma wishes me to tell you that she would like to see you in a palace equally as beautiful as hers, but that is impossible and your hands must labor till she receives you in her arms. All is well. My child try to be happy. God bless you.

Uncle Albert."

"Meet at six to-morrow by order of Dr. Franklin. God bless you.

Prof. K."

Sept. 2 6 A. M.—1871.

We met for letters as directed and all excepting Dr. Franklin's were written through Katie's hand at the table, his was written at the bureau and without her hand. The hand writing is distinct and clear.

The troubles in the New York ring of politicians had already assumed a very serious aspect and many of their number were giving evidence of shakiness. Both Connolly the Controller and his unscrupulous wife were sending for Katie almost daily to consult through her their departed friends. Sometimes they received through this source unwelcome truths.

(349-Vol. III) "My Dear Sarah and George. The morning is clear and beautiful and we are here with you. When Mr. Owen comes we shall

(1) City officers.

have to meet several times in order to initiate his circle and make them familiar with ours. We will soon organize in perfection.

All is well. Be not troubled Sarah, the house will soon be in order and you will be happy. Many pleasant surprises will take place for you. We shall all be with you and aid you in everything so keep good cheer. Sarah do not wish for wisdom for you have it. George, about the house you are safe and will never make a change except for great benefit to you. Give yourself no more uneasiness; all will be successful.

The birds sang sweetly, as we gathered to meet you, the flowers opened and our hearts were full of praises to the great Giver.

There is joy in heaven over the redemption of a sinner, there will be joy over some of these men who have robbed the city. I speak from knowledge, pure knowledge. I can say no more; tomorrow we will all be here.

Olin."

"Do not let the house trouble you, as Olin said. You will be in every way satisfied with your next change. There is but one life to live on earth, enjoy it and be happy. Do not let it wear away with anxiety and fretting. God bless you, my children.

Your helper, Prof. K."

(350-Vol. III) "My Dear Brother. I am happy to come this morning. Mother will be glad to see you when you go, and I shall be happy to meet you and Sarah, not forgetting Willie, there. You will make her heart glad and Father's also. My spirit hovers near you day and night. You shall see my face.

Emma."

"My Children I am here in form. I can not remain long, but I will linger long enough to give directions. I am glad Katie went to one of the ring party last night. The communication was directed by me. I will get Tweed in our ring before many days, then you will see that your property will only be valued at what it cost you.

My children I have much to say to you on Sunday morning, till then rest quietly. The noise of the workmen will soon commence and, as wo-

men often say, I feel nervous for it is impossible to write while the hammer is going.

Sarah, my child, I wish you to tell Katie this morning that she must not take Mr. Owen in any of the boarders' rooms. She is right in not wishing to be under the lady in whose company she is going to travel. We have inspired her with that feeling and she spoke our sentiments last night. We do not wish her to go before October. One thing you (351-Vol. III) must do for us. Tell Mr. Livermore yourself that it is our request that she goes not before October. ¹The gentleman can wait.

Changes are coming fast, you will get along well and succeed. See what we are doing moralizing the world; in one little week we can do much to help mankind. She must wait! Meet at half past ten Sunday morning. We will say much more then. Farewell.

B. Franklin."

Sept. 3 10½ A. M.—1871.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this bright morning. We have been with the children to see their little gardens in Greenwood. They were both impressed with the desire to go before we came to meet you. They were sure they would find you there, so I took them to gratify their little hearts. They are now in the palace but Ma will bring them here before we close the circle. All is cheerful in the palace to-day. We feel no shadows owing to the brightness we see about you.

Dear Sarah, the children have a garden of birds and flowers. They often catch the birds and whisper some sweet message in their ears to take back to you, their darling Mamma and Papa. Oh, if you could only be with us for a short time in our walks, if your eyes could behold the joys, the beauties, the (352-Vol. III) transcendent beauty which lies hidden beyond the veil, you could then know why we love to live in the immortal land. The transient life on earth is only preparatory for the eternal life and every void will be filled. We have a duty before us which is of a painful character. We are requested to visit the unhappy spirits who have lately come

(1) The one who is to accompany her to Europe.

here and aid them, take them to walk in some beautiful garden and help them to forget their sorrow. I willingly obey. Ma will remain in the palace with the children. Grandma will accompany me. It will not be to-day. We shall know when we leave you when we are to fulfill this duty.

I have seen Ralph. He feels a little put out yet. I am sorry that he has to be separated from all he loves, but the channels of life are many and destiny often in a different direction from which the heart would take were it free to act. It is well to submit patiently. Ralph will in the end succeed but it will be a long, tedious time before he realizes what he hopes to. Tell Em. I am with her and approve of what she is contemplating. God bless you Sarah and George. I can say no more.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. I have come to tell you that your Pa is well. All is peace in the future. The flowers are open in recogni- (353-Vol. III) tion of joy and I am happy. I often take the children to see their Grandpa. Your Uncle Albert sent his love to you and says he will come at the next meeting. God bless you. Love and blessings to Emeline.

Your Ma."

The following letter was written on the bureau and without Katie's hand.

"My Children. We are with you. Praise God

for the light of this beautiful morning. Thank Him in your hearts for the health you enjoy. Praise the Giver of all Good. The fountain of His blessings flows freely upon you, gather the sunshine while it lasts. We have been your constant companions for nearly two years, in constant communion, in close affection and I know my dear children that you are grateful for the boon. Were we of the earth, earthly, our ways would not seem mysterious neither would you marvel. But we are subjects of a higher power, under the direction of the Father of the whole universe, therefore wonder not at our ways, we do all things well. Let your souls be glad, let your minds be at ease. Work for humanity my son and our hands will work with you. You will soon see the way clear for a permanent institution. Now trust and do not when you lie down at night wonder where that place will be. Know (354-Vol. III) that kind Providence will guide you to it and you will feel satisfied. Our hours of devotion will be after we leave you to assemble in the palace. We shall think of you in our prayers for blessings. Meet Tuesday at precisely twelve o'clock for directions. God bless you.

B. Franklin."

Through Katie's hand on another paper this was added.

"Call us not back. We leave you now to perform our other duties.

B. F."

FOX-TAYLOR RECORD

1869-1892

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GRANDMA AND LEILA

FOX-TAYLOR RECORD

1869-1892

VOLUME IV

Sept. 4 11 A. M.—1871

At this time we were greatly harassed, as we had been from time to time for more than a year, by some old business matters in Michigan with which the Doctor, unfortunately, had been concerned. The business had ceased to exist, or passed out of the hands of the Co. some years ago and was supposed to be settled and closed. But a bad man, to whom the Doctor had declined to loan money, had instigated the raking up and manufacturing of accounts against the Co. and suing the Doctor as a member of the Co. under the names of several different individuals. They had already got hold of a large and valuable tract of land belonging to the Doctor in that state and now threatened to make trouble here. In my anxiety about the matter, I wrote, unknown to any person, to my unseen friend as follows:

"Dr. Franklin. My Dear Spirit Father. I am distracted by this Western business and to whom shall I go for advice, but you, who were always wise in all matters? We have already paid dearly for ignorance, but must we continue to pay to those knaves as long as we live? Is there no way of escape? My heart is sick! My spirit drags in the dirt! More than thirty thousand dollars of hard earned money has gone there, with no (2-Vol. IV) return to us but ceaseless anxiety and worry. Can you see, can you tell me when this will end? I pray thee, my spirit father to help us to the wisdom necessary to rid ourselves of this terrible 'nightmare' and rid ourselves effectually. Am I asking too much? Tell me I pray thee what to do. Many questions have I asked but what less can I say? I feel helpless and discouraged.

Your Suffering Child,

Sarah E. L. Taylor."

I placed my letter upon the bureau and at this hour Katie came in and we entered the room for a few moments and through her hand the following was written:

"Be not 'distracted' about the Western matter. It will cause you no immediate trouble. I will fully advise you tomorrow to whom to go and also what to do. I can not myself linger long now as I am obliged to go to the circle who are to attend upon the unhappy spirits. God bless you and keep your mind easy.

Your faithful friend and confidant,

B. Franklin."

And upon the paper on which I wrote my letter, I found written in clear hand and without the aid of human hand, for I know that human hand had not touched it, the following little note. Katie knew and knows nothing of my letter or the contents of either of Dr. Franklin's.

(3-Vol. IV) "My Dear Child: Hope on. Oh, hope. I know thy spirit is dark but never can drag in darkness while I am with you. Follow the advice I have given you and no longer let this chain thy spirit down.

Thy father in spirit, in love and heart-felt sympathy.

B. Franklin."

Sept. 5 6 A. M.—1871

"My Dear Children. I am here to give you advice. Sarah, I have read your letter. Were this Western case mine, I would most certainly arrange matters so that the lawyers would be done with it. I would have it ended. As you are situated, you will have to wait a short time. Be not impatient my child. I can not see the right person at this moment to send you. I will require a little more time. So my child be patient. I will stand by you. Now have faith and in your soul call on your father.

B. F."

"My Dear Sarah and George. We were all day devoting ourselves to the unhappy, sorrowful spirits who have lately come here. I made a circle of young women happy and now they are in a fair way to progress.

I showed them the beautiful works of God and took them away from themselves, away

from earth, away from the scenes they had left in sorrow and wretchedness. I am pleased with many (4-Vol. IV) of those spirits for they have gems hidden in their souls. My dear sister, you see we have still to labor, and when we are through and can, we will give you a long detail of our progress with these poor beings. God bless you.

Olin."

"Meet Thursday at twelve. Remember the hour.

B. F."

Sept. 6 12 M.—1871

Mr. Owen arrived during the morning and at this hour the following came through Katie's hand.

"My Dear Sarah. I want Mr. Owen present to-morrow at twelve. We would prefer the meeting at six A. M., but suppose you can not all get ready by that hour, and if that is the case we will say twelve, but let me know now that I may communicate to Dr. Franklin. The meeting will be for the purpose of harmonizing the circles. Mr. Owen's friends will be present. We do not wish to be called till the appointed hour. We shall have an interesting meeting to-morrow among ourselves in this room. Tell Mr. Owen to keep his eyes closed religiously.

Now dear Sarah be cheerful, all is well with you. The Western matter will terminate satisfactorily. Tell Em. to feel that all is well. God bless you.

Olin."

Sept. 7 6 A. M.—1871

Agreeably to their wish we were ready and entered our room with Mr. Owen at six. The meeting (5-Vol. IV) was pleasant but not the same as when we three met alone. Mr. Owen appeared to enjoy it, but the rest of us, especially Katie and I, were conscious of another atmosphere about us. I made no mention of my feelings for I was anxious to have him meet with us because Dr. Franklin had requested it, but Katie exclaimed as soon as he left the room. "It is so different and not half as pleasant." I said it was because he was strange to us and a few

meetings would make all as enjoyable as before. No one spoke during the meeting but Dr. Franklin.

"My Dear Children. We are happy to gather here with the congenial spirits who accompany Mr. Owen. Camilla is a lovely spirit, so beautiful that I would love to raise her veil and show her lovely face. We are sure that some blessing not yet felt will be given in this circle before many sittings. You will not forget that I wished a few meetings for preparation. Be patient and all will be well. Meet Saturday at twelve. At the third meeting we will be able to name the day on which we will give the picture. Have no anxiety, only follow directions.

My Children, God bless you. Mr. Owen's wife is happy, satisfied with everything that he has done. Camilla has taken her by the hand and called her sister. She is satisfied with her beautiful home and every (6-Vol. IV) flower breathes peace for her. The meeting is closed.

B. F."

Sept. 8 10 A. M.—1871

Katie came in all out of sorts and her hand wrote hurriedly:

"My Dear Sarah. I am here, happy to meet you for a few moments. I have met a sweet girl in my pathway. She is looking at the flowers and wishing for me.

I want Katie to go to bed up in her room and her mother will come and magnetize her. I will send her at once. Katie is sick but does not know it. Meet to-morrow at twelve. I must depart, the young girl is impatient.

Olin."

Sept. 12 5 P. M.—1871

No more meetings with poor Katie for four days. She was still poorly when we tried once again to obey their call. They wrote.

"My Dear Sarah, George, Mr. Owen and Katie, we want all the appointments kept this week in order to enable us to give the pictures Sunday morning. All will be well, all is well now and we will work with power. Do not feel disappointed, be of good cheer and have hope. Never look back upon the black weeds but let

the sun that shines today be your hope for the future. Meet at twelve to-morrow, we will all be present. We can say no more (7-Vol. IV) but we will all gather in the palace for consultation and to-morrow we will inform you of our purposes. God bless you.

Olin."

Sept. 13 12 M.—1871

We four met as directed, sat about the table and sang and chatted. They wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all here this morning to say that we had a consultation yesterday and we shall not be able to write much till after we have presented the pictures, which will be on Sunday morning, if clear. The atmosphere is against us but we can accomplish much in the way of preparation.

One important word, Sarah, beware of Miss Kidder. I do not like her influence. I will say more at a future time. Our desire now is to complete this work in order to give Mr. Owen some new facts for his book, and we will appoint the time at our Sunday meeting. Sarah and George, all is well; you need anticipate no evil, no failure. We will write you a letter after Sunday which will contain full directions regarding your future. Keep good faith and be happy. I must say no more.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. Meet at half past six to-morrow morning. All is well. I will bring the music Sunday morning if clear. Camilla will come Sunday morning. My children, (8-Vol. IV) the flowers bloom freshly to-day. Our hearts are full of hope and may blessings fall upon you all. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

Sept. 14 6½ A. M.—1871

We four again met. They wrote.

"I will speak first. We are all here happy, for we see no clouds on our sky, no shadows. Dr. Franklin has given me permission to say a few words foreign to the subject for which we meet this morning.

Ask Em. if she has forgotten my promises and if her heart is so full of happiness that she no

longer feels the longing desire to hear from Olin? Oh, tell her that even when the heart is the happiest we are hovering near and now I want to sit down and have a long talk with her in your presence, say to-day at half past twelve. I am happy to see her happy. I can say no more at present as the meeting is for another purpose. Olin."

"My Dear Children. We are happy to see that all is well. We have had a successful meeting. The next meeting will be Saturday morning at half past six. ¹ We want our friend to take the treatment to-day and to-morrow he will feel quite strong. We do not want him to lose any of his strength as he is writing a work which will do more good than any that has been written on the subject of spiritualism. (9-Vol. IV) We are all deeply interested in it and we want to give him the crowning part, finale.

My children, God bless you. Isaac T. Hopper will be here at half past twelve to speak with George. We go now. Farewell.

B. F."

At the specified hour Em. and I met, with Katie, for Olin to write. The Doctor was engaged and did not meet Mr. Hopper.

Sept. 16 6½ A. M.—1871

We met as desired. Mr. Owen had been invited out of the city to pass Sunday, but said he would not go if the circle preferred he should remain.

"No, my friend, go by all means. We are not able to give the picture to-morrow morning. Our promise would have been fulfilled had the atmosphere been favorable; but we desire our usual Sunday morning meeting, Sarah and George, as we wish to write you letters for your own eyes. My children, be of good cheer and believe me, there are no clouds on your pathway. We will say but little this morning. George, you will be successful this fall and overcome many obstacles. My children, farewell.

B. F."

"My Dear Sarah and George. You and I will miss Em. when she is gone. We are with you

(1) Mr. Owen was not well and commenced on that day taking Dr. Taylor's treatment.

daily. Tomorrow I will say more to you than I can this morning. Ma will speak also then. I see no clouds on your pathway. You have done well. God bless you.

Olin."

(10-Vol. IV) "George, you could not keep your appointment with me Thursday. I do not chide you but I was here. I wish you could get free from the Western weight, drawback and drain. Is there no way? I see a little opening which will give you some light soon and show you the best way. My son, do not be depressed, but hope.

Isaac T. Hopper."

Sept. 17 10½ A. M.—1871

Mr. Owen went on his visit and we met with our own circle and all seemed as of old. We had and have the highest possible regard for Mr. Owen, still we could never feel the same sweet, peaceful influence in our meetings when he was present that we were so very conscious of when we three met alone, or if Emeline and Willie were with us it was all the same.

Emeline was to be married, here, on the eleventh of October.

We had a delightful meeting. All the letters were written through Katie's hand excepting Dr. Franklin's, which was written at the bureau and without her hand.

"We are all here, happy to talk with you. I speak myself this morning. I have a growing interest for you. My eyes guard you daily and I wish you to know that all is well. We do not wish Katie to sit for any one for the purpose of seeing faces until (11-Vol. IV) after we give the picture. We wish her to promise this as neither under such circumstances will succeed. My dear Sarah and George, with you I am glad that Emeline is going to be united to the one she loves. Her mother will say a few words to her through her Uncle Albert. God bless you. Sarah, my child, I love you more and more every day.

Prof. K."

"My Dear Niece. I wish to send Emeline a few words. Tell her she is now going to enter a

new life. She does not know the peculiarities of her chosen one. Tell her to be careful how she speaks to him, never let her words be harsh. Tell her not to be the one to show the first impatience; always have confidence and faith; look up to him as superior to herself; respect him under all circumstances and be careful to avoid the first quarrel. Here lies the point. If she follows this advice she will make almost as good a wife as you do, my beloved child. I have been with you and rejoice to see you looking so well and doing so well. God bless you. Never will Uncle Albert forget you.

Uncle Albert."

"My Dear Sarah and George. I need not say that we are all here, you have had the proof. Dr. Franklin is writing and much is going on. You will meet again without Mr. Owen; when the picture is ready we (12-Vol. IV) will let him come in; we desire him present for a particular purpose; leave all to us. Sarah and George we are satisfied with everything; much will take place for your happiness this winter. I can say no more.

Olin."

"Dear Brother. Do not worry about mother, she is well and you will find a way soon to visit her. Take events as they come, do the best you can, then you will have done your duty. Dear brother I love to visit you.

Emma."

"My Son. It is not every one who has more guests than are invited. We wish you to feel how near we are to you. Journey on through life, I will never weary journeying with you. God bless you.

Isaac T. Hopper."

1 "My Dear Children. It is pleasant for us to meet again without the third party; we have so long been accustomed to greet you in this way. Mr. Owen does not comprehend the conditions as well as you, he is not so well schooled; although he thinks that you are not his equal in these matters, he is only a baby learning his alphabet while you are beyond the age. So much have

you learned since our first intercourse with you and oh, what a rest it is to be again with you and no drawbacks. Still, dear children, it is well to give the pictures (13-Vol. IV) in his presence; since we have promised we will fulfill to the letter. We do not say, we do not feel a warm regard for him, but our love for you is holy, and the feelings we have for you are seldom bestowed upon mortals. In sorrow we grieve with you, in joy we smile with you, in sickness we would wrap our mantles about you. You are among the chosen few and we say, we love you. There is no sighing for the lost ones for there is no vacant chair, no desolation, for we are with you. We have taught you, my children, to look upon heaven (once that unknown land) as a place in which you can step your feet any day. Your hearts have realized the perfect joy of ransomed souls let free from the chains of earth, the bursts of choral harps with which the gates of heaven are thrown open to admit the loved ones to the presence that redeemed them. These are the proofs we have given you and we love you. A mother's arms shall be thrown about you, a mother's voice shall sound in your ears and our world will be to you all that your hearts desire. Your children shall be yours; here they will again call you by that endearing name, Papa and Mamma.

My children, rejoice, repine not if things go wrong, try to bear them with christian resignation. The sun shines upon us this (14-Vol. IV) morning and we are blest. Many poor, sorrowful children our care and guidance have placed in sunny paths. The wretched in spirit find peace with us.

Our next meeting we wish alone with you Tuesday morning at half past six.

Now the palace doors are open and the harps are sounding for our return. Call us not back. We have given all the time we can to earth. We leave you with peace in your souls. There are no clouds on your future. You will get through well with all your earthly affairs. You must visit the little gardens in Greenwood soon. They look sweetly where the birds sing joyously over the

sacred relics of your darlings who are blooming in the garden of heaven under the eye of our Eternal Father, Who doeth all things well. God bless you.

B. F."

Sept. 19 6½ A. M.—1871

Again we three met our own circle of loved ones and they wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are all happy to come again in your presence. All will be well. The shadows of disappointment often come over your spirit, then I feel like unveiling the future to you and showing you the brighter side. This we have done very often but soon as things seem to go wrong you see the dark side. Dear Sarah and George, we shall all be (15-Vol. IV) present when Em. is united to Frank. Ma wants to speak a few words this morning. Last night we were very near you. I was while you all were sleeping. We saw that all was well and we left you sleeping. The Professor goes round examining the machines, he often lets his hands slide in between George's. The Professor enjoys going through the work with George. Our palace home is beautiful, we enjoy it day after day. There we meet the joys of our souls and we find some new joy every hour. All is well. I will now give Ma a chance.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah. On the occasion which is in anticipation I will be here. I will take my place near my husband and mingle with you. I hope that Emeline will find all the happiness she believes she will and I hope it will be for the best. I am a little fearful that Frank has not sufficiently established himself to do by her as I would like to see him, but she must work with him and help him save his money.

My dear child, I silently guide you, ¹ I follow you and the link between us is very tender, very sacred, very dear. The dear little children are with me and oh, how I love them, how dear they are to me! Oh, Emeline's home here, in future, will cross her memory as one of the

(1) She was not a demonstrative person; was very reserved.

blessings not (16-Vol. IV) realized until taken away. My child, God bless you.

Your Ma."

"My Dear Children. Meet Thursday morning at half past six. We are sure that all is well with you. God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

Sept. 21 6½ A. M.—1871

We met again without Mr. Owen. They wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are progressing finely. The pictures will be presented in the evening when all is quiet, just at night fall. Mr. Owen can be present, we wish him present for more reasons than one. I do not think Katie does right to avoid him. He is a good man and one who means well. We want you all to feel happy on the night we present the picture. Happiness is a magnet for us. The time draws near, Sarah, for Em. to leave us, near the time when all our family will be present to witness the ceremony that will make her another woman.

We want you to meet us to-morrow at half past six for directions and letters. We have the picture here now, but to-morrow we will not bring it; we will then give positive directions and name the evening for our meeting. My soul is glad for all goes as we would wish. The flowers are all open in our mother's home, she is looking upon them now with benign love and while she looks she thinks of you. My dear Sarah and George (17-Vol. IV) we have looked in your pathway in the future and see that all is well; you will have a fruitful season. God bless you. The whole circle send you their blessing. I can say no more.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. Meet at half past six to-morrow morning. God bless you. All is well. Farewell.

B. F."

(18-Vol. IV) Sept. 26 6½ A. M.—1871

From the morning of the last date to the present time Katie was in no condition for a meeting. Her irregularities and breaking of appointments entirely frustrated Dr. Franklin's calcu-

lations and since she was to sail for Europe on the 7th of Oct. there was now no time for them to make the preparations they required in order to present the picture in form. On this morning we met, Mr. Owen with us. Katie was still sick and nervous. They wrote but little. The meeting was short. Just before they left, the crayon paper, with a fine linen handkerchief spread over it, was placed in my hand with the request that I should not raise the handkerchief. We could distinctly see, however, through the handkerchief two figures upon the paper. We read their message and locked the picture in the drawer.

"My Dear Sarah. This represents myself holding Leila, or rather Leila leaning upon me. I tried to have it in a garden of flowers where we are mostly, but the crayons did not hold out, neither were they the right kind. The paper on the side where there is no picture is soiled from Frankie's attempt to draw at the same time. The first picture we destroyed, but we used the piece of paper containing your name. Meet at three for the completion of the picture and do not raise the handkerchief. God bless you.

Olin."

(19-Vol. IV) "My Dear Children. We are called away this morning and cannot remain to say what we wish. We are sorry to disappoint you but you know that we are governed by a higher power. Meet us at three. We are called. Call us not back.

B. F."

Sept. 26 3 P. M.—1871

We met as they desired. Laid the crayon paper out for them to use as they pleased. Put it back again by their direction. They wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are most happy to come, and present the picture. I hope you will like my position. To-morrow at twelve the picture will be finished, do not look at it till then. Let your hearts be happy. We are very happy. We can say no more, our power has been very much exhausted to-day.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. Meet at twelve to-mor-

row, then I will appoint a time for letters to be written with our own hands. My dear children, God bless you. Farewell.

B. F."

Sept. 27 12 M.—1871

We met, Mr. Owen with us, agreeably to the appointment. I placed the crayon paper, with the linen handkerchief still over it, upon the little table by the folding doors and we four sat around the large table at the other end of the room. After singing and chatting for (20-Vol. IV) a half hour or so, during which time Katie's hand wrote some, we were requested to look upon the picture. We looked and beheld the same crayon paper, upon which I had written my initials in ink so many months before, bearing upon its upturned side two figures. One is the head and shoulders of a young gentleman with head turned and leaning towards his right shoulder, high, broad forehead, full beard, but not long, and a very sweet, pure expression. The second or other figure is that of a little blue-eyed girl with golden curls hanging to her shoulders and such position as to bring her eyes on a level with his. His right arm seems to be behind her, while her left arm is over and behind his right shoulder. Her right hand is resting on the front of his right shoulder or arm. His eyes are turned tenderly towards her while she is looking towards us. Her face is sweet and very childlike. Her dress is lightly tinged with blue of the same shade as her eyes. His dress appears to be a dark, loose garment. At the very bottom of the picture, in the exact handwriting we have so many times seen upon pictures, is the name of the artist, "Elliott." These pictures are very beautiful and bear strong resemblance to the dear ones they are made to represent. Each looks older and maturer (21-Vol. IV) than when they went from us. These pictures speak to us in strong, clear language of the future and add another unmistakable and unquestionable proof of the immediate and direct presence, of our departed loved ones with us here. We were by this new gift awed but did not experience the same freedom of feeling that we had enjoyed in

the reception of their previous gifts, and we are sure the difference was occasioned by the presence of a third party. They too manifested less power and evidently were under restraint.

"My Dear Children. The picture is completed, you can look upon it. True, we cannot give the fine spiritual beauty with poor crayons, make allowances for this, we have done the best we could. Our next effort will be in oil painting when Katie returns. We are happy to give you these proofs from our own hands and we do rejoice to again have good conditions. The mantle of charity is a very holy covering for God's poor erring children. Could this blessing be bestowed more profusely, how much suffering would be saved. Have you thought, my dear children, that every one human being has some protecting angel? A mother may look down from above upon her child and although she sees this child's faults, she is pained to hear harsh words against or to her. Often, oh, very often that mother's (22-Vol. IV) spirit enters in some kindred here and by that means saves her child. My dear children, we have seen a flower open to-day that we have long watched to see unfold and our souls rejoice. Of this we will speak at a future time. All is well. We are happy to have Mr. Owen present, we see great success before him. The success that always follows good acts will follow him.

My dear children, the next meeting will be Friday morning at half past six. Call us not back. I find a peace here in your presence which I rarely find. You see, my son, that success is following in your pathway, may God's blessing, you have ours, follow you to all Eternity. My children, farewell.

B. F."

"Private"

"Dear Sarah and George. Meet to-morrow at twelve for letters. Say nothing.

Olin."

Sept. 29 12 M.—1871

Katie did not meet us the next day at twelve, neither did she come at half past six as Dr.

Franklin desired, but at this hour we three sat about the table and her hand wrote.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are happy to come again, we are happy to take the pencil and write our thoughts, our souls' thoughts. There are moments when (23-Vol. IV) the spirit of disembodied mortality also feels a sadness. It is thus with us to-day, for as the time draws near for these interviews to close we cannot throw off the shadow which always accompanies separations and partings. We dip our hands in the fountain of pure water and drop blessings upon you silently; but we love to make ourselves heard, we love to come in close communion with you, therefore you cannot marvel that we feel a sadness. You know Sarah and George, that many picture in their minds our land as one of eternal rejoicing, and so the land is beautiful but we grieve with those we love when they grieve, we joy with them when they are joyous, therefore our land is not one of eternal rejoicing. Although the flowers are blooming to-day and no bleak winds passing over them, no leaves falling, we cannot help feeling that we too are deprived of a sacred privilege, that of visiting you life-like and almost human. But time flies rapidly and we shall have Katie back, a new being. She will be benefited and changed, not only in habits but in strength and we shall look forward with quiet peace to her return. We know, Sarah and George, that your arms will be opened for her and the first message through her to any one shall be given at this table. (24-Vol. IV) We had a consultation. We see that it will not be possible for us to accomplish the manifestation we wish to, there is not time, it would be labor lost. Explain this to Mr. Owen. Dr. Franklin will write the full explanation himself at another time. Dr. Franklin wishes me to say that the great final meeting will be Sunday morning at precisely half past ten; let nothing interfere with this. The conditions are good, Katie is in sympathy with us and we can freely come. She must get ready early in the week and go away happy. I will visit her on Mr. Livermore's night and

send you a letter. We will joy in doing this. All is well.

¹ The great event in your little family, Sarah, is coming soon. Well, I am glad; Ma is glad. We shall all be present. Will you tell Em. to give us one thought while in the midst of her joy. I speak for all to-day as I have good control of the pencil. We shall welcome Pa silently. He will feel sad but you must cheer him. Em. is going to be made happy. What ever is, is for the best. Ah, what a true saying, 'God works in mysterious way His wonders to perform.'

Now, let us all tell you that we have looked in the future and see the clouds passing away. You have had obstacles, you are having obstacles but they are passing away and you will come out bright as (25-Vol. IV) diamonds. Keep good courage and do not despond. Surely you have done your duty and God will reward you. Let your mind not be troubled about K. She complains often, dear Sarah, of you but that is her nature. Do your duty towards her as well as you can and let her complain. I am speaking of Miss Kidder. She can never become better; she must suffer till her body wears out. God bless you. I cannot tell you the joy I feel in presenting you my picture. Sarah you will know me by the likeness. I had it matured purposely so I would not grow out of your remembrance. How blessed we have been, and now I must close. Your brother with more than a brother's love.

Olin."

Oct. 1 10½ A. M.—1871

Katie kept her appointment with us and we three quietly sat about the table and chatted while the following letters were written, all of which came through her hand excepting Dr. Franklin's which was written at the bureau and without any human hand.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are here again. This will be the last Sunday meeting for some time and we are glad to have good conditions. We feel joyous. We feel that great good is coming. The waters are clear, the future is

(1) Sister Emeline's marriage.

bright and all reads fair. In two weeks after Katie arrives we will (26-Vol. IV) send you a letter through her so the chain will not be broken. You see what great events can take place in a short period.

The next change in this family, this house, will be still brighter and you have every reason to rejoice. We will do all in our power for your welfare. Above all things dear Sarah, do not let your faith become shadowed. George, we say the same to you. Keep the channel clear that we may be able to hold communion with you silently. Let not the dark shadows of doubt come in between you and the beautiful faith we have built up in your souls. The lamp shall not flicker, it shall not go out, we will keep it burning and when Katie returns it will welcome her back.

Dear Sarah, let not your mind be troubled about your household affairs. Do, dear precious sister, remember that we are with you and will never, never let you suffer. You shall rise, my sister, like a star and no matter what trouble comes you shall still shine on. We are happy to see everything so bright. We have our hearts full of blessings and prayers for Em.'s happiness. It all lies in her own power and she knows how to be happy.

Dr. Franklin will soon be here to write so I will take no more power. God bless you. We will only say 'Good bye' not 'Farewell' (27-Vol. IV) for the chain will not be broken. We say good bye for the present. We shall all meet again some clear Sabbath morning.

Olin."

"My Dear Brother. I am here. I shall speak with you at a future time. Mother is well and father is happy. I was with you early this morning, I dropped the flower of peace in your soul and blessed you. May all your days be well employed and your labor receive its reward. I love you still.

Emma."

"My Dear Child. Oh, how peaceful my palace is, no leaf is stirred, no shadow of darkness comes across our paths and I have the children. They

are mine until you join us here. Your flowers are all open, be happy. The future gives me no anxiety. I am glad Emeline is going to be happy, she has my full approval. Oh, my child I will bless you. George, my son, you are as dear to me as my own son. I protect you also. I can write you no more but I shall be with you. Bless you, my children.

Eliza."

"We all breathe our love and blessings to you. Why, my children, these meetings will only be suspended for a while. We will in the mean time have consultations and see what we will do, when they are again resumed, to give you joy, happy- (28-Vol. IV) ness and an insight to the other world. George and Sarah, you will come out of every difficulty, be not disturbed. God bless you.

Prof. K., Isaac T. Hopper and the whole

Circle."

"My Dear Mrs. Taylor. My love for you is not merely a friendly feeling but the love a mother alone feels towards another who has been kind to her child and cared for her and helped her. All this I feel and more. I cannot express my feelings. When Cathy is with you I am happy and can enjoy the sunlight of heaven. Oh, would that she could ever be under the mantle with which you have so often covered her. And now my dear, kind friend, accept the thanks of an anxious mother.

M. Fox."

¹"My Dear Children. This is our last Sunday meeting and we are all gathered here to speak a farewell word, not farewell either, for we shall be with you. Sunday morning, and all is well. The flower we spoke of is still unfolded and is a sign of peace and happiness for Katie. Oh, never again touch the wine cup to your lips. We feel that the change has come. Go over the big waves for the mighty change has come. Rejoice, oh, ye children of earth, rejoice. We do.

Again we meet. We have accomplished (29-Vol. IV) much for you, my daughter and son. We have given you tokens by which you shall

(1) Autograph letter.

recognize beloved faces in a multitude of angels. You will not have to pause to ask which is my child? where are my children? where is Olin? No! No! You will find them all and satisfied you will dwell with them in their palace. Our work is not completed. We shall look forward with pleasure to the time when we will be able to renew it. Our hands will be ready. Our hearts will rejoice in the renewal of these meetings. Will yours also? If shadows fall upon you, my children, look not on the dark side, remember the unseen throng about you, catch the blessings as they fall and lay up in your hearts the truths we have given you, let them rest in the most sacred part of your souls so that when you lie down at night you can close your eyes to live upon them. Remember all, and let not your faith become tarnished by doubts. We shall draw near you after the toils of the day and silently commune with you. Many a wayside flower will fall in your footsteps and we will guide you.

There is not time for us to commence another manifestation of our power. We must wait till the time comes. It will (30-Vol. IV) come and you will all be better prepared to receive it.

Well done, good and faithful children, my daughter and son, true in spirit, true to your faith, true in all things, we bless you. Daily you become nearer and dearer to me and I shall ever keep a watch over you. When trials and obstacles obstruct your way there will be no one in the kingdom of heaven who will work more lovingly for you than I. Then with this assurance rise up daily and with strong hearts perform your duties. Never swerving, never drooping. All is well. We bless you. Bless you for your protection of this poor child who, God knows, has been more sinned against than sinning. There will be no more appointments, but if the opportunity offers, we will speak, if not, we shall feel that all that could be done has been done and we are thankful for the blessings which we have been able to so freely bestow. We can say no more, our duties call and we must depart. Joy and peace go with Katie and all good angels

guard her on her journey. My children, once more I say God bless you. Farewell. My power is exhausted.

B. Franklin."

(31-Vol. IV) Oct. 4 6½ A. M.—1871

Yesterday Pa came, with his wife, to be present at Em.'s marriage and make us a visit. Last evening Katie came in and Olin asked us to meet at this hour. We sat about the table feeling that it might be the last word for a long, long time.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We are here once more to talk with you. Oh, what joy to be able to come once more in our own familiar way. We are again with you and our robes float in with yours. I was here when Pa came. He is happier than you imagine when he is with you. He knows that he has his children with him and he feels that his wife lives in his children. He never says this to you, but it is so. I am happy to have him here. Do you know where Ma is now? I will tell you. She is lingering near Pa. She sees him now by the side of another, but turns away satisfied for in her palace he will be all her own. Things change in heaven.

My dear Sarah and George, all the dark shadows will pass away; have hope. We see you in the future coming out of clouds, all about you is a beautiful, golden sunset. You have risen from the obstacles and your minds are calm as the waters in which we dip our fingers. The children are here, they will be always near you. We shall be with you Sunday morning, (32-Vol. IV) silently we will come and look in upon you, we will breathe a blessing for you and leave you with peace. So you see that although the telegraph doors will be closed I will still be with you. Em. will be comparatively happy, but she leaves a home and comforts for new trials. They will be severe for her but she must bear them. Often her thoughts will turn back to this home as a garden of flowers where she has been happy. Em. must be prepared for trials. I will help her all in my power.

My dear Sarah, we are looking in the future and how much we will have to tell you in a few

months from now. Let us be happy. Let us live in anticipation of future happiness and do not let your spirit droop. God bless you and help you. I shall work faithfully for you. Others wish to speak so I can say no more but close with kisses, blessings and prayers for your happiness.

Olin."

"My Son, I wish your mother was here to see the wedding come off. I don't suppose she cares much to be here for that occasion, but I am going to bring the children and would like to meet her, dressed up, at the performance. My son, I always did love you better than my other children, I do still and Sarah seems very near to me. God bless you. Mother is well. Oh, what a (33-Vol. IV) glorious time I am having.

Your Father."

"My Dear Children. Welcome your voices. Welcome the echo which comes from true and faithful hearts. I am happy to be with you once more. Katie will return, as they say, redeemed, saved, if she follows all her good resolutions, and she will be helped; then when she returns we shall have prepared some new developments and the door of our world will seem to your vision to stand open, so plain will we make all within. It is a place to which all are journeying, but while you will come to the door of immortality with your eyes open, the scales having fallen off, others will approach tremblingly, the veil still before them and you will help many who are so oppressed; therefore, my children, learn all you can of this glorious truth. The telegraph will bring you a message from me soon as Katie will heed my voice. My children, I shall be with you. Look up and rejoice. My son, honor is a great gem, and your honor has not been tarnished. God bless you. I will now say farewell, my beloved children.

B. Franklin."

Oct. 6 11 P. M.—1871

Katie had been out all the morning, was to leave the house, for the steamer, at nine the next morning and I felt that (34-Vol. IV) I must have one word more if possible though I knew

she would be tired and nervous. She came in at this hour and sat and visited a little time with us. She said her hand felt like writing, took a pencil and the following appeared.

"My Dear Sarah and George. A few parting words and then 'Good night.' We shall be with you at all times, when it rains, when the sun shines we shall be with you. These are pleasant hours for us. Pa here, our own Ma hovering over him, Em. being about to be made happy and the house filling up. All, all is well. Dear Sarah, let your heart be happy and soon we will have Katie back. Our palace doors will open towards the path that leads to you and we shall be happy. God bless you. I want you to look on the bright side and rejoice. It is impossible for us to say more, the power is exhausted and we cannot speak. Frankie was here to-night with you. He is here now with me and wishes me to say that he will be at Aunt Em.'s wedding. He says that he don't want Katie to stay away long. Now he is happy since his message is given.

Sarah, 'Good night,' but not 'Good bye.' The flowers keep on blooming and blessings continue to fall upon you. (35-Vol. IV) Katie, we will all follow you with our protection and now God bless you and return you a well and happy girl.

Olin."

Thus closed the last message from our spirit friends. The next morning, Oct. 7, Katie left the house before nine, but at this hour Mr. and Mrs. Townsend called for me to accompany them to the steamer to see Katie off. The steamer was beautiful, one of the finest on the waters, Katie's accommodations not only complete, but really spacious, her stateroom was filled with flowers and fruits, tokens of love from the many friends already gathered to say "Good bye." Very few of those about her were people whom I knew, still I fancied that each had his secret heartache, not only at parting with Katie, but at seeing the very means of communication between them and some loved one, dearer to them than their own lives, the readable link between

the two worlds, the key that opens the gates of heaven to mortals, borne far, far away. The unconscious, thoughtless child little realized the deprivations her best friends were imposing upon themselves, voluntarily for her sake! She is gone. The magnificent ship has left its moorings and Katie is riding the billows. Now the sweet and precious intercourse which has been kept up so constantly for (36-Vol. IV) nearly two years must cease, for how long God only knows, but cease it must and has. Oh, how my soul will miss the beautiful teachings and positive manifestations of the angels, how we shall long for the fond and tender expressions of love and sympathy, how in the dark hours which are inevitable to us mortals, will our spirits groan for some strong, sustaining word from our dearly loved Dr. Franklin! But we are very, very thankful for these wonderful truths and unquestionable manifestations which they have already given us, more sacred than any book or thing besides. I will read and con them over and over and I know they have already become a part of myself. I feel that through them I can get "Nearer my God to Thee." My heart aches for poor, helpless Katie. Could I always keep her near me I would thankfully do all that mortal can for her, but that I can not do; she has so many friends who are exactly unlike us and do by her and influence her just as we do not; the consequence is that our influence is almost lost upon her. Many who fawn about her, mean well towards her, but are morally and spiritually weak, hence she is a thousand times worse off with them than she would be left to herself. Others care not for the little waif, only for (37-Vol. IV) what they can get out of her. With Dr. Franklin I say from the bottom of my soul, "May God and all good angels go with her, guide her and protect her."

March 1—1872.

Five months have passed since Katie left and I have but now received the first letter from my precious, unseen, though very near, loved ones. Katie is still in London and a letter from her written the last of Dec. said that Olin wanted

to write me. Her next letter was written on the fourteenth of Feb. It is long, covers three sheets and when about two-thirds through she says that Olin has come and wants to write as soon as she is through, but when she reaches the bottom of next to the last page of her letter there occurs a "break" or interruption, and when she again commences she says that Olin would not wait for her to finish, so she let him write and then returns to finish hers. Olin's letter is perfectly intelligible, referring to matters purely personal, and that no person in America, besides the parties interested, knew anything about, much less could Katie or anybody in London know. He could not possibly have known of matters to which he refers if he had not been near enough to know what we are doing and saying and to read the letters we receive.

(38-Vol. IV) "My Dear Sarah, I am so happy to come here in Katie's little parlor and give you a few words. I have been with you, Sarah, every day and given you assurance of my continued presence. I have just left you now to say these few words. Be not troubled, you will come out fair and all your trials will pass into blessings.¹ George must not look on the dark side, he will realize blessings soon from that source. Tell him he can do nothing at present but wait. Yes, Sarah, do as you are contemplating and all will be well.

The dear little flowers were with you Christmas morning. Frankie tried to answer when you spoke to him. ²He saw the clock and heard the music but did not like it as much as he does Leila's harp. They are with you and feel impatient, as we all do, to take up the broken threads and make the chain whole again through Katie. We will have this joy soon, Sarah, for changes are taking place which tend that way. God bless you. Let your faith be your comfort and the flowers will never fade in our palace of beauty. A new flower has opened for you and new blessings will fall from it. Ma says

(1) A troublesome business matter.

(2) I received Christmas presents of a beautiful clock and a large music box.

that you must not worry about Ralph. ¹Em. will do better soon and feel satisfied. (39-Vol. IV) I will send you another letter in a few days. God bless you. I return to you now.

Olin."

Katie is still in England, is married to an eminent lawyer and the prospect of her ever returning to New York looks very small.

We have received letters from her often but no word from our loved ones beyond the veil since Feb., 1872, until the following received sometime in

June—1873.

"My Dear Sarah. ²In the confusion of moving I have been with you, so has Ma. We are so happy to see you so nicely situated. George need have no fears, he will meet every emergency and make money to carry out all his plans. We see that this change will bring him great success. Yes, you are doing right. Tell George to wait awhile before he makes the improvement he has in contemplation; before you feel the need of that Katy will be with you and we will all advise.

³We all like the little lady's manner. ⁴It is not strange at all that Dr. Franklin has not sent you a message. He has been with you, aiding you and I often speak for him. His interest in you and George has not even flagged. (40-Vol. IV) Sarah, do not feel depressed, your health will soon be established and your children will bless you. Two on earth and two in heaven. How happy you ought to be. Never sigh for Frankie or Leila. They often play with baby and make her laugh in her sleep. ⁵Poor Em. will see more sorrow but she must be patient. ⁶Bradley is often with you. He will never cease to lend his aid to you. Oh, how we love the new house. I will soon be talking with you through Katy. I now go to you.

Olin."

Sister Em.'s sickness proved to be consumption and she lingered and suffered until the middle of Nov. when she found relief by death. She never left the house after she returned in June (excepting for a drive in the park so long as she was able) until her emaciated body was borne to its grave. Her husband came in August and remained with or near her. It was very hard for her to leave her husband, her home and the friends she loved.

Katie still in London but by mail we received the following. (41-Vol. IV)

Dec. 30th—1873.

"Dear Sarah. Em. did not suffer in her last moments. Ma and I took her in our arms to the home we have described to you. She was happy the moment she saw our faces and will soon talk with you. She is now engaged studying the beautiful flowers and becoming familiar with her home. She is happy to be out of her suffering and would not be back for worlds. When she first felt that she must die (as you term it) she thought it too dreadful to leave earth and Frank so soon but now she is satisfied for she sees that she can return to earth at will. I am constantly with Em. and doing all in my power to make her cheerful.

Do not worry. Flora will live to bless you. We are watching over her.

Tell George to keep good courage, he will prosper and in another year be quite free from anxiety. He is doing right. We are all aiding him. Bradley has met Em. They have had a long explanation and talk over the past. Bradley is inclined to joke with Em. You know he likes a joke. Keep up your spirits dear (42-Vol. IV) Sarah. You did all in your power for Em. She is satisfied. Dear Em. is now with Ma and as happy as she can be. All is well!

Frankie is delighted with Flora but thinks he loves Leila a little the best. I will soon send you another message.

Olin."

On the same paper came the following from Frankie.

"Katy, you need not think you are going to

(1) This refers to the contents of a letter received from her the 1st of February.

(2) We came here, Mad. Ave. and 58th Street last May.

(3) Our baby Flora, born Aug. 5th, 1872.

(4) This alludes to remarks we had made here while this message was written in London.

(5) Sister Em had just returned to us in bad health.

(6) Bradley had died with us in Dec. 1872.

send Mamma a message without a word from me. Katy, you need not feel jealous. Mamma likes me the best. My dear Mamma and Papa, oh, how happy I am to come again through Katy. Mamma, I love Flora but I think I love Leila better. Mamma, do not let Flora stand on her feet yet. I am going to make her walk. Oh, how happy I am to have Aunt Em. with me. She has Leila with her most all of the time. Oh, Mamma, how much we do love Aunt Em. Somebody by the name of Carrie is often with her. Grandma is showing Aunt Em. something and we are going to take her to the other (43-Vol. IV) places Grandma told you about. You know that palace where we go to hear the music? Uncle Olin is helping me write. I told him that he must and he was afraid to refuse me. I am coming to you now Mamma.

Frankie."

Early in Nov., 1874, Katie came back to New York for a visit. She came without her husband but brought a nice little son nearly a year old. She went directly to her sister's, Mrs. Underhill's but had expected before leaving London and still greatly preferred to make her home with us. She called on us the day after her arrival and the following was written.

Nov.—1874.

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here, one and all. Dear Em. is with us and wants to speak with you, and she will, but not in full to-day as she wants to tell some little private matters. Oh, Sarah, how happy we are to have Katy back again, back to her old place where we have had so many happy hours; hours of sacred thought where soul meets soul.

Now, dear Sarah, as to Katy's coming (44-Vol. IV) here at once! We have looked well and long, therefore we can advise. Wait, say nothing, all will come out as you would wish, at least for the best, so be content knowing that all will turn out for the best.

Em. says, 'Tell sister Sarah that I have much to tell her but I want my own time, not this morning, not this day, but on Friday I will speak. I will tell her much, much she wants to hear.'

God bless you. Oh, how we all rejoice that Katy is here. Now be happy and look on the bright side of everything. We love this place and will make it the brightest spot you have ever known. Love to George and our blessings."

The above communication was in Olin's handwriting and like him in expression, still he did not sign his name. It was undoubtedly an omission.

Katie did not come to us the next Friday. She remained with her sister through the winter and we rarely saw her but in March she came to us with her two children (the younger being about three months (45-Vol. IV) old and remained until a few days before she sailed for England, in July. She had but one nurse girl consequently was greatly confined and had little opportunity for the long, free, uninterrupted influence of the unseen spirits. I was with her several hours of almost each day and the different members of our circle often spoke through the echoes, still no such opportunity for connected and protracted interviews, as before she went abroad, ever came and neither could we make the opportunity. Katie seemed as much to desire it as we, still it was never the same; the baby would cry or Freddie would awaken or something would surely mar the smoothness of the chain that held us in communication. Dr. Franklin told us, before she went, to prize our privilege for we never could have the same or equal again. Many, very many times have we had occasion to recall these words of prophecy.

Some twenty five messages came upon paper during the four months, some through Katie's left hand and written backwards (as all communications through her are) and others without (46-Vol. IV) the aid of mortal hand. The first of this series is the following.

March—1875.

"Dear George and Sarah. I know you are worried about business but that is going to end well and your dark uncertain clouds will all pass away. I do not say this to encourage you falsely, but tell it as a truth. This house will clear its way and not long before it will pay

and overpay all debts. ¹You will have unexpected help before the time so be of good cheer, and do not look on the dark side. Of course you cannot help feeling worried but try to have faith in what I tell you.

We are a happy family here. Em. is more cheerful than she has ever been and we are happy to have her with us. She often kisses Flora when the child is asleep.

²Now, George and Sarah, let me say one thing, there will have to be a change in the house before it can fully succeed. Soon I will give you more explicit advice. The good time is fast approaching when we shall all come and give you welcome. You must then have a room where you will not feel afraid to hear our greetings. ³Em. wants you to wear her ring, do so for awhile. Frankie and Leila are now playing with bright eyed Flora. In dreams they meet face to face.

George, you will soon have a new patient of value to you. No more to-night. God bless you. Olin."

March 21st—1875.

"My Dear Sarah and George. I am happy to come again, so happy to see that all is well. My soul comes filled with love, filled with words of advice, and you shall not wait long to hear what I have longed to tell you. We are here in numbers daily watching the progress in the house and its success. We see that you are going to have a successful summer. This will be the most successful since you came here. Let this cheer you. ++ Now, George, do not feel depressed. You have no cause. I do not blame you for sometimes looking on the dark side for sometimes all seems dark. Then I would come and comfort if I could but you see I have no way to step into your private room and say to you (48-Vol. IV) 'Cheer up' for you do not trust your impressions sufficiently for me to enter into your thoughts and give you response for response.

George, work with your heart full of faith and you will succeed. We directed you to this house, we saw that it would succeed or we would

not have directed you here. Yes, we saw all clearly and you will rest in mind and body before you are many years older. Make no changes at present yourselves.

Em. and Bradley will come and speak when the conditions are good. Be of good cheer, be happy and know that we are all waiting to give you a greeting.

When Katy is rested we will make your hearts glad and our own souls for we long to come as of old. The children are every night watching over Flora. They love her and guard her from evil.

God bless you forever, bless you both.

Olin."

The loved ones never had the opportunity to give the glad family greeting they so much wished to give and (49-Vol. IV) we so longed to receive. Nearly three more weeks passed before another written message. It was as follows.

April 8th—1875.

"I am now waiting for Dr. Franklin, he is on his way.

Olin."

After a few moments' delay the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Children. I rejoice to come and speak with you, rejoice to let you hear my echoes and see my written words of love and advice. I rejoice to give you my welcome, my heart felt welcome. My soul responds to every word of love from you, my children. Yes, my dearly beloved children, do you know how happy I am to come once more through Katy? Well, do you know that old times come again? Have we been separated? Have we been parted? Has the chain been broken? I will answer, no! Not in the sense that would mean separation in spirit; in soul, in heart we have been with you, Olin and I. I bless you more than earth can bless. I bless you daily even when I am far beyond your (50-Vol. IV) sphere.

And so we have Katy back again, not Katy, alone but Katy with two beautiful children, two blessings that she can see and feel and touch and feel the little hand touch her back. She sees her

(1) It came unexpectedly and unasked.

(2) This was as foretold but at this time we could not see it. It was July before we saw clearly.

(3) A ring she gave me when dying.

blessings grow and should be as happy as a bird in the blue sky.

Now let me advise you about remaining here. I have considered it well and I would not advise you against your interest. I would not advise you without looking well into the future. Let me say sell, but sell to advantage. You can sell this place for twice the money you gave for it. So I say sell, do not delay, do not delay. Commence at once, make arrangements quietly. Say as little as you can outside. Then you can purchase a house of your own, a private house and enjoy your children, and feel that life is as full of sunlight as it is now of clouds. My dear children, do this; but I wish you, my son, to continue your cure. It will lead to posterity, and (51-Vol. IV) you will do good to mankind. Fear not, you will have plenty of patients, you will have more than you can manage. Do not be downcast. Do not worry, all will be well. I will come again soon and advise you further, my dear children. God bless you. I will come again soon. Yours in faith, yours to call upon in the hour of need.

B. Franklin."

Business in this city was stagnant. Everybody was suffering more or less from the financial crash of 1873. We had incurred heavy obligations during 1872 and were now struggling under their weight. The outlook was most unfavorable and to my husband entirely hopeless. While I staggered and reeled under the burthen my faith in God through the ministering power of "our circle" kept me from yielding. The following has reference to the situation.

April 26th—1875.

"Sarah, my dear sister, I am here with you, now do not be worried. Why the sun is shining over the bright future of your life and all is gladness. The birds are singing gaily and they are glad. There are (52-Vol. IV) some dark clouds but they too are spreading over with silvery rays. All is bright and you need not feel depressed. Life is short on earth and if you worry and fret and work yourself to death you will do that which will grieve me and pain me

more than you can conceive. Enjoy your life, feel sure that there is a bright future, feel sure that there is no need of your working and fretting your life away. The roses are in full bloom in your home where those you love are walking in robes of immortality, in garments of celestial beauty, and often they drop a bright bud in your path, and it blooms filled with their blessings. Cheer up, my sister, and no longer look on the dark side.

Em., dear Em., sends her love, but oh, how hard it is for her to be perfectly reconciled to her new life, therefore she is not perfectly happy. God bless you.

Olin."

Now follow two autograph letters, letters written without the aid of human hand. I furnished the paper and pencil and held both of Katie's hands while the letters were written many feet from where she and I were (53-Vol. IV) sitting. The first is from Olin and in his hand writing. The second is from James B. Taylor, whose hand writing I never saw, consequently do not know if it be characteristic. We had no acquaintance with Mr. Taylor here but our financial anxiety drew him to us. Both letters were written at the same sitting.

April 27th—1875.

Autograph Letter.

"My Dear Sarah. I will speak first. Let your heart be glad; do not look on the shadowy part of life. This world, the world you live in, is a beautiful painting with many shadows. I say this world is like a painting of the finest kind, but also unlike, and well it is. Be happy and be thankful that it is not in reality a painting; for the shadows would remain. You would not look beyond them. You would always see them. Now, you go forth to-day weary and worn, depressed and loaded with so many cares that you feel there will be no end to the toil and strife. To-morrow you arise, and there is within your soul something that gives you hope, something that tells you that all will yet be well, and the clouds disappear, giving place to sun- (54-Vol. IV) light, joy and peace. The ever guiding

spirit is near you and you feel that all will be well. Be not depressed. I know that this summer you will clear all your expenses and much will transpire to make your life more as it should be, less care and responsibility. I had to say this to you. Bless you.

Olin."

Autograph Letter.

"You see I am a good natured man. ¹I gave way. I see clearly into your affairs and the person who has promised to aid you. I mean fork over, will be firm and do so. Just jog on in this way for awhile, say two months, and then you will get over the worst. Jog on this summer and make all you can. You will have the opportunity if you follow my advice to clear all, and then put out flashing colors: For Sale, and get double the price. Regret exceedingly that you have to part with a place where you could excel everything else in the way of Hotel business. Your profession calls you to Europe and although you regret leaving, your interests call you (55-Vol. IV) there. Now, you will succeed well this summer, be very successful in making money. I want to look further and Sunday or Saturday night I will come, come and give you some very important advice. I won't name the time until I see a particular spirit here who will aid me in giving you the very best advice. I can say no more now. With many blessings, I now say 'Good night.'

J. B. T."

April 29th—1875.

A few moments with Katie and the following was written.

"My Dear Sarah, my dear child, so full of anxiety and so troubled, how I would like to take you in my arms and rest your tired body.

My little Frankie and Leila are happy. They send their kisses by me to you. I have left them in their palace playing with the birds and among the flowers. My dear child, we shall have happy times together before Katy leaves and I will tell you much. God bless you.

¹I wish I could clasp your hands, dear Albert and Amelia. ²I am so happy to see your dear Sarah talking with you. She is radiant with delight. I love you all.

(56-Vol. IV) Dear Sarah, try to be less anxious. Dear Em. is with me and I have had a trial with her, a trial, for it has been hard for me to reconcile her with this land, and it has grieved me at the same time to see her so discontented. This has occupied much of my time.

Your mother, your own

Ma."

May 3rd—1875.

Again Katie and I were together and the following was written.

"My Dear Child, I am happy to come to you and say a few words. ³Oh, my dear child, how happy I am to tell you something about our Emeline. What a trial I have had with her poor child. She has day after day, night after night watched her husband's movements. Some things have pained her, and it is these things which have made her want to linger near earth. She wanted to be pained, I told her, and so at last I have, by devoting myself to her, been able to keep her near me, away from things that would give her pain. Sometimes when I have succeeded in making her happy, suddenly I would miss her from my side, then I would hasten (57-Vol. IV) to bring her back and interest her in the beauties of this world. Now to-night I have again missed her and when I leave you I shall seek her by her husband's side. He does not feel to-day as he did some months ago. Poor child, sometime she will feel as I do, and only seek those who can make her happy, those who believe that she is near, and then she will rejoice, or in making homes for those who will join her here. She speaks of you very often and will come and talk with you direct in a day or two. My child, do not feel anxious. I know you have much to try you, but a bright change is near and you will realize peaceful happiness. I would feel anxious if I saw that these clouds would last,

(1) Uncle A. G. Palmer and wife present.

(2) His first wife, Pa's sister.

(3) It was her custom in this life to tell me her trials as though I had been her sister. Hence the pleasure expressed here.

(1) For Olin to write.

but I see that they will pass away and that all will be well. God bless you. Leila and Frankie will come next time and I will talk for them. All is well.

Your Ma to all Eternity."

The following was written upon the same paper with the above and without the stopping of the pencil, but in a hand writing as widely different as the style and the expression. I insert it to illustrate the marked individuality always manifest in (58-Vol. IV) these messages.

"My Dear Friend. Tell George, old boy, that he need not feel so glum. Why, his face is as long as my arm and I do not see for what reason. His troubles will pass away and the sun will shine on his head with warm love, and he will look above with a heart full of gratitude for the blessings he enjoys. I would say more but Katy must rest. Tell George, old boy, that I would like to give him an electric shock and take away all his depression. His book will bring him the think. God bless you.

J. B. T."

May 6th—1875.

Katie and I alone and the following came.

"My dear child, I have waited long to speak to you. I wanted to come to you with my soul full of happiness, when I could say that 'Emeline is with me and happy to talk with you.' Tonight I come with my heart light, full of love and tenderness, full of unexpected peace for Emeline is with the children taking the deepest pleasure in (59-Vol. IV) their playful chats, playing with them as one of them and they will not let her out of their little hands; and she is happier out of the presence of her husband than in watching his movements. I fear he will marry again. I do not fear but think so and I want to wean her from him. She seems so happy to-day that all my anxiety is gone. Poor child, she has not even felt at home till now. She read my mind and said 'It is well.' She told me to tell you this and sent her love and kisses. A white rose and a wreath of flowers she sent by me which I hope she will be able to present herself when the

opportunity offers. To-morrow night she says she will be here.

Try to feel as little anxiety as possible dear child; know that all is well, that all will be well, and that these are the darkest days. The bright ones are drawing near. You came here by our advice and you will see that we have not predicted success and a bright future without a certain knowledge of the fact. God bless you.

Your Ma, Eliza."

(60-Vol. IV) My sister Lucretia had been with us the most of the time since Em.'s death but for some reasons it seemed doubtful about the propriety of her remaining much longer. I did not know what I ought to do so I said to Ma, "What shall I do about Lucretia?"

She wrote in reply.

"My Dear Child, as to dear Lucretia, let things take their course. It will come out right in time and before long. If she could feel as Emeline did, if she had any sympathy in common with you, I would say do not part with her. Now let things take their course and you will be guided right. All will be well. I watch over her and guide you. Do not feel anxious. God bless you.

Your Ma."

May 7th—1875.

The babies were finally quiet and Katie and I were alone when sister Em. agreeably to her promise came with Ma. They wrote.

"My Dear Child, I am here with Emeline. She will speak to you."

"Sister, I am here. How strange it seems to be writing to you through Katy, too. It seems (61-Vol. IV) strange because I find it hard to realize that I am not really on earth. I have been so near Frank since I came here that I have seen little of my friends in this world. Carrie walked with Ma and myself last evening and we had quite a pleasant talk, for you know that I had great sympathy for her always.

I am so happy to talk with you. I have often thought over my sick time with you. Oh, that sick time. Do you remember the mornings I awoke so early and meditated over all that might

(1) She always called me simply, "sister."

come? How hard it was for me to give up! How I cried in my soul out of great anguish and wished it might be otherwise. But God knows best and now I am happy, happier than I have been for years. A peace has come in my soul and a knowledge of what the future will be and some day not far distant Frank and I will be united never to part. This life is never ending so I can wait, and let come what may, it will only be of short duration.

I thank you, sister, for your tender care. I realize all now, all your anxiety and hard labor and I am very grateful. Leila and (62-Vol. IV) Frankie are two sweet little children and I have now a care over them. We will all meet you here some day. I found things here very lovely, just as Ma had described. But my strong tie was on earth and I could not be reconciled for a long time. I feel so happy now, all is so peaceful. I look not so often on earth and my flowers are blooming so brightly, so beautifully. I feel like taking you in my arms and carrying you where you could see how we live. God bless you. I will come and talk with you soon and tell you much that will be new to you. Now rest sister, feel fresh for to-morrow.

Em."

May 24th—1875.

Doctor, Katie and I had a few moments by ourselves and the unseen loved ones wrote.

"My Dear Child, I have flown from my home, my palace. I have left all to come and to see you, my child, for over me came a shadow and I felt that it was from you. I have come to tell you that all will be well. God will send (63-Vol. IV) his angels to help you out of all difficulties, and you will see your way clear. I was sorry you had that disappointment regarding money, but it is for the best. You will see that it is for the best and these clouds will pass away and 'money will be offered to you. Be not cast down. All will be well. I will now join my circle and talk with you to-morrow. God bless you.

Your Mother, Your Ma."

"My Dear Sarah. George, we include you in all our terms of endearment. We are all here and would like to say much and use the pencil with our own hand, but as the power is weakened we must shorten our words and give the meaning only.

We long to see you in a situation less draining upon the system, less strain upon your system. We repeat this, Sarah, for you do need rest. That day, that opportunity, I mean, will be offered to you soon and you must grasp it. Will you not for the sake of those who love you and whom you love? Now, do not feel anxious, bear with those people and the good time will come soon. God bless you. Do not say (64-Vol. IV) there is no end to all this, for there is, and while you live on earth. We are working for you and we will bring all out right. Em. feels so sorry to see you labor so hard. She wants to help you, and she will join with us in leading you up the high hill. She is here and wants me to tell you that she has every wish gratified. She wears her favorite dresses, and she only has to wish for them when the form is clothed in all the beauty the heart desires. She says, 'Tell sister I would not be back again if I could, I am so happy here.' She is sorry that Lu. cannot help you more but will not say much about her at present. Ma is very happy to have us with her. I must give place to Mr. Taylor, he is a noble spirit. God bless you.

Olin."

Mr. Taylor's was purely business and I will not insert it.

Early in June they asked me through the echoes to mark a piece of paper and leave it and a pencil upon the bureau. I put my initials (65-Vol. IV) upon a strip of blank paper about eight inches wide and eighteen inches long and placed it with a sharpened pencil upon the bureau. We sat ten or more feet from it but soon we looked where I had left both paper and pencil and neither was there. No person was in the room but Katie and me. Katie had not left her chair or changed her position.

(1) It was.

June 5th—1875.

Katie and I were alone a few moments and Ma wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. We have been with you. Do not feel anxious. All will be well. I will say all I wish upon our paper which we will use to-night, so meet at half past eight. We will not keep you long. I wish you had more congenial people to help you in the house. This constant striving with servants is unpleasant and gives you uneasiness. We went with you yesterday. All is well. Now be happy as you can and meet to-night.

Your Ma."

On that evening at the appointed hour the following came from the circle.

(66-Vol. IV) "My Dear Friend. We could give you the paper to-night and we would too only we have a desire to place it in your hands to-morrow, once our beloved day to come and talk with you. It is still and we wish to give the first written letter to-morrow, our June Sunday. Meet at precisely half past one, we will not keep you long. +++ If the way is clear, you had better meet at half past twelve in the morning. We will now say 'Good night.' Angels guard and comfort you; blessings rest upon your Willie. All is well.

Olin and Circle."

June 6th—1875.

Sunday morning, their day and ours for sweet communion, came and we met them as appointed and the paper was returned covered on each side with pencil writing and signed by all the circle. This, you will observe, is the first autograph letter from the circle since Katie's return. The two autograph letters of April 27th were individual, one was from Olin and the other J. B. Taylor.

In this letter of June 6th, the hand (67-Vol. IV) writing changes several times. Dr. Franklin's, Ma's and Olin's are marked and then there seems to be an indescribable mixing of the hands with places where it is like Em.'s and like Uncle Albert's and like Isaac T. Hopper. The following is the letter.

Autograph Letter.

"My Dear Friends. Again we combine our forces to write with our own hands. We, your circle, write and it is a great joy for us to be able to do this. Three years and more have passed since we talked with you in this way and you see that the chain is still perfect or we would not be able to accomplish this so well under the circumstances.

Our circle is the same only one more added and that one is Emeline. We let her come and go as she wills. We love her and do all we can to make her happy, for it is no easy thing to come here when the soul is tied to earth; it is a trial and we are always occupied in smoothing the way to the paths of eternal life. What good do we do is a question often asked. We leave your own hearts to respond.

Oh, my children, what a joy it is (68-Vol. IV) for us to come to you. Frankie and Leila are daily with you, watching over their little sister, guarding her, taking care of her and impressing you what to do for her when she is sick. ¹ Day and night we stood by you when her life seemed to hang on a slender thread, we breathed life into her soul, but for all this there is but one to feel grateful to! God, the giver of life. God who knows all things, Who does all things for the best.

My dear Sarah, your trials are many and hard to bear. This life you are striving with, its daily cares are vexatious and often wound the spirit, but keep good faith, courage and we will throw as much solace about you as it is in our power to do. It cannot last long, there will soon come a change for the better. One year more and you will have the power to choose your own course. These days look dark because you have so many disappointments, but there is an outlet and it will lead you to prosperous paths. You alone can understand how joyous we feel to be able to write again through Katy.

(69-Vol. IV) Bear with all, bear with the household annoyances, let them go their way, they will but regret and it will turn out for

(1) Flora was very dangerously ill of dysentery in the summer of 1873.

your good in the end. I cannot, we cannot say to you, 'be just' for you are just, and your reward comes daily. Now this we predict. A change brought about by mere chance, aided by unseen guardian spirits, will take place which will be for your life-long benefit; and that change will come within three years. So be of good faith, know that while you are striving and working, this is in store for you. Let it cheer you. We are with you and will not leave you. You have said all you can to that person, let him now take his own course, act as you feel prompted and all will be well.

B. Franklin, Olin, Ma, Isaac T. Hopper,
James B. Taylor and the whole Circle."

June 11th—1875.

Again I was in Katie's room and the following was written, which surprised and startled us.

"My Dear Friend. Before the close of next week you will have (70-Vol. IV) a very dark hour, but we will tell you in time so that you may smile through your tears. All will be well and all will come out well. The clouds will pass away, and all will be bright. It is well to have this warning or you might sink in spirit.

All will be happy and do not feel depressed. When all is favorable we will make an appointment to write with our own hands. God bless you.

J. B. T."

After reading the above we asked for explanation but they could give none save the assurance that no harm was coming to either of our families.

June 13th—1875.

The following two messages were given but no intimation of what the occasion or circumstance would be that would make a 'dark hour' within the fixed time.

"My Dear Friends, Mrs. Taylor and Katy. I have never deceived you, never said falsely 'All is well.'

Mrs. Taylor, my dear friend, I see that you will have some unusual anxieties this week, but be of good (71-Vol. IV) cheer, all the clouds will pass away, and you will be happy in seeing

our predictions one by one, pass away, bringing the realities one by one and you will think of us. You will say how true those friends of ours in the other world have told us, every word has come true, and you will be glad, so cheer up, do not give way when shadows come. Think of us and our faithful care when the predictions one by one unfold; you will perhaps have more faith and trust more. When the conditions are favorable we will come and write you a long letter with our own hand. Tell George, your husband, this, and now 'good bye' for awhile.

J. B. T."

"Sarah, my dear child, when you require me I am always with you so you need not feel that you are alone. I am with you and will make every care and cross as light as it is possible to be. I will stand by you with flowers and strew them in your pathway and you will feel their influence.

I see Flora, dear little child. She will soon feel as well as ever. To-night we will come and magnetize her, and to-morrow morning she will be quite well.

(72-Vol. IV) Dear Child, fear not; bear your crosses. I would they were less. They would not number one were I to have my own way. We are very happy here, our family, our celestial family. We have a gathering to-day, we shall all meet. Oh! what a home of perfect beauty we have. When you come here you will exclaim with wonder at the beauty which surrounds us. God bless you. All is well.

Your Ma—.

Your protector to all Eternity—Your Mother."

June 18th—1875.

The warning (of some unpleasant event) had been given us on June 11th and predicted to occur before the end of the following week. June 11th was on Saturday and we watched each succeeding day knowing in our hearts that the warning had a meaning. Saturday the 18th came, a disagreeable, stormy morning, noon came and still all was well; in a few hours the last day of the 'next week' would expire, the time for the 'unusual anxiety' would have passed. While I

was hoping they had made a mistake some one rushed in and (73-Vol. IV) said that one employee of ours (an intelligent, capable man but addicted to strong drink) had stumbled in an unfinished building at the other end of our block, and fallen two stories among iron beams, and been taken up and was then being carried away by the police in a dying state.

Instantly I recognized the warning. That evening as early as practicable George and I went up to Katie's room and the subjoined was written.

"My Dear Sarah and George. We were with you to-day when the announcement was made and we were sure that you would think of our predictions. Well, Sarah it has come, that which would annoy and disturb you but be for the best. Now, my dear Sarah, look for the sure completion of these predictions and it will come and you will be happy. All is well. It was for the best, it will be for the best in the future we see clearly. We will not say much to-night. It is our request for you all to go to rest. We want Katy fresh to-morrow and the meeting will be at two, not at two, but precisely at one o'clock.

Mr. Taylor says 'Go to bed now and (74-Vol. IV) to-morrow you will be rewarded.' Let us entreat you to be as little fatigued as possible for we will write with our own hands. We have not the power to do so to-night. Do rest at once, Katy, and we will come and quiet the babies.

Dear Sarah and George, be happy and all will be well. Do not look on the dark side.

Olin."

June 23rd—1875.

We had not yet received the promised letter written by their own hands. They had taken blank paper and pencil away as before. On this day they wrote through Katie's hand.

"My Dear Mrs. Taylor. I am happy to come and tell you what is now passing here in our land. We find that it is important for us to sift the future, to look into the future as far as possible. I am teaching the circle. I stand first in

reporting, and looking further than any one else here, therefore I will explain.

This is a year of events, of wonderful developments, a year of misfortunes and distress, a dark year (75-Vol. IV) it will be to the most of the world. And now that we have Katy here we want to look just as far as we can into your future and advise you as far as it is possible. We look as often as possible and I am studying how to advise, how to direct you to save you from the blight which so many will feel. Consequently, I will say little, and it is best for you to ask for our circle as little as possible until we return the paper to you. We have the paper and will return it when we have filled it to our satisfaction.

This explanation we wished to give you; bear in mind that when Katy leaves there is no one through whom I can come and give you these proofs, therefore I take time to look and to write. These are things which we wish you to fully understand so that you can refer to them when she is far away. To-morrow we will use most of the day in probing the future. It is slow work but sure. God bless you. Be grateful, be thankful that we have this power given to us. There are few who will have this blessing besides yourself. You will always thank us for the interest we have taken in you and yours. This has (76-Vol. IV) been and is a boon granted to us through our love for you and desire to reward you for your superior faith.

J. B. T."

June 29th—1875.

The promised autograph letter not yet received. I sat a few moments with Katie and the pencil wrote.

"See where I left the pencil. I could not bring it.

J. B. T."

After reading the above we found the promised letter. The blank strip of paper (eight inches by three feet) which they had taken days before, lay near us entirely covered with writing. The pencil we found outside the open window on

the sill. We were in a room on the sixth story. The autograph letter follows.

"Dear Children. This is a year of change, a year of events, of mysteries, a year of great developments, to most of the world a year of misfortunes. Many will weep over their calamities. You, my children, we can only impress your minds with (77-Vol. IV) the importance of trusting in us. Trust in the unseen power for there is always a protecting hand stretched forth to protect you when others fall. It is your faith which saves you from much that is painful, much that would otherwise crush you. Oh! my children, rejoice that it is so. We are with you, we have looked well into the future and now our advice to you is this, get everything in as complete order as possible, then give out to a few sincere friends your intention to sell. Make as much out of the hotel as you can. We are quite sure that it will bring you sufficient to pay all expenses. This will not be such a very unsuccessful summer, do not feel depressed. There will come a change which will let you out of all your present entanglements. We are sorry to see you so perplexed, but bear with all for awhile. The dull time is now, beware of doing too much without seeing your way perfectly clear; be careful whom you take into your house, boarders and help. Let us also prepare you for trials in your own family. They seem to be near and you, dear Sarah, (78-Vol. IV) will require all your strength. Guard your health that you may be permitted to soothe and watch over those dear to you who may require your care. A loving, tender hand to smooth the pillow on which the sick head rests is a choice blessing and goes far towards restoration, goes far towards giving health and happiness. Remember this. These are your mother's words of advice. And remember that we are with you although you hear not the familiar echoes of your unseen loved ones who watch faithfully over you.

Do not have a man in the house who says to your boarders that he dislikes you. We shall be happy to see him go, not to return.

This is private. Keep William under your eye

this summer. Do not let him go away unless he is accompanied with some one who will watch him as carefully as yourself. We speak to you, Sarah, in this sentence exclusively. When dark hours come, and there will be some very dark, bear in mind that we have looked well into the future and see that you (79-Vol. IV) will come out bright as the brightest diamond.

George, carry out your plans and you will be rewarded by seeing fruits of labor. The fruit of your labor and you will feel satisfied. We will not say farewell now. We have more to say before Katy leaves and we will seek the opportunity. God bless you. All is well. We are all together, the whole circle. God bless you.

B. Franklin.

Isaac T. Hopper. Olin. Ma. Emeline and the whole Circle."

Willie was just leaving for or had already gone, alone, to Harvard College for preliminary examination. Naturally when I read the preceding letter I took alarm at once. The pencil in Katie's hand wrote immediately as follows.

"Do not feel worried about your son William. He is safe and well and we will have a care over him but just give him this warning. He must not go bathing; he must not ride wild horses; he must not go for long walks alone. Be so kind as to (80-Vol. IV) send him this message, it will save you much sorrow and him much suffering. Do this and all will be well. + + +

J. B. T."

Brother Olin and sister Emeline announced their presence and I inquired how Willie would get along with his examination, and they wrote.

"Dear Sarah, he will get along splendidly. Olin and I will stand by him, yes, and give him confidence. We will put words in his mouth and do more for him than his memory can.

Olin is too wise, I think, sister, he can do everything that any one else can."

"Em. does me injustice, Sarah, I am conscious of my great powers but not at all conceited."

"Olin now wrongs me for I love him too much to think him in the least conceited."

"Well, Sarah, you see how very near we are

to each other. Em. and I are standing by your side hand in hand."

"Be not disturbed, sister, for all is well. We will all take care of Willie.

Emeline. Olin."

(81-Vol. IV) In a few moments the pencil continued.

"We have taken something from you to-night which we will return before Katy leaves. You shall hear from us again. You will be happy and see another proof of our great care and love. Rest now for you have blessings, our choicest blessings for your mantle to-night.

J. B. T. and Circle.

Put pencil out on window sill.

J. B. T."

Another strip of blank paper like those taken before had disappeared from the room but the pencil still remained where I had left it. I now placed it outside the window on the sill and soon it too was gone.

June 30th—1875.

Katie was to sail for Europe on July 5th and now she was going to her sister's, Mrs. Underhill's, to visit during the interim and I feared we should receive no further advice, no more words of sympathy and encouragement, but before she left the house the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah, Willie is well and safe and happy too, so (82-Vol. IV) do not feel worried. We have something which we will return to you and it will be before Katy goes to Europe. All will be bright as the brightest sky, so do not feel disturbed. To-morrow will be Thursday, so either to-morrow or Friday we will see that Katy comes here and you shall have our last parting letter. We have in reserve something for you which will make you happy. The future to-day looks unusually cloudless. This we will explain in our letter.

Be of good cheer, look forward to what is to come. Trust in us and you will not be deceived. No more now as we are busy with your affairs, also keeping a strict watch over Willie. We promise you that no harm shall come to him

while we are near him and he will return to your arms as he left you. God bless you.

Olin."

"Do you not know, dear sister, that I am now looking how to advise you? You shall hear from us all before Katy goes. We wanted to-morrow to talk with you a long, (83-Vol. IV) long time, but we cannot as we are working in another way for you. Be not discouraged, we are not and you must not be.

Em."

July 3rd—1875.

Katy called. The weather was very warm and one of her children was quite ill, still she left him with her sister while she came to do the bidding of our dearly loved circle.

Their last words to us for years, and perhaps until we should meet them in their beautiful home, would come to us now.

We went to the room Katie had vacated a few days before. We chatted with each other and had some conversation through the echoes. Directly, 11 A. M., the paper marked "S. E. L. T." by me, and taken without our knowledge on June 29th was returned and upon it was written in pencil as follows.

"Dear Sarah and George. This paper we have taken unknown to you to write our last farewell words. Katy is going, but you will meet again. Yes, we feel sure that God who is above us all will bear her (84-Vol. IV) safely to her husband and all will be bright. They will both visit here with their little ones and before long, so be of good cheer.

Now Sarah and George, let not your souls be troubled dark as it seems now, at this present time. The clouds will all pass away, your anxiety will pass away, success will come when you need it most. Do not feel that there is no outlet. Be brave and the buds will open and the flowers will bloom and your paths will be golden hued with the blessings which will daily unfold for you. Tender hands will drop them from above. Loving hearts will plead for you at the sunset hour. We will come to you when you fold your hands from toil and leave with you an influence

of peace. You will feel that we are near for you will realize that which the world cannot give nor take away. Your little ones here will nestle by you, climb on the back of your chairs and look you in the face while you are thinking of what they are doing in the land of the blessed.

Katy, we know, must hasten back, we see that her child is sick, but (85-Vol. IV) with the tender care he is now receiving he will recover and his father will bless both mother and child when he clasps him in his arms. So also with bright eyed baby; he will call forth all the love of his father and they will be a happy family.

This circle is linked for a time and eternity and Katy we count in your family.

God bless you. We will send you messages from over the sea and the chain will not be broken. You will be directed. Follow the dictates of your hearts, Sarah and George. God bless you.

B. Franklin, Olin, Isaac T. Hopper
Eliza—Ma and the whole Circle
Emeline.

B. Franklin
Olin

Isaac T. Hopper

These three will take especial care of you.
You see I am modest.

J. B. Taylor."

(86-Vol. IV) These were the farewell words of our kindred and friends whose companionship we had long ago learned to prize and whose advice and moral support we knew not how to do without.

Katie went back to her sister's and a day or two after we bade her "good bye" on the ship which took her back to her English home and closed to us all the ways for free and direct communication from those who have gone before to the eternal home. We mourn our loss daily and hourly and must continue to do so for how long, oh, how long!

(87-Vol. IV) July 1st—1885.

Ten years had passed since we last saw Katie borne away from our sight and our land. For two or three years we received occasionally let-

ters from her, but none from our unseen circle. Finally her family cares and duties occupied her so much that she ceased writing at all.

Years passed on, her husband died and I no longer knew her address. Last spring I called on her sister, Mrs. Underhill, to learn something of poor, dear Katie but she knew very little and I concluded in my own mind that we should never see Katie again.

In the afternoon of July 1st, I saw a lady with a boy pass the hotel and look earnestly towards it. I noticed her face and thought how strongly she resembled Katie, only more fleshy and older. Directly Mrs. Underhill's card was handed me and I went at once to the drawing room and found with her a nice looking boy. I asked if he were her grandchild? She replied, "No," and still I did not once connect the lady and boy I had seen on the side-walk with the two before me. This was one of Katie's boys (88-Vol. IV) and immediately Katie and her other son entered the room.

My joy can better be imagined than described. Here was Katie looking well and happy, though ten years older, with two nice healthy looking English boys.

I took them all to my own private parlor and after chatting a little while Katie asked for paper and pencil and the following came.

"My Dear Darling Sister. I am so happy, so happy! We shall have such sweet meetings again, as of old. We shall talk of the past, present and future. We shall advise. We will bring all the loved ones back to whisper their loving greetings in your ear. My dearest sister, my beloved; all is well! All will be well.

Give George this message; I will talk with him about his trouble when we meet.

God bless you. ¹ Our dear Ma is with Willie. Meet me soon.

Olin."

George could not understand Olin's message for he had no trouble.

After reading the communication (89-Vol. IV) Katie agreed to dine with us on the 3rd and give

(1) Willie was then crossing the ocean.

the meeting they so much desired. She was detained, however, and did not reach here until nine in the evening. We had a pleasant visit. She told us of the death of her husband and his coming back to her many weeks after; of her stay in St. Petersburg, her interviews with the Czar, etc. Before she left the pencil wrote.

July 3rd—1885.

"My Dear Sarah and George. Here we are again, happy to have our old times over again. We will take up the thread to-night; we will link the chains and continue our work where we left off some years ago. You, dear Sarah and George, have not gone back, you have advanced, and that helps us to take up the thread and tell you all about our home and the friends we have met in the paths of Eternity.

Sarah, my darling, I have much to tell you. The first is that I am going to show you Leila as she is now, and you will perceive that she is like Flora. I will give you a picture of them both; first of Leila. I will (90-Vol. IV) direct about the paper and crayons.

Dearest Sarah, I have always told you that great changes were coming, and now let me beg you to keep good courage, for there has shone upon your pathway a bright star by which I have read in the future. But I will not enter in that to-night, for when I do I shall require the paper marked and the room dark.

¹ I am very anxious, George, for you to have your whole business under your own control. I want you to know that success and honor is before you, greater than you have yet experienced. Take good care of your health. Everything is coming out bright and just as we predicted years ago. Do not worry. George, do not, above all things, do not get low spirited. Never imagine that you are going to be overwhelmed with trouble.

This message I give with such a happy heart, that I want you to feel happy when you read it over, especially when work is slack and the business dull.

(1) He had allowed his business to be managed by an assistant greatly to his injury.

Ma wishes me to tell you that Willie is well and happy. She (91-Vol. IV) wants to know when you will let her come and manifest to you and talk with you. She has had a long meeting with our dear sister Emeline.

Now, dear Sarah, I have taken the lead to-night, but each one and all have echoed a word.

You know what kind of drawing paper to get and the meeting soon as we can have it.

What makes my heart so glad? Why is there music in my soul? Why is it sweeter? I will tell you. I am talking with you and look once more into your inner thoughts. All send love. Bless you my darling.

Yours forever and ever.

Olin."

"My Dear Son. I will speak next time, and now bear in mind that I shall stand at the head of the telegraph. Bless you both.

B. Franklin."

"My Child. Your father is coming soon.

Ma.

I will tell you often of Willie. How happy I shall be when dear husband comes.

Your Mother."

(92-Vol. IV) A few days after the above date the Doctor became greatly annoyed and a good deal perplexed about the probability of having to change the location of his office. There were matters connected therewith particularly disagreeable.

Now we understood what Olin alluded to on the 1st, a week or more before we had a mistrust of the coming trouble, he saw it and wanted to help George over it.

July 27th—1885.

Katie called at about noon. I was expecting her and she came directly to my parlor. Very soon the echoes came and it was Em. I signified my joy and gladness at her presence and made some inquiry. She replied by saying "Ask me about Frank." (Frank was her husband she had left here nearly twelve years ago when they had been two years married. He was married again some four years ago.) She then wrote.

"You know how I feel, how I wish that he could

have been a believer in this truth. He would have been a happy man now.

(93-Vol. IV) Well, dear Sarah, I shall not grieve. I will tell you how happy I am here with Olin, Ma and all the rest. They are going to speak to you soon. Ma has Frankie and Leila. They have grown and are very beautiful. You will recognize them when you see them at the open door in the daylight of heaven with the light of purity on their brows.

Oh, Sarah dear, how I long to see you resting with less anxiety. Flora gathering daisies for you; and Willie translating some Latin poem; that is what I see in your future. George reclining by your side under a large tree, and we, your beloved ones, smiling down upon you. (To be continued after lunch.)"

At this moment a tray with lunch for us was brought in. We spent a half hour or more over our meal and then returned to our former seats at the table by the window and immediately Em. continued.

"While you were taking lunch I went to find Dr. Kenyon and Dr. Franklin. They will speak in a few minutes.

(94-Vol. IV) In my walk here, I one day met Mr. and Mrs. Smith. They were walking arm in arm. Mrs. Smith paused to speak to me and told me to give her love to you when Katie called. She is happy with her good husband, but a shadow will hang over their souls while their son is so reckless. I saw the shadow and passed on.

I do not think that Frank is worthy of my devotion. I see clearly now, and although some things pain me, I am happier for having things made clear to my vision.

Ma says that you are on the very step of the happiest days of your life. You and George are on the threshold of prosperity. Dr. Franklin will tell you more than I can. I have so much to tell you, so much to say, and I rejoice that I have the opportunity. Oh, how I rejoice that Katie is here. I am like a child who goes to its first party, like a young girl who goes to her first ball, I am wild with delight to talk with you. I

am sitting by your side, going from room to room and Olin is (95-Vol. IV) as happy as I am. He has laid out much of his time for you, and he will be the happiest of all men when he takes up the thread. His lovely companion is with him.

When I look back and see how mistaken I was in Frank's affection and everlasting love for me I feel thankful that I have come home, to live where love increases every hour, where beauty is etherealized, and life is eternal. Oh, Sarah, how blest we are to know this truth. Think how many follow their beloved ones to the grave and say farewell with no hope of ever meeting them again. Sister we are indeed blest and doubly so.

In half an hour we wish to meet for Dr. B. F. Em."

At this point the paper was handed me to read. I noticed her writing "Dr." Kenyon instead of Prof. and when I read about the Smiths I could not recall a person in the other world by that name. Both Katie and I tried to think. We knew of plenty Smiths here but none in heaven. I asked also who she meant by "Olin's lovely companion." She wrote.

(96-Vol. IV) "Why, sister, don't you remember Mrs. Gerret Smith? I will not tell her that you have forgotten her. Give me a message to take to her and Prof. Kenyon. Did I say 'Dr.' I mean Prof. Kenyon.

Katie is right, dear sister, the love you and George bear for each other, not only makes your hearts young, but likewise your faces, for the face borrows its beauty from within.

Sister, my memory is better than yours. Mrs. Smith and a young man had rooms over yours in 38th Street and I used often to call in to see her. My heart goes back to those days when I used to watch for Frank's letters. Those days were happy, sister.

² She is a young girl we both met here over two years ago. She introduced herself to us both, and Olin holds sweet converse with her often, and calls her his companion. Her name is Olive.

(1) Mrs. Gerret Smith had been a patient of my husband's and lived in our family many months and at different times. She told me facts about these manifestations long before I had any real knowledge upon the subject. She died in the winter of 1873-1874. Her husband had gone before.

(2) "Olin's companion."

Olin will tell you how happy he is to see you so well and everything about you so cheerful. He will speak next. I am going to talk all I can after the others have finished.

Em."

(97-Vol. IV) "My Dear Sister Sarah. I will fill up this paper and more. You will forgive me if I come first.

Although Emeline has said all the sweet things I have much more to say. Olive Travers I have many happy walks with in these endless gardens. She never knew much about spiritualism until I explained to her. She left a sorrowing mother two years and six months ago, and tried in every way to comfort her; and when she told me so much of her life, and how her mother's grief retarded her happiness in the spheres above, I explained spiritualism to her, and went with her to comfort her mamma. We left peace in her soul. We could not audibly manifest to her, but we left her peaceful. There are no mediums in San Francisco to whom we could send her, for we knew of none. Now, Olive has become very happy and visits different people and places with me. I loved her very much the first time I saw her for her innocent devotion to little children here, and I have helped her in her work. She looks like Leila, and they are companions as well.

You see, dearest Sarah, we are (98-Vol. IV) happy here for we have everything to make us happy. I hope you will talk about this world to little May-flower and say that Uncle Olin loves her and will take care of her all her life. Let her become familiar with us, and we will take all fear from her. She has a bright life before her, full of roses, only a few crosses. Dear child, I have always had a care over her. Let her have as much fresh air and change as possible.

The Professor is standing with his hand on your shoulder. He is so happy to be here to-day. He says that he does not care to talk in any other way than this. I will let him talk for himself.

¹ Do you remember Bradley's old cap? He had a laugh over that some days ago. He is very happy and often tells me that he is going to look in upon Sarah. He never forgets old friends. Frequently he says, "how happy I am to be free from pain."

In a few short years you and George will settle down quietly with your little family about you, and give most of your time to us. (99-Vol. IV) Fortune will smile upon you. Earth's wants will be filled and happiness will be yours in the first degree, lives well earned, and plenty well earned by honest labor.

I will call Flora my flower, my rosebud, my little June flower. Sweet is the dream of future joys for her.

² Dear George, you shall hear from us all. In the month of Oct. you will have many patients from abroad. Be of good cheer! Read this to George, by that time Dr. Franklin will talk, but wait, our dear mother comes.

Yours forever

Olin."

"My Dearest Sarah. It is July and we are to-day not dreaming but really and truly talking with each other. What a joy! My children, so dear to me, those in heaven and those on earth under my protection; and I am so happy with this boon. When the summer departs it will bring another dear one into our fold. No one here, dear Sarah, so do not worry. I am with him much of the time. His weary foot-steps will soon have new life. Do, dear child, try to smooth the (100-Vol. IV) way. Oh, sigh not when one is wafted up to our celestial spheres. Sigh not when the soul leaves the worn out form to find eternal life in a new existence. My soul rejoices; every day one step nearer comes my beloved. Frankie and Leila are very sweet messengers. They go to see how those I love on earth are when I cannot, and they bring me messages and take messages for me. They are very far advanced, this boy and girl.

(1) Bradley left a note addressed to me to be opened after his death and in it he asked to have his "old cap" put upon his head in his coffin. I did as he wished. He died in 1872. Katie was in Europe and the incident had never been alluded to or thought of in her presence.

(2) At this point George came in from his office.

Dear child, this home for your children will reap a rich reward, or rather you will reap a rich reward from it, and in a few years great changes will come. All things will rejoice in your happiness and thrive under your care. All is well. You have arranged everything well and for the best.

Olin. I had to help our dear mother at the close."

"Dear Sister. Emma Wells is just the same as ever, very fretful and full of trouble. She sends her love to you and George.

Em."

(101-Vol. IV) "Pa draws mother from you today, his mind is wandering. Closely linked as they are his thoughts and mind are with our mother. He will be a very bright spirit though when he comes here."

At this point the papers were handed me to read, for several pieces were covered now. When I had finished I remarked that I had done all I knew how for Pa. Directly Ma continued.

"My Dear Loving Child. You have done all you could for your father. Let your heart be glad, for I am happy and do not wish to leave gloom on this bright day. I will waft your father blessings, and when he is restless quiet him and show him a vision of the future. Gradually the veil will drop from his eyes, and he will behold us in the beautiful abode of the blest.

Your Mother E."

"My Dear Son and Daughter. It is but a step from the golden stairs to the threshold of human existence. Not long at a time have your unseen guests been separated (102-Vol. IV) from you. Mark well these words. We will never leave you in sorrow, nor perplexed, nor troubled, nor comfortless. My children, there will come a day when we shall sit down together and talk almost face to face. Advances are being made daily. Your faith is so supremely beautiful that it rests my spirit to look into yours.

My children, these are golden moments and we will do much for you. I am not egotistical when I say that I have stood very often between you and trouble and turned away the threatening

clouds. I ever shall. ¹ Talk not of condescension; it is a very great pleasure for me to communicate with you, and I will take that liberty often if you will allow.

Let me make a prediction. The day of great triumph is near for you; the day of gladness is near; the clouds will pass away and all will be well.

² Ah, yes, my children, even then I impressed you to go to that medium. I did talk with you through that medium and impressed you how to act.

(103-Vol. IV) I will once more assure you, my dear children, that a few years more and you will realize all your hearts' desire, and I will guide you to bright shores and advise you, and direct your course.

My son, keep independent of everybody in your healing. Let your faith make glad your heart. I wish to impress upon your mind, George, to have faith in yourself, and in our help. You have a long life before you yet to do great good. Try not to fall in low spirits, be not oppressed. There is not a man who can do more good in his profession than you, then work with a cheerful spirit. I have a work for you to do and the next time we meet, I will touch upon my plan. My time will be freely yours to command. Let not anxiety cloud your thoughts, not while so much brightness gilds your sky.

Wait awhile and I will come again.

B. F.

(To be continued after dinner)"

Six o'clock had come and a waiter entered with our dinners. The power (104-Vol. IV) left Katie's hand and the pencil dropped. After sun down we sat again by the open window and the pencil resumed as follows.

"My Dear Children. Again I am with you. The sun has gone down and shines now on the dark side of earth. How soft the air comes in wafting to you gratefully the balm of peace.

(1) I had just said that I thought it great condescension for Dr. Franklin to come to us, and so think I still.

(2) While the pencil was writing I told Katie of our having visited a medium in her absence and that Dr. Franklin seemed to meet us. I wanted to know if I was mistaken in thinking he talked with me through that medium.

¹ My children, I hear your voices more distinctly when talking with you in this way. I can go more minutely into your lives.

I have often taken the little ones in my arms, and they know how happy I am to-day. While talking as I passed them now they said, 'Are you going to see dear Mamma and Papa?' I told yes! with a kiss and then they went to hear the music of the angels. They speak often of their little sister on earth, and will be happy to make her acquaintance.

On Thursday I will meet you again; perhaps before. I will see that Katy comes often and gives me frequent opportunities of talking. God bless you both, my children.

(105-Vol. IV) Yours always,

Benj. Franklin."

"My Dear Sarah and George. Long, long has been the time since I last wrote you and happy am I to take up the connecting link and breathe to you my heart felt love and joy and gratitude to the Great Giver of all Good, Who has once more opened the way to our reunion. Dr. Franklin and I have often talked over the past and knew that the time was not far distant when we would talk together as in former years. I can never become indifferent to you and George, or leave an opportunity like this without expressing my unbounded esteem.

I have watched the progress of your son and have helped him in his studies.

Many have come here since we have talked with you. Changes in my own family. I have become advanced in spiritual knowledge, and I have you to thank for all I know. You were the first to teach me my alphabet in spiritualism, and open the beautiful study.

I congratulate you on the (106-Vol. IV) construction of your house, and also the new improvements. Success attend you! I bless you both, but will say no more at present as the power is exhausted. God bless you. The dear absent ones are well and happy.

Your friend

Prof. Kenyon."

"We will all meet again very soon.

B. F."

Dec. 4th—1885.

Katie did not call again before going with her children to Western New York, where she remained until late in the autumn and not till this date did we again see her. The pencil wrote immediately.

"My Dear Sarah. True is the old proverb 'There is a destiny that shapes our ends rough hew them as we may.' ¹Now we have Katy to ourselves and we will be able to manifest to you in the old way, the dear old times. We will sit down with you as of old, talk with you as we used to. So many are now waiting to speak, so anxious to begin where they left off. (107-Vol. IV) You remember my promise to come to you and write you a long letter, a private letter? I wish I could just take hold of you and kiss you. I would like you to feel my kiss of love.

Sarah, life is full of happiness in a way which is concealed at present. You shall know soon. Now while I write I see a great change coming. Let not your heart be troubled for the bright sky predicts more than you better know at this meeting. I will write you all about it in my private letter. There are bright changes coming for our little family. We are all together. There will be a great gathering here at Christmas time. We all want to give you a Christmas greeting and drop some pearls into your earthly flowers. ² I want to present you with a gift more valuable than any you will receive except from the hands of your own beloved; the beloved of your life, true, faithful and good. God bless you George.

Dear Sarah, you remember Prof. K. He is here and wants me to tell you that he is looking into your affairs and will talk with you about private matters, when next we meet. Dear Em. is happy. She comes to you often and so do we all. (108-Vol. IV) I am happy, very happy to see dear Willie. Loving him as I do I follow his course and I am happy to say that he will have a very successful future. In business he is aided

(1) While he was writing I asked if he could see us better, etc., when Katie was here.

(2) Katie had left her sister Leah and come to us to find a home.
(2) The Doctor entered the room about this time.

by us and he will realize this every month more and more. He will have an offer soon that will give him great happiness. Now, my dear, I will come again to-morrow and say more. God bless you.

Olin."

Dec. 8th—1885.

Katie gave them no opportunity for speaking on the next day nor until this date.

"My Dear Child. I am here. On such a day as this I once came to you with the two darlings whose pictures you were anxiously looking for. Such a bright morning as this when the sun shone in the window, and darling Em. kept out intruders. Those meetings were years ago, but seem as yesterday to us, only that some of those who played in important scenes are here now to bear messages from one sphere to another. Bradley and Emeline have many walks together into different countries and when you have time to listen they will tell you (109-Vol. IV) what they have seen and how happy they are to understand the different channels and different spheres. We have something to learn every day, every moment there is something new to learn. Herein is the great charm of the spiritual life.

I will tell you, dear Sarah, what is best for you to do. I want you to get me a blank book and let it be for direct writing and private messages. When Katy comes again have this book. Don't get it too large; one that we can handle.

I see that a very great change is coming here, in this place, not bad. In a day or two I shall be able to see more distinctly, a change will come and for the better; at first things will look dark. Be happy Sarah, my beloved child. All will be radiantly bright. Be of good cheer. There is much going on now for your good. I will say no more at present but will go and watch at the great temple and read the future. God bless you.

Your Mother

Ma."

Dec. 8th 10 P. M.—1885.

"My Dear Sister. Again we have the opportunity to make our presence (110-Vol. IV)

known. Silently we glide in; silently we glide out only to return again. There is a great change near when you will rejoice for Willie will be the principal actor. I like to foreshadow these things as a proof to you.

I have been with Ma and Em. to-day. We have looked into the future and see that all looks bright so far as we are permitted to look into the depths. Be not fearful of unhappiness for as I looked to-day down the stream, I saw no bubbles, all was smooth; when I looked up to the sky I saw no clouds, and when I looked into my mother's face I saw a heavenly smile of peace. That was enough for my spirit to soar away with my dear companion to the distant planets, where we love to visit. With free spirit I paused and stood where your eyes have looked on the brightest star in all the heavens, where Frankie and his sister loved to follow when I told them where we walked. They love to go with me, those buds.

There are great events about to happen. This winter will be one of the happiest you have ever had. God bless you.

(III-Vol. IV) That book must be written in by yourself first, Sarah, simply say, 'For our beloved in the beautiful Summer Land.'

Olin."

Dec. 11th—1885.

"We often look into the house of mourning and if there is a chord that we can touch to vibrate in unison with our feelings we can comfort the sorrowing spirit. So when Mr. Vanderbilt was lying unconscious on the floor we found our way by the side of his wife to see where we could be of aid. However, she was so bewildered that no touch of ours could be felt. We hovered over the unconscious form, as they supposed, and remained until his spirit awoke. Late at night after his body was placed in his own room I went in and read the minds of those who mourned over him. His wife and youngest son were alone, and then I thought, could I comfort her? I sought out the way. I heard her say in gentle tones 'Oh, if he could only speak, if he could only say one word.' I left a soothing influence

with her and now I will work a plan by which she will hold (112-Vol. IV) intercourse with her husband. I am going to have her see Katy here, in this very room. She has a very good heart and I feel sure, after the funeral is over she will need this balm to heal her wounded spirit. I want help from you, my darling, to do this, all the directions in due time.

Now, dear sister, what would some people on earth not give to be permitted to look into that family home and hearts. I thought it would be interesting for you to hear and will dwell upon it if you will give me the opportunity to-morrow.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah. I was looking into affairs here last night. There is some dissatisfaction you will learn of soon, but be not disturbed.

Olin."

"My Dear Sarah, When the waves rise I am always on hand to give you my aid; and when you have too much anxiety I will bear the heaviest part, so be not cast down. I have been with Olin this morning, talking over this matter and there will be a way opened for intercourse with Mrs. Vanderbilt.

(113-Vol. IV) I want a short meeting just at dark soon, between daylight and dark, say twilight. We will name the time to-morrow. I will require the blank-book with pencil placed underneath the table. Do not ask for what reason but leave all with us. ¹The writing is just as we wished it. The request was made first by Dr. Franklin. He proposed the blank-book and he will make one of our circle. He is divine to look upon. His eyes are the most benevolent and sympathizing I have ever looked into. I often go and consult with him on private affairs regarding you here.

My dear child, I have been looking for dear Emeline. She will follow Frank and often returns to me with a shadow on her spirit. We talk together little of Frank's affairs. I cannot sympathize with Emeline in her great love for Frank. I want you to talk with her freely some

day and tell her what you know and all you feel.

Tell dear George that he will shine forth like a bright star and be appreciated in his profession when he least expects it; and tell him never to become irritable and nervous. His spirit must never have a shadow (114-Vol. IV) when he looks in upon his darling household.

God bless you, my dear child.

Your Mother."

Dec. 14th—1885.

Katie did not call on the following day nor until this date and upon her taking the pencil we were surprised by the difficulty with which the pencil wrote and the strangeness of the hand. Katie remarked "Some one is writing that has never been back before." It was as follows.

"Do you remember that I once said that I had lost husband and children and I was glad for I felt happy to know where they were, and I knew that they would make my way easy for me? I am happy to come, and hope I do not intrude.

Helen."

I at once recognized Helen Hunt Jackson, "H. H." Many years ago, directly after the death of her last child, we had often and long conversations upon this subject. I never saw her after her marriage to Mr. Jackson. She passed away in Aug. of this year.

The pencil continued.

(115-Vol. IV) "My Son. You will never be very successful while you have Dr. H. for a worker in the same house. There will be a change. You will not have to make it, as something unforeseen will transpire, which will take him away. Now ask no more to-night about it.

I am going to give full directions. Meet to-morrow night for book. God bless you! George, you will feel great confidence in my advice as time goes on.

Benj. Franklin."

"My Dearest Sarah. To-night I cannot say much, but to-morrow I shall be here with Ma and others of the circle, when you meet for the book. I shall now keep watch over your future and the dear ones about you. I see much is

(1) The dedication of their blank-book.

about to unfold soon which will surprise you and cause great sorrow to some. The nation will have a great loss. We can say no more to-night. Olin."

The pencil continued.

"My Dear Child. I am happy to have the book where we directed. Our influence will be left, and to-morrow (116-Vol. IV) we shall be able to do what we desire with it: we shall require the room darkened.

Dr. Franklin wishes George to keep his mind on being sole manager and dictator; head of all. Dr. Franklin will advise in good time. The influence is not wholly in accordance with our views of success over ¹there. We do not feel in perfect unison with them, and you will have to make a change next summer; but do not worry, advice will be given; then you can act for yourself.

²Willie, I will answer your question. I never like the word 'loaf.' You do right to rest now until a change comes. We see that a bright opening will soon be offered to you, very satisfactory. Be satisfied!

And now, dear Sarah, let me tell you how lovely your Leila is. She and Frankie are now standing by your side, the fair girl and the dark eyed boy.

Olin is still looking into the house so deserted with all its magnificence and beauty; the veiled pictures and the vacant chair are the monuments of grief for the poor disconsolate widow. She mourns without knowing that (117-Vol. IV) her husband sits in his own chair and longs to see all the pictures uncovered. Well, all I can do, I will. Olin will not cease till he has given her comfort. God bless you.

Your Ma."

In conversation after reading the above I queried of cousin Frank (who died more than a year ago and of whom we were all fond) who never came here with our circle. The pencil wrote.

"He is more often with his parents, and you

know there would be no use of sending messages to your uncle. Sometime the ¹boys will talk. I will bring them with me.

Your old friend

Prof. K."

Dec. 15th—1885. Evening.

Katie came as desired and after placing their blank-book under the table in compliance with their request, we seated ourselves about the table and the pencil wrote.

"There will be great joy over this book soon; only be patient and let us have our own way. Mr. Vanderbilt will soon have power to talk with you. We will write soon, and what he will say will be very important. (118-Vol. IV) My dear sister, I will bring him for he is pleased with the privilege of coming, and has the desire that I shall help him to form a letter to his wife. He is not unhappy, only distressed to see his family, more especially his wife, so hopeless and helpless in their grief. I am going to stand by him and aid him all I possibly can. First, he will come and talk with you, then he will give direct writing and so exact that his wife will at once recognize it as her husband's. I think that you had better give your thoughts to him a little, dear Sarah, in order to draw him nearer to you. No one knows what a good man Mr. Vanderbilt was. People may say what they please, but he was full of charity. He did not give where the world would praise, but in secret, to the widow and orphan, to those who really needed help. He did not go forth and say, 'I have given to this one and to that one,' but went himself and sought out those who would have died of starvation and cold, had it not been for his helping hand, and he would only say to his wife, 'I have helped a poor woman and her family and taken misery from their door.' He never put it on the pages (119-Vol. IV) of the 'Herald' or other papers: and that is what I call a good man.

Why do I dwell on this subject? Because I like Mr. Vanderbilt, I admire his spirit, and so will you.

(1) At the Doctor's office which is a few doors off on another street.

(2) In the course of the hour Willie had asked Ma what she thought of his loafing.

(1) Frank's brother Henry died in 1873.

Now, my beloved sister, I will say no more on this subject to-night. We have plenty of time before us and I feel at ease. Let the shadows go. All will be well! The greatest pleasure I have had was taking Mr. Vanderbilt to our bower of roses. He was so pleased with the artistic work of heavenly hands. He will help you all. I tell you a great and glorious day is dawning for this little circle here in this room. God bless you, my dear sister, bless you and yours.

Olin.

Ma is coming."

After a moment's delay the pencil continued.

"My Dear Child. I am so happy to see my family in the immortal world able to help you on earth. Olin is the same dear boy he was when in mortal form and takes deepest interest in all your affairs. He is a dear, brave boy. He is all over, keeps his eyes on the little maiden and youth, Leila and Frankie. (120-Vol. IV) We shall have much to tell you and much to write. Do not look inside the book; place it carefully away and when we meet place it under the table without looking in it.

Emeline is here. She is very happy and wants to talk with you. She is going to look for Frank and see if he still thinks of her. She leaves her love for you and George and Willie and Flora.

Now, my dear child, I can say no more to-night for I have an appointment with Dr. Franklin and we are going to look into very important affairs, and you shall know all.

We have seen the sun go down to-night, to shine on a bright future for our beloved. How happy we are! how happy you should be! You shall feel our blessings and know that they come from God. Good night. We can say no more. Meet just as soon as you can.

Your Ma."

Dec. 18th—1885 11 A. M.

Katie came to our parlor and the pencil directly wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. When we told you to place the book under the table, we had our reasons;

now we want the book to have a shade over it. Do not open it."

(121-Vol. IV) I placed the book under the table and covered it with one thickness of paper and then sat down by Katie, we two only, and the pencil soon wrote.

"My Dearest Sarah. All will be well! The voices in the spheres above sing out in sweet strains that, all will be well, for there is a great work for you to do yet in this world. You have been promised much. You shall receive much. You shall have all our aid, and oh how we shall rejoice when we see you less anxious, when we see your heart full of peace and happiness. When you can throw aside the crosses and feel at liberty to do so, and in their stead, take up the full blown roses while we breathe upon the buds, and the leaves open with untold blessings for you and yours.

My dearest Sarah, I will be here to-morrow night and we will have a happy meeting. I see now a cloud moving quietly, slowly away, surely away. My dearest sister, great changes are coming. They are taking place now. I have been trying to look into the future, but it is too soon. I must wait a day or two.

I would like to tell you more about (122-Vol. IV) Mr. Vanderbilt. He will be here to-morrow night and talk with you. His words will be to great effect. What he says means much.

Tell George I want him to take great care and attend to his own patients, wholly. I will say no more as no harm can come now.

I shall require a meeting, at all events, to-morrow night, and ¹Willie, my boy, we shall be happy to have you here. God bless you, my son.

To-day I shall seek out Dr. Franklin. He will speak in good time and will tell you the results of his present investigations. Be as happy as you can.

Olin."

² "Sister, I will go with you to-day and see what I can do. Now, sister, this life is very charming, very, very lovely; but there are

(1) Willie came in about this time.

(2) I was telling Willie I had not succeeded in finding what I wished for Christmas gifts to Flora, and must try again to-day.

times when I feel a little as a lily looks when the stem has been broken and it drops on one side. I feel so when I have seen Frank. To-day I shall be with you. Ma is making some preparations for the next week, and I am sure you will have a happy meeting to-morrow night.

Tell Flora that I kissed her this morning the first one. And now my dear (123-Vol. IV) Katy, I know that you will get on well and have great and unexpected happiness. Be of good cheer. We can say no more now.

Emeline."

"My Dear Child. You must keep up your own identity. Pay no bills unless for work ordered by yourself. I am troubled for you, but if you keep your identity you will succeed. Trust none of them, not one.

Prof. K."

Dec. 19th—1885.

Katie came at about seven P. M. and brought with her a stranger who desired to meet with us. We obliged him but were discomfited ourselves. There was no satisfaction in the meeting to us or to our circle on the other side. After he left the pencil wrote.

"There were many dear friends present tonight who were anxious to speak but they reserve much for another time. +++

There will be a death in this house that will surprise you."

Dec. 24th 9 P. M.—1885.

Katie had not been in since the 19th. I had been very ill on the 22nd and 23rd and was still in bed when at this hour (124-Vol. IV) she came to my bed room, and the pencil wrote.

"My Own Dear Child. How glad I am that you are recovering. You will soon be well now and enjoy the New Year. It will be a bright Christmas, for you will have passed over the sickness which might have been of long duration but for the Doctor's prompt action. You will be sufficiently well for us to open the New Year for you. We have all been with you watching over you constantly, one or the other of us. How

happy we are now to see you out of the fever heat of long suffering.

My child, my beloved child, you have every reason to be happy with your children. Frankie and Leila are just as real and life-like as dear ¹Flora is now with her arms about your neck. They only wish that you could see them and feel them as you do Flora. A shadow crosses over their sunny faces when they think that you cannot feel them. They want to be as real to you as dear Flora is. That is the only shadow they have. My soul goes out to these dear children. I have to explain much to them and they are always happy (125-Vol. IV) after my explanations.

My child, there will be music in all our gardens to-morrow. We have made many requests, to the Great Giver of all blessings, for our loved on earth, and if your New Year opens brightly for you, and cares seem less and life more full of joys, think of us and know that you were in our prayers for the glad New Year, for cloudless skies and flowery paths.

Listen, Sarah, do you not hear the holy music from our home? Oh, that you could hear!

I do not wish to tell you what we intend to give you in the little book, but you will have a memento that will cause you joy whenever you open it; a remembrance for your children as well.

Now, my darling, I have a request to make for many dear ones here. Meet for a short time in the dark, dark as you can; at nine o'clock or a little after, to-morrow evening, something very particular we wish to do, and we would like a subdued light. You have given happiness to many hearts and we will give to you. The babies will be here. I still call them babies. They like me to call them pet names.

(126-Vol. IV) Olin wants to say a word, his heart is full.

Now, my child, do not let the house affairs trouble you. They will go on well. I do not altogether favor the proprietor and proprietress, but all will go well. They know that you see

(1) This alludes directly to a business call which had interrupted their writing.

(1) Flora was leaning upon the bed with both arms twined about my neck.

clearly through all they do. They feel this, so do not worry. I have consulted with Olin about your house affairs.

You are going to sleep well to-night, Sarah, for we will watch very near you.

Emeline is very happy to-night. She has been with you much of the time and is trying to follow Olin in his investigations, which he has desired in order to lead her mind off from her husband; and as he has another companion it must be and is painful for the dear child to follow him. My child, God bless you. Now Olin may speak. He needs no help from me.

Your Ma, my child,

Your Mother."

"My Sister. It is a name grand to me. Sister, we shall meet to-morrow night. The directions have been given. (127-Vol. IV) ¹I was with Willie last night; between the hours of two and three I gently touched him in order to induce him to turn over. He was cared for by me and I hope to-night he will sleep well while we magnetize him. If he goes to sleep we will not disturb him.

My friend, Mr. Vanderbilt, will be one to give you a token in the book. He is a very bright spirit.

Meet at quarter past nine to-morrow night. I have desired to tell you more about the book but I better not.

Now, dear Sarah, God bless you while we watch over you.

I want George to feel happy. He has friends here and on earth; those who would carry him in their arms; those who would strew his path with roses, thornless roses. George, let no shadows cause gloom on your spirit. "Give us peace, give us rest," are words poured forth from the bed of sickness and from the heart of sorrow, and angels catch the words and bear them in their souls and answer from the immortal world the prayer for peace and rest. Few know as you do, sister, that spirits of their beloved are listening and watching and answering their

complaining. Not a (128-Vol. IV) wish is unheeded by us.

Prof. K. sends much love and reserves his greetings till to-morrow night. Merry Christmas to you all.

Olin."

¹ "My Son, you did well. I was very satisfied with you. Always bear in mind that a bright career is yours and every year takes you nearer the goal.

Benj. Franklin."

Dec. 25 9 P. M.—1885.

Katie came promptly and sat with the Doctor and Willie by the side of my bed while the following was written.

"My Dear Doctor. I was here last night but thought I would like to speak to-night, it being Christmas and a day of expectations. You did not sit alone to-day in your office. I was with you. I am greatly pleased with your book. It will do great good and yield you success in different ways. You will be greatly benefited by the views you have put forth and now have confidence in yourself. I feel deeply interested in your success in life. ² I want to see you a free man in every sense of the word.

This house will be one of the most (129-Vol. IV) noted in New York. This house will be the head quarters of business men; the residence for retired families, and be most prosperous. It will be a harvest where you and your children will gather the gold. When it passes into other hands it will be more successful.

You remember Dr. Taylor, how very nervous I was and how unfit to fulfill or accomplish my duties? I was often very worn in mind and depressed. Had I known of this truth when on earth, or rather, had I understood it, I would have been a different man in all things. I would have derived comfort from it and advice. Why did you not teach me this great truth? Why did you not open the book of wisdom for me? Oh, my friend, never let the opportunity pass, never let an honest man pass from you without showing him

(1) Willie was greatly troubled with sleeplessness. It quite disqualified him for work.

(1) This is Willie and refers to his speaking in public debate the previous evening.

(2) This alludes to an unsettled lawsuit.

the key to the immortal door of heaven. Just place the key in his hands, that is when you see a man like myself, willing to learn, feel your way, and if you find a man or woman, of intellect, half worn out take him or her into your sanctum. I give you this advice, Doctor, so that you may benefit others. Dear friend, all will be well.

I am sorry to see, dear Mrs. Taylor, (130-Vol. IV) that there will be some trouble here with a man whose name I do not know. Now let me warn you; keep all your valuables in a safe and see that others do, at least for a time. There are several suspicious persons in this house who will suddenly leave. I will keep watch, give aid, do all I can to arrest evil doers.

Mrs. Taylor, your brother Olin is most deeply interested in Mr. Vanderbilt and so am I; but Mr. Vanderbilt is not one to feel an interest in everybody; he has taken to Olin, and Olin is with him much of the time. They travel together. I am very happy in this new world. It interests me much to tell you that Olin is with me in studies of heavenly spheres and planets. He comes to learn of me and I go to learn of him.

I have watched over all your interests, and it is but just that I tell you, Sarah, that your faith is like a bright star, no one can dim it. It has lighted you on the way for many years, and is divinely beautiful. I admire you for your steadfast faith.

My dear friends, we are all here and we all wish you a happy New Year. Tenderly we will help you over the hills; (131-Vol. IV) gently we will bear with all your doubts; our eyes shall follow you lovingly at all times; and when you are weary we will fold you in our arms. Dr. Franklin will bless you with his presence often.

Now rest my dear friends, rest and meet before dark, or rather, just as night's shadows come to-morrow. The dear children are with you. George needs rest and we must close but shall linger near.

Prof. K."

"My Dear Sister. We are succeeding with the book. Be happy, all is well. Let no shadows

rest on you to-night. To-morrow my dear I will talk with you uninterruptedly. Katy, come surely!

We will now say, rest, dearest Sarah, for we want to see the roses on your cheeks to-morrow. Olin."

Now came a new, strange and hurried hand dashing over the paper with wild speed until fifteen or twenty pages were covered. When the pencil stopped and we held the paper before the mirror for reading we found it signed, "Charles Foster, Medium." We had noticed his death in the daily papers but a day or two before. (132-Vol. IV) I did not preserve the message or letter as he called it because it was a troubled, rambling, unhappy communication. He had known Katie in life and looked for her now, hence came here.

Dec. 26th—1885.

Katie came as requested and the following was written.

"My Child. We are all here. There is great joy here in our cheerful home for we have seen far beyond the present into the future of our loved on earth, and all looks bright. There will be greater joy when I tell you how joyful your two children here are over Flora, for they have walked with her to-day and taken hold of her arm. That pleased them so much that they have been in the greatest hurry to tell her this; and now they feel satisfied; but I will repeat their words to you just as they are saying them now. 'Tell our beloved Mamma to tell dear Flora that we have been with her and have taken hold of her arm and laughed when she laughed.' Now they are waiting to hear you tell Flora so that they can participate in her joy. (133-Vol. IV) They are happy now and I will go on with my work.

You will be up in another day; but you must be careful. Be very careful, dear, for we want to have a happy New Year and a sitting on the last of the old year. Do not forget the request as we shall all be here to keep the appointment. You can meet at half past nine and we hope to ring the joy bells so that you can hear them, all in

the room, which will consist of this circle only. These meetings are preparatory and give us infinite pleasure.

There will be great changes soon here, and you will be happy. You can rely on my words. We have looked carefully and see that these changes are coming, and you will be happier than you have been for many years. You will be very happy and many will take part in your happiness. We hope to see this proprietor and his family out of your life, wholly, before long.

You know that we bear all your trials, or we feel your troubles and try to bear them for you. But, dear child, as you are on the earth where every day brings a trial and a cross, while we are in such close contact with you, we cannot look (134-Vol. IV) about our beautiful, sinless world without wishing we could give you some of our blessings. We would gladly take some shadows off your sky and live in less sunlight ourselves if we could; but this you know. You have hosts to come to for sympathy and love and advice; always ready to help you, always ready to warn you. All have not this, dear Sarah, all have not this. Some will never have it. Some, yes. Many will pass out of this life without knowing that guardian angels ever saved them when stricken down by some sudden calamity. Much of the world is in darkness, worse, in a wilderness, and you can imagine how they must feel when they awaken to the reality. Imagine, dear Sarah, how disappointed and exhausted a person must feel when he or she comes here and for the first time learns that they can hold communication with friends on earth. Disappointed and dissatisfied, restless and unhappy. Oh, it is a sad thing, for such spirits we could weep. It is a great drawback to happiness in the spheres above. I will sometime tell you of an experience I had with a spirit here whose wife was on earth. She drew him so near her grief, so within (135-Vol. IV) all her unhappiness that he could not rise until we helped him up and explained how easily he could touch her with a soothing influence. I will tell you sometime all about him. God bless you. We must all give our attention

to the book now. Charles Foster is coming, he has a few words to say.

Your Ma.
The Circle."

"My Boy, you may rest easy. We shall get hold of you soon. My boy, in two months from to-day I expect to see you hard at work. Your great business lies in Europe. William Taylor, laugh at this as you please, your career, as Ben. Franklin says, lies in Europe. I will give you advice. Don't despise Charlie Foster + + + + so good night.

Charles Foster
N. B. my mark."

Dec. 27th 9 P. M.—1885.

The Doctor and I sat with Katie about the table. Willie was out. The pencil wrote.

"Cousin Willie. You have asked for me several times and now I can respond. I am not at all dissatisfied with my (136-Vol. IV) new home or with the surroundings. I have attended the ¹spiritual meetings and I am happy to know that I can communicate as the others do, only I do not take the same pleasure that some spirits do in visiting earth to leave messages of remembrance as none would listen. If they knew that I could really talk with them they might receive it and then I would be made happy. But Willie, why do you take interest in this world? You have dear friends here, of course, but the dearest are with you on earth. I often think of you and of those days when my heart was full of pleasure, of hope. You will not forget me. Sometimes think of me. Perhaps you would like to know what I am doing here all day long! I am just at present writing a book; I have been painting landscapes, and I thoroughly enjoy this life. You have been in Europe, so have I. So you see I, although in the spiritual eternal, can come down and be quite earthly.

I was amused last night with a man called Charles Foster. He pushed by those who stood near your door in order to be first. I heard him say 'Let me pass. I am Charles Foster.'

(137-Vol. IV) I hope you will now answer my

(1) He explained through the echoes that these were "meetings" in their world, not this.

letter for William H. Taylor from his cousin. When Willie returns I will say more, first I will see how he takes this."

We read the above and noticed the mistake of H. for G. The pencil at once corrected it. Now Willie returned and read the letter and we explained the correction, after which the pencil added.

"P. S. Remember, Cousin Willie, that this is my first attempt, mistakes are pardonable. My dear parents, how dear they are! I wish I could send them a word that would touch their hearts as coming from me, but it is at present doubtful.

Frank."

We now held conversation with Frank through the echoes. I told him of having heard years ago that they had received a message through the "Banner of Light" signed by Henry and asked him if Henry really sent that message? Frank replied, "Yes." I said, "And neither you or your father or mother accepted it?" He answered, "No." I asked why he had not been to see us before; told him how near he was to us, etc. The pencil then wrote. (138-Vol. IV) "I have felt a little reticent about coming, but now the way is opened I am happy to join the circle. I will say 'Good bye' now and let others come.

Frank."

"My Dear Sister Sarah. I come to you to-day a happier girl than I have been in many years. I have interested myself in a school for teaching very young children how to communicate with their friends on earth. So many come here weeping for their mothers and feeling that they are separated from their toys and playthings. It is important to teach them and to love them. I am happy to have the care of the dear little ones. It occupies my time and makes me very happy. This is the third time that I was offered this school of infants. First, I thought it might interfere with my looking after Frank; but Ma and Olin advised me to take it; so I did and I am glad. I feel very happy indeed with a child, too, of my own.

Now, sister, I have a secret to tell you. I would never have told you had not this change

taken place; I have never (139-Vol. IV) been truly happy till now. I never felt satisfied with my life till now. I was quite depressed at times; now I am happy and you can understand how free I feel and how much pleasure it gives me to talk with you. I am sure you will understand exactly how I feel. Ma and I sat down together in our bower of roses and talked a long time about the meeting for next Friday eve, New Year's eve. I shall be here, of course, and I hope to do my share. I see that all will be well. Cheer up sister, all looks bright. God bless you. Love to Willie.

Em."

After reading our letters and conversing somewhat, we asked Frank with whom he now had his home. The pencil replied.

"I am happy to respond to your call. I am with Grandma L. and Grandpa. We are with my mother's family and we are preparing our parents' home to have it look bright and cheerful. They will see only familiar faces when they come here. Home for them will be with their children and parents. In fact, it will be very charming.

You will be pleased to know that (140-Vol. IV) I have met Phoebe. Do you remember her at all?"

The paper was here handed me to read and I exclaimed over "Phoebe" asking if it was Phoebe Hayden whom I had known in Chelsea nearly forty years ago, a member of Uncle Isaac's church, a gabby, disagreeable girl of small sense and large conceit. The pencil continued.

"Yes, she is the Phoebe. How my father would enjoy Phoebe's name if he were to understand spiritualism. I will be one of the circle New Year's eve.

Frank."

"My Dear Children. I am here and very pleased to see that all looks calm and cheerful about your own home. I am pleased to see that dear Emeline is happy and satisfied. I rejoice in the change I see coming; bright changes for you. My dear children, be happy and rejoice. In the future much will take place for your good and interest. You will have all that is dis-

agreeable and uncertain soon settled. Then, you rest (141-Vol. IV) and enjoy the fruits of your labor. You will feel entitled to enjoy and rest. I shall not be the only one to rejoice in your happy rest. There are many spirits here not related to you, who will rejoice to see you less anxious and enjoying the fruits of your labor.

Dear child, ¹Leila is here with Frankie. They are always together. Leila is dressed in white, blue prevailing. Around her little ankles she has ribbon tied, and the whole of her waist is forget-me-nots. She looks perfectly beautiful. She is leaning over your chair. The dearest, sweetest, purest angel is our Leila.

Oh, my dear Sarah, how well I remember the morning that baby, darling, while nursing your breast, my arms were ready to take her home. The summons came to me early that morning and I watched by your side till the darling slept in my loving embrace. How I pitied you then God alone knows. But she is here now and Flora is here. Flora will live to take care of you, and smooth your way. She will be a great comfort to you and so will Willie. They will live. Give yourself no uneasiness.

(142-Vol. IV) I am going to tell you about our banquet hall. It is filled with visitors and looks very brilliant. You will rejoice when you go within its portals. You meet every friend you ever had. Then, dear child, oh, how happy we shall be. You will be at home at once. Not one strange feeling will you have. You have looked on the painting of heaven; we have painted it vividly for you and we hope to give you clearer insight.

Others want to talk with you so I will give way.

I do not think you will need feel worried more about theft.

God bless you and George and all that are dear to you.

Your Ma.
Your Mother."

"My Son, when men come to this world so unprepared as poor Charles Foster, they feel rest-

less, sick and longing for something they cannot grasp. I cannot do all I want to for him at present. He wants to have his own way first.

George, you better keep on with your work just as you are till spring; then a change will come which will show you which path to take. You will (143-Vol. IV) always have us with you to help you and to give you strength. My son, you have gone through your work very nobly and you will always have my aid. I advise you to place the book under the table and darken the room.

Benj. Franklin."

We turned down the gas, placed the book under the table and seated ourselves, Doctor, Willie, Katie and myself, as before, around the table. We chatted with each other and with our unseen loved ones, and the pencil wrote.

"Cousin Willie, how would you like to paint a landscape of hills and trees and horses with golden chariots flying over the pavements of summer land? Oh, I have seen such beauty here! My pen is weak. My heart silent. My book shall be handed down to earth before long.

Frank."

We now read the above and Willie made some expression of surprise, to which the pencil immediately replied.

"My book shall be given to you, Cousin Sarah. You will appreciate it more than anyone.

Frank."

(144-Vol. IV) "Some weeks ago I began a book. ¹Some day I will pick up a book in your room, and when I have written it full of what I have seen and what I see, I will place it in Cousin Sarah's hand.

Frank."

I asked Frank if our children (who died as babies and are now, one twenty four, and the other twenty) were as large as they would have been had they lived to their present age here? He replied, "Yes," then added through the pencil.

"Only they retain the baby look all through. You would know them under every circumstance. God has so ordained it. I was only ten minutes

(1) Leila was born Dec. 27th, 1865, twenty years ago today!

(1) Willie has several blank books in his room.

ago speaking to Dr. Franklin on that subject, and he answered me much to my satisfaction.

Frank."

I asked how Olin looked. The pencil wrote. "Olin is a handsome man, pure as an angel. Do you remember Caroline? She is very often with Em. and is to-night. They go off together very often.

Frank."

(145-Vol. IV) I then remarked, "You did not know Prof. Kenyon here; do you like him?" The pencil quickly replied.

"Like him dear cousin! Who does not like him? Where he is, is renown. Yes, and he likes all your family.

I have talked with Margaret Fuller since I announced myself here.

Frank."

Dec. 29th 9 P. M.—1885.

At this hour Katie came to my bed room and with the Doctor present the following was written.

"My Dear Child. We are happy to see you better. Now you will continue to improve and soon be quite well and enjoy the New Year. We are having great pleasure and hope to give you pleasure. We want the meetings at an hour when you will not feel disturbed.

Joyful gladness rings forth in all the spheres! How grand are all God's works! How sublime! Even in the silence of His works there is grandeur.

Infinitely blest are you, my child, to have all this knowledge. You see us in our home and in our banquet hall; in (146-Vol. IV) our bowers and among the sweet flowers. You can see your sweet blue-eyed daughter and your handsome dark-eyed boy. You know how they look. You cannot imagine them more beautiful than they are. You cannot paint the home of the blessed more beautiful than it is. You know that it is too beautiful for description. Who can convey a strain of music by Mozart or Beethoven after it has ceased? No one, and yet we can give you a very correct idea of our immediate home.

Dear child, Olin is helping me. He is very happy these days. He likes his new companion,

Mr. Vanderbilt, and he has helped him. Olin knows that he has been a lamp to him. Of course he feels happy over all his new converts.

We shall tell you all about our home soon. What progress we have made and how far we are advanced up in the starry spheres.

All goes well. The annoyances are becoming less; but Dr. Franklin will give you a word soon; then you will know where you are and be prepared. My dear children, you are doing your (147-Vol. IV) duty and no evil will come to you. Those who plan traps for others will fall in themselves. That is a consolation and it is but just.

Tell Willie to nurse his eyes for a day or two. Tell him we are taking especial care of him. Tell dear Flora that we will kiss her to-night while she sleeps. God bless you all.

Meet at five to-morrow for the book; we want the room dark, and we see no obstacles in the way.

Your Ma.

Your Mother."

"My Dear Children. I have overheard a conversation to-day between the proprietor and proprietress to this effect. 'I shall, just as soon as I can, better myself.' Now, my children, you know how things stand and when that time comes know that it is for the best. I was near and heard this said. 'I want to better myself and shall soon as I have an opportunity.'

George, now is the time to sell your book. I will blow you success before the winter is over. All is well.

Benj. Franklin."

(148-Vol. IV) Dec. 30th 5 P. M.—1885.

Katie came at the appointed hour. I placed the book under the table, then we sat down and the writing commenced in the usual manner. The Doctor, Willie and Flora came in before they were through.

"My Dear Child. I am here and very happy. This is our hour, between daylight and dark, twilight, the hour for angels, the hour for you and your beloved.

As I was coming along the flowery paths I

gathered a few of our sweetest flowers and let them fall from my hands upon Frankie's head. He looked up and saw me and said, 'You are off to Mamma.' I waved my hand yes, in response. 'Then take my garland of sweet roses to her and tell her they came from my bower, my summer home.' He was singing as I came along and I thought I never saw a more beautiful picture. We are so happy! Frankie and Leila have their regular hours for drawing and copying the scenery about them. Some days they go far away to other worlds and everything appears so beautiful that they love (149-Vol. IV) to sketch what they look upon in worlds beyond their own. There is real enjoyment here, real happiness. No one ever wishes to return to live on earth. Every advantage we have here. We can take a seat by your side when you are alone and remain with you for a long time. How little you realize that to-day we were here and walked round the room with you. Some one of us visits you daily: so you are never alone. We send telegrams one to another. When one of our circle is occupied very closely to earth, perhaps watching by the sick or dying, we send a telegram to ask where they are and when they will join us, that is, when we miss them from our own immediate home. All this we tell you that you may know each day something new. I think we have never told you this before. We have intended to tell you much about this and we will in time, dear child.

Frank, your cousin, has been with me to see you to-day. He talked with me about his great wish to convince Uncle Isaac, but that will be when he comes here; I fear not before; but the great change must come when facts will be made known, when this (150-Vol. IV) truth will shine forth and be one of his greatest comforts. Oh, my child, when he comes here how he will write his regrets to you that he did not find out this consolation, which has been the means of lifting many a veil of sorrow. Oh, how he will regret it, and he will blame himself.

My dear children all is well! Be not troubled! Look for happiness and not for clouds! The

sunshine will come and the clouds will pass away! Never anticipate sorrow; when it comes it will be time to meet it.

We will all be here to-morrow. Now I will give way for others.

Your Ma.
Your Mother."

Flora had company, a little friend, in the parlor while the above was being written, but about this time her friend left and she came in and whispered to me an incident which she should have told me sooner. I reproved her for the omission and she at once set about writing a note of apology. While she and I were talking this little matter over to ourselves, the pencil wrote as follows. (151-Vol. IV) "My Dear Sister Flora. Let this be a lesson for life. Always tell Mamma. I will help you write the note.

Sister Leila.

Written with Aunt Emeline's help."

The pencil wrote again.

"My Dear Son. You must rest for I see that you feel a little under a cloud; rest. I am with all the folks and very happy.

Your 'Father."

"Well, well, I have not been asked for, I can't help it. I wish you a happy New Year, Willie! Bradley.

²I have the old cap yet; the dear old cap."

Dec. 31st 11 P. M.—1885.

We met at this hour for our invisible circle to open the New Year for us. Because of the lateness of the hour Flora was not with us. Doctor, Willie, Katie and I sat with lowered light and the following was written.

"We are all here to keep our appointment, one and all. We gathered at the banquet hall. My child, (152-Vol. IV) the organ was playing before we were there. The sweet, holy strains reached us long before we stepped within the door. Many had gathered to go their separate ways and many had gone there to meet dear friends. Some had gone there to see our circle and in that gathering I noticed for the first time Olin

(1) Father Taylor.

(2) We buried the "cap" with him thirteen years ago in compliance with a request he left in writing.

with Mr. Vanderbilt and the father of Mr. Vanderbilt. Many of his relatives were there. He looked happy and contented. Olin talked with him and I heard him say that he would soon talk with his wife. He will bring it about soon. Mr. Longfellow was at the banquet hall and his wife. He was in company also of many poets like himself. Mr. Bryant was there with his two companions. They are both lovely spirits inwardly.

The old year is departing, silently it is going. Every five minutes brings the New Year nearer and us all near the banquet hall. Many hearts to-night are sick with sorrow; many hearts weep bitterly to-night, many eyes are dim to-night (153-Vol. IV) over memories of their lost. Mrs. Vanderbilt is one among a million who sit alone tonight bowed down with grief. She sees no beauty in her home to-night; only the vacant chair and lonely bed; voiceless, desolate the room he so lately occupied. Such desolation must come, to those without this faith, sooner or later. What a world will be opened to that poor woman when she leaves this earth! What a world of joy! Her grief will turn to happiness.

The old year will go, the New Year will come, and each person can make his record bright or dark; each one can from this night bury all that is dark in this old year and open the New Year with spotless record; turn the first page to-night at twelve.

How much you have to be grateful for! How much you can thank God and yourself for! The old year bears no new grave on its earth for your tears to water and I am grateful, we are all grateful. We could have told you this long ago but the time had not come, so, to-night we rejoice (154-Vol. IV) with you. Your little ones are all here, on earth and in heaven. It is a sweet name, 'heaven.' That word expresses so much; it is heaven for the way worn child to rest; it is heaven for the weary, care worn mother to place her head on her pillow after long watching by the sufferer. Oh, 'heaven' is a grand word. It is heaven for us to be here with you to-night.

My children, we have a great thing to do with that book, our book. We have a great work to

do with it and we feel impatient. Be not impatient, let us take our time. Many have a hand in the book and it is particular and requires time. You will fully understand when you see the book.

We are all gathering now to give you our token of the New Year. We are gathering power.

I hesitate for some of the circle are calling to me from the spheres above and sending you messages of love. One is Rose, she sends you her loving (155-Vol. IV) wishes for a Happy New Year. Prof. K. is here in your midst. Aunt Sarah sends her love. Bradley is here. Frank is very happy to be present. Frankie and Leila are both here. Mr. and Mrs. Smith send loving greetings. I will not pause to give the names, you know them all. We are all very near you.

Be happy, George, the New Year will bring you great success and close with perfect satisfaction for you. All will be well. Your sunbeam is with you, she does not despond; let her cheering words rest you for she speaks prophetically.

We shall want less light when we all gather. God bless you my dear children. We all wish you happiness on this New Year morn.

Your Ma.

All the circle present."

"My precious, darling Mamma and Papa, Happy New Year."

"Dear Frankie is here with me. I was with my husband, Frank, when he came for me to write you a message for him. This is it, 'Tell my dear brother Willie that his thoughts must be happy (156-Vol. IV) or I cannot go and frolic with the flowers. I will kiss him next time on his dear, dear face. Oh, brother Willie, love me.

Frankie."

Written by Aunt Emeline, dictated by Frankie."

While the above was being written, we extinguished all light and soon thereafter the midnight bells of the city struck and at the same time a sweet, clear bell began to ring in our midst and close to us. It rang with the greatest regularity and sounded more like the silver bells in

a music box than any other sound I know. It had rung several minutes, I should think five, when Frankie said through the echoes, "Brother Willie, look at my bell." Then it rang clear and strong in front of and close by Willie, but he could not see it. Neither of us could see anything but the blackness of darkness. Finally the bell began to move away, apparently, the sound lessened gradually until we could hear but the faintest ring and as though it was far away, then ceased entirely.

The manifestation was beautiful but no surprise to us because of our previous experiences as before recorded.

(157-Vol. IV) I know absolutely that neither Katie nor we have a bell or any other thing that could be made to give forth what we heard. The pencil wrote.

"My Dear Children. We wish we could convey to you heaven's strains. We have to partake of earth to make these sounds. Be satisfied. You shall have sweet music of our own this New Year.

My dear children, God bless you all. Happy New Year, my son, be hopeful. We would not say, be happy, if we saw clouds. Success is before you and a bright, happy year.

Benj. Franklin."

Jan. 3rd 9 P. M.—1886.

Katie with us in my bed room. We did not know Mr. Vanderbilt and had said little in response to their messages about him, and I now feared we had seemed indifferent and said as much to Olin, to which he replied, while we sat by the table with the book beneath, as follows.

"My Dearest Sister. You do not have to express yourself in words to us; we read your heart and see how welcome friends of mine are, and Mr. Vanderbilt is one I think highly of and esteem and (158-Vol. IV) love. His sudden departure from all his earthly ties, without one moment's warning, was sufficient to draw me at once to him, knowing his noble nature. He will soon give you great pleasure; and bear in mind that he has been here with me and not idle. Mr. Vanderbilt's sudden departure was painful

in more ways than one. We have talked together and there is truth in much that has been murmured in the winds. My soul was heavy for a while, for I am one who sympathizes with a kindred spirit; but now he is happier and I have joy in giving him my aid.

I am here to-night to meet all the circle. Two are on their way here. Dr. Franklin and our mother. They will all be here soon.

Olin."

Jan. 7th 3 P. M.—1886.

"My Dear Sarah. It is a sad fact that some souls on earth are so closed to the influences of this world, that no gentle, loving whisper can echo within. So it is with our father's wife. However, dear sister, we must have charity and let the rain drops fall (159-Vol. IV) outside while we send back the sunshine and warm rays of our better feelings. Write to our father's wife just as you have decided and all will be well.

We have been with you for the past few days very closely. We want to see you gain strength, dear Sarah. We want to see you well, and we must see what we can do for you. Now, dear Sarah, my advice to you is, not to be at all anxious. Let things go on; let others take the care, or greater part of the heavy care. Rest as much as you can. + + + + + We cannot talk more as we are all together for a particular purpose. God bless you. All is well.

Olin."

"Meet purposely for our circle to-morrow at nine.

Benj. Franklin."

"Let the meeting be at nine as I have a particular dislike to interruptions.

Written for Mr. Vanderbilt. We can say no more now.

Benj. Franklin."

Jan. 8th 9 P. M.—1886.

At this hour we were in our places as requested and the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Little Sister Flora. How happy you are with dear Mamma! You shall (160-Vol. IV) have me with you to-night, little one, and when you are asleep I will kiss you and bless

you, and go with you to-morrow and take care of you while you dance; then I will come home with you. God bless you. Great happiness is before you. I waft you kisses from our beautiful world. Brother Frankie sends you his love and kisses.

Your sister Leila,

Emeline.

Written by me, dictated by Leila."

We read Leila's letter to Flora, which she greatly enjoyed and directly went to her room. The pencil added before she started.

"Now mind our dear Mamma and go to bed."

Flora left the room and the pencil continued.

"How sublime is faith! You see it in that dear child, how grand! Well did our Saviour say, 'Learn of little children.' How holy is her faith. What a bright lamp in years to come. How it will guide her footsteps, and save her from much that otherwise would have darkened her sky. We all saw her when she read her sister's letter, and we could have taken her (161-Vol. IV) in our arms and held her there where angels could drop upon her pure brow the wreaths of immortal jewels and kiss away the first cloud that comes.

Mr. Vanderbilt wanted to take her in his arms, he was so struck with her faith. She seemed another being when her sister's words vibrated on her ear. Oh, my beloved sister, well did you decide when you let Flora hear the voice of her sister. You did well!

We shall now take ten minutes to gather.

Olin."

Ten minutes passed, then the pencil ruled the paper and the following was written on the lines.

"Dear Friends. I am happy to come with this circle. I shall do my work in the book. I would like ruled paper hereafter.

You are on the road to great events; my railroads will be in the shade when I have finished with you. I have much to thank your friends for. Your brother and other members of your own immediate circle have opened a new life for me and I can only show my gratitude by being grateful to you and doing all in my power

to help you in the many (162-Vol. IV) vicissitudes of life. Trials on earth are many. When once involved in the snares of others to whom you look for gratitude, and first let me tell you that my sudden departure was by the shaft of a man's tongue. He little knew that he would be the cause of my departure. I think my wife knows all.

Well, I will not dwell on this painful subject, painful in the extreme.

What I worked for, will not pass away, never, and I can look down upon my work.

When I first met your friends in the banquet hall, I was bewildered with all the reality and beauty. I did not like my home after visiting the homes of your circle, and it was Olin Langworthy who first took me to a home of surpassing loveliness, which he said should be mine, and together we will prepare that home for other members of my family and add new beauty daily. My family who have been here a long time were very happy, are very happy in their way but not in mine. They are differently constituted from me. My tastes are more in keeping with your brother and his circle. I have found great (163-Vol. IV) comfort in their society; in fact I am a thorough spiritualist. One thing I desire above all others, that is to send a message to my wife and George, my favorite son. That day will soon come.

How little my earthly treasures seem! What are they compared to this world of so many treasures? You know they are as nothing, for you have a knowledge far, far above all earthly knowledge. I hope to give you a remembrance, in your book, of me which will show my deep and profound gratitude to Olin's sister.

This is an easy way of telegraphing, and one I have to thank you for. I will now give way for other things trusting you will often think of me when you look in the book your circle holds so dear.

Truly Yours,

W. H. Vanderbilt."

We read Mr. Vanderbilt's letter and speculated over the different phases of life there, and

wondered, among other things, if the bigoted and conceited remained so there? The pencil wrote.

"Have you ever visited friends in the country, church people, who could not see beyond the church windows, and whose views were so narrow that if you smiled, (164-Vol. IV) you sinned? Such homes are here.

The Circle."

"Dear George. I come now to keep my promise. I am a happy man, no strife, no unpleasant work. I feel happy that you remember me. I mean that it gives me pleasure to come to you when you call. I like to stand by you when you work the 'movements.' You are the king among them. Well, you are doing a good work and will be prospered. Your mother is happy here. She visits you and so do we all. Good night.

Daniel."

Jan. 11th 8 P. M.—1886.

We provided ruled paper for Mr. Vanderbilt and immediately on sitting by the table the pencil wrote upon the ruled paper.

"How pleased I am to come here to-night. I am going to aid the circle.

I am pleased to come with your beloved circle. They are so far advanced that I esteem it a pleasure to make one of the number. I think I will be able to give you great happiness before you come here. I will say more before the close.

W. H. V."

(165-Vol. IV) Uncle Isaac, Frank's father, was to celebrate his eightieth birthday on the 19th, and we had got a beautiful gold-headed cane to send him and it was now in my room. I mentioned it to Frank. The pencil wrote.

"My Dear Cousin Sarah. It will be a happy surprise and a loving remembrance. He will write you all about it and by his letter you will see that father has a great pride for handsome things. You have chosen the most suitable present for this birthday. He will be very happy when it arrives. I am sure you could not have chosen a better and you will be convinced of my knowledge when you hear from him.

He may some day not far off speak of spiritu-

alism to you; then you can tell him how often you have heard from me.

Your Cousin Frank.

Father will hear from me soon. I will not tell you how, but he will, and very soon."

"My Dear Friends. To-night we have accomplished much and all feel satisfied. To-morrow will be a (166-Vol. IV) happier day for you, dear child. You will be better; and now do be careful. Meet early Wednesday evening here. Great and happy changes are near. Be glad. We are all working for you. God bless you. We have a powerful aid in Mr. Vanderbilt. Good news is near.

The Circle."

"My Dear Child. We have your health at heart.

"Strange as it may seem these interruptions greatly affect us. We want you to know that your nerves are weakened, quivering to the very surface and to destroy that sensitiveness you must rest and take strengthening medicines, such as George is now giving you. This sensitiveness will pass away and you will feel well; but guard your health; rest your body, the mind will rest itself with the body. All will be well! Now let me go to the circle and do my part.

Benj. Franklin."

Again the pencil turned to the ruled paper and wrote.

"A fair maiden twined her arms around my neck as (167-Vol. IV) I took the arm of Olin, and gave me a rose garland with a kiss for her dear Mamma. She never saw any one half so lovely as her dear Mamma; so said the fair maiden with the sweet blue eyes. The garland of roses I cannot give to-night. How she will laugh to see the joke she played upon me, this little maiden.

My dear friends, do not feel troubled about the hotel. All will work in your favor, and you will live to enjoy your home on earth free from anxiety.

W. H. V."

(1) Someone entered the room with a message for me.

Jan. 14th 9 P. M.—1886.

We placed the "book," as always, under the table and as soon as we were seated the pencil began to rule the blank paper which lay upon the table. I immediately opened the large "Tablet" of ruled paper and said, "Mr. Vanderbilt, this is for you, and you only."

The pencil then wrote in it.

"And I am to fill this book! Well, be it so.

I see that there is confusion in the house but never heed it. All will turn out to your advantage. It takes a combination of little things to bring about great events. I know this to (168-Vol. IV) be a fact, my friends.

We were speaking of friends in this world of ours; how different every thing appears to a new born spirit, than to those who have lived here a few years. Some advance very rapidly; others are slow. When one is so blessed as to have advanced spirits to help open the doors and show the beautiful and advanced spirits of this world, every regret leaves and heaven looks a paradise indeed. I was among the most fortunate taken up by your brother, Mr. Langworthy, to the higher spheres and celestial homes of those who have passed from earth, as you or I would count, many, many years ago. Now, had I been left to walk alone through the paths of the heavenly world, I would have felt strange, bewildered and oppressed; a little sad; yes, very homesick, for I left too suddenly to be reconciled by beauty, ethereal and grand as it might appear, but for Olin I would have been desolate. He knows how I feel gratitude, love and interest for those whom he loves. How few can comprehend this; do you, dear friends, take the point?"

(169-Vol. IV) We read the letter, made some remarks and among them I asked Mr. Vanderbilt if Olin had told him how instantaneously he was taken from this life? The pencil added.

"Olin explained all this to me and our friendship opened in that way. I wish I had known you when on earth; but so it is. Fate, destiny, circumstances, all come too often between happiness. However, we know each other now. I shall feel happy, say happier, or the happiest

when I can do you some good, earthly good.—

Excuse me, I was obliged to greet my friends.

I make you this promise. Before very long I will send you an earthly blessing.

I will now join the circle and their work.

W. H. V."

The pencil now returned to the unruled paper. Flora was going to her room.

"Good night my darling sister; happy dreams. I love to watch over you.

Sister Leila."

"My Dearest Sister. We are all here, happy to fulfill our pleasant duty and work. We will give you a grand surprise, some (170-Vol. IV) day not far distant.

Give yourself no uneasiness about anything in this house; let things take their own course; be silent and all will be well. All send love. God bless you. I must join the circle now.

Olin.

I was called while writing."

"We have used all our power but will say more to-morrow. Meet then. God bless you all.

Benj. Franklin."

Jan. 17th 9 P. M.—1886.

Katie did not come until Sunday evening. Willie was to leave the next morning for Uncle Isaac's, Frank's home. He was to make a little address at the celebration which was to be held in the vestry of the church. We seated ourselves and directly the pencil commenced.

"Dear Willie. I am going home with you. Take my love and blessing to my father and mother. Tell them I am happy here as a bird; and that I am preparing their home in a beautiful grove of different poplar trees. Tell them that I love (171-Vol. IV) to look in their pure home. Their lives are bright records in this, our heaven. I no longer suffer, I no longer have the least shadow of a wish to live again on earth. I am happy with my brothers and all the dear ones. Tell father that he is walking in the path that will lead him to happiness. God bless you all.

Frank."

"You will be helped my dear boy; have confi-

dence in yourself. Take your paper and occasionally refer to it. You will be aided and very successful.

Olin."

"I always had my speech prepared and placed it on the table immediately before me, now and then looking at it. I will lend you my aid.

Prof. K."

Willie joked Frank about his book; also asked if they have horses in that world. The pencil wrote.

"I know you will often take my book for your guide and dictionary.

Would heaven be perfect without horses?

Frank."

We had just read a biographical sketch of "H. H." in which it is stated that (172-Vol. IV) she did not believe in spirit communication because her son never came to her. It grated on me for I knew she had too much evidence to make such a denial. The pencil wrote.

"My mind in regard to that is this. Helen Hunt Jackson may have said that she did not believe in spiritualism owing to her not having heard from her son, a passing remark without thought, but that was all. She always believed.

Frank."

"God in His manifold kindness has allowed us to gather once more around the family board to give you welcome.

Daily I see new beauty in this world that chains my spirit and makes me wonder how people on earth can wish to remain long when this home awaits them, a perfect heaven of rest. I speak of those who know that 'ere long they will be called, and if they only knew what a beautiful world they are journeying to, they would long to come; but it was so with me. I must not forget.

To-day we all gathered in the bower of your mother; your sister met me, leading your lovely (173-Vol. IV) children. The sweet little maiden threw her garland of roses over me, and I caught her in my arms and told her to take a kiss from me to her brother; when she playfully said, 'Here he is, kiss him yourself.' Dear, sweet child;

I love her playful moods. She plays many little tricks with her friends here. She and her brother are inseparable.

I wish to tell you that all is now well, and I see a happy change near. I will have much to say in a day or two. Good tidings are near, Olin says. I must now do my work.

W. H. V."

"My Dear Children. I am here and have been here since early in the evening. All is going on well. We want a meeting at eleven on Tuesday morning. We now feel sure of success and are very happy. Go to rest my children, and know that we are with you.

Benj. Franklin.

The Circle."

Jan. 19th 11 A. M.—1886.

We seated ourselves at the appointed hour for conversation with our invisible loved ones.

(174-Vol. IV) "My Dear Sarah. We are all coming soon. We have some of us been with you all night. Our mother lingered in your presence for many hours; then Emeline took her place, for we knew that you suffered, not so much bodily pain, but that which tries the nerves and makes the heart sick, and the spirit sorrowful as well as languid. We want to see you happy, and health is the lamp to happiness. We must do something to get you well. We must get you well. I think Dr. George must look thoroughly into your case with me and other members of our circle. To get you well now is the one great aim.

All is well. We will work in our way to-night when you rest in your bed. We will help you, dear Sarah; so cheer up, let your spirit go forth out of the clouds and be glad. This is no deep seated disease, nor of long standing. We look ahead and in a short distance ahead, now rely upon what we tell you. I never feel troubled when I glance (with the aid of Dr. Franklin) into the future. I can quickly tell if there (175-Vol. IV) are to be unhappy changes. Be happy! I have reason to tell you this.

The children are with quite a gathering of people in the grove of ferns. Mr. Vanderbilt was

with them when I left. I have been on a voyage and glanced at them as I came by.

Well, you see that we have our happy enjoyments. Love is a wonderful chain. It links heaven and earth; by it the souls of all nations are united and beat in unison. Love is God's altar for angels and all earth's children to kneel upon. My soul is glad; let yours be likewise.

We will all be here in twenty minutes.

Olin."

The pencil now went to the "Tablet" and wrote.

"May I ask who the dark old nurse is who holds your little girl? A nurse of uncommon talent I perceive. She was holding her over a brook so that she might see herself mirrored in the calm smooth waters.

W. H. V."

On reading Mr. Vanderbilt's note I recognized the "dark nurse" as Rose.

We now chatted for some minutes and I said that Mr. Vanderbilt had every thing in this life to hold him here, health, (176-Vol. IV) domestic relations, money, power and all. No other person so much to enjoy and leave. The pencil wrote.

"My Esteemed Friend. I look upon my great wealth on earth, the exquisite home; but with no desire to be back again clothed in mortal garb. I am happy to say my work on earth can still go on. Some heavy regrets I have as you can well understand. I would like to have passed away in a different way, sudden death is not always pleasant.

I might have done more good; but what I failed in when on earth, I may be able to accomplish here; at least I shall endeavor to and I seldom fail. I am thankful to be here. It is for the best. However, you understand that for some days I was a wretched man. I suffered more in that short time than I ever suffered in all my life. I never knew it was possible to recover so soon, and neither would I have recovered had it not been for your brother and others of your family circle. Olin has told me since, that he suffered for me, and even felt my pangs. (177-Vol. IV) I feel grateful to him and to you.

W. H. V."

We read his letter, expressed our interest and sympathy but could not tell the day of his death so we asked him. The answer came.

"Take me not back there now, to that date. You shall know soon.

W. H. V."

I asked for Dr. Franklin. After a moment's delay the pencil wrote.

"My child, I am here. Speak.

B. F."

I then told him that a gentleman from the West had been here, the previous evening, with a proposition for Willie to go in business there. I wanted their advice. The pencil wrote.

"I saw him last night. I must consider. To me, this looks like weaving my predictions into reality without delay.

B. F."

"My Esteemed Friend. This needs careful thought which I will give. Let me look into this matter.

W. H. V."

"Yes, it needs very great and careful investigation. We will all look into Willie's future. He has (178-Vol. IV) been my charge for years, and he shall continue to be. Feel no anxiety and whatever we advise will be for his good.

Benj. Franklin."

"My Dear Friends. My advice may not be worth much, but I say, give up all idea of your son going off so far. I advise you not to think of it one moment, not one moment. He must not go so far off at present.

Charlie."

Again he snatched the pencil and wrote,

"I see no use of beating around the bush and 'considering' and giving 'careful thought.' I say, no; now that is sufficient.

Charlie."

Now the pencil was moved with the greatest difficulty and in a most cramped hand. Katie said, "This person has never written before." It was:

"I will be able to come sometime. I have just come. Do not ask me any questions."

I asked Olin who the stranger was. He said.

(179-Vol. IV) "Dear Sister, he came through a friend of his. He will come again. He is not in my home but I think you will hear in a day or two and like him. I have not made his acquaintance, which I shall hope to do before long.

He came, perhaps, to-day. I shall see him when he comes again. I have only just seen that he came through a friend of his.

Olin."

"My Darling Child. How often we have longed for this day, when we could have Katie near, so that we could talk often. The atmosphere is against us to-day and we are all going off together. My beloved child, I think Willie must remain here near you. God bless you.

Your Ma.

Your Mother."

Jan. 21st 10 A. M.—1886.

Katie came to my room at this hour saying the raps had told her early in the morning to come here and had given her no peace since, until she started. She was busy and did not want to come.

The Doctor and Willie were present.

She wanted pencil and paper at once and in that same cramped hand came this:

(180-Vol. IV) "Note the time that I came yesterday." (At this point the pencil went to the "Tablet" and wrote in the now familiar hand: "Please read our poor, dear friend's letter of Tuesday, for reasons I will explain after. W. H. V." We read the message of Tuesday. Then the pencil returned to the sheet of paper and continued:

"It was Tuesday, now I remember. I was still in the body to all appearances; but I thought of spiritualism and the time I thought, my soul left the body and so I am here; but oh, friend, dear friend, tell Olin to help me."

The paper was handed me and after reading I asked for Olin. Mr. Vanderbilt said he was not here. I then asked, "Is this some one he would like to assist?" The answer, "Yes." "Then," I continued, "do call him."

In two or three minutes the pencil resumed in a free and easy manner as follows:

"My family, my husband, how he feels. Write at once to my family, I am living.

Mary."

I said, "What Mary?" The pencil wrote. "M. Hooker Burton."

(181-Vol. IV) We read the name in utter amazement. We had known Mary Hooker some eighteen years ago and knew that she was married to Mr. Burton some fifteen years since and lived in Hartford, her native city, and knew no more.

What could this mean? Was it true that she had just died? Through the echoes they said that when she came to us on Tuesday, the 19th, she was not here with sufficient distinctness, for them to know her sex, simply enough to know that some one was changing worlds. The pencil still wrote:

"I am not very happy. They think I died suddenly but I did not. How I want to return! How much I have to say that I meant to have said that day when I was musing, half on earth, my thoughts in heaven! My spirit left. I thought, what if I should die, who could I come through; how let them know that I was about them? I was troubled very much. I thought, I will see if I can impress any one in New York. I thought of Katie Fox and other mediums, of Miss Edmonds, etc.

Dictated by M. H. B.

Written by Olin."

(182-Vol. IV) "Well, they are in grief now. I think, Sarah, you better write a letter of sympathy and weave in the one great point that Mary lives. It will open the way for you.

Olin."

"My Esteemed Friend. I thought the reading of the message over to her would recall her thoughts, and it did. We can say no more now. We must close.

W. H. V."

After a few moments the pencil added.

"I have just left the family. Mrs. Burton departed ¹ yesterday to all appearances. I am not quite sure. They are overwhelmed and utterly

(1) It is at the bottom of the 178th page.

(1) "Yesterday" was Wednesday and she had manifested here on Tuesday.

powerless. I think they will seek this intercourse at once, as the death on earth was sad and unpleasant.

Olin."

We were more and more amazed. We searched the daily papers and as soon as the Doctor could leave his office he went to the Windsor to examine the Hartford papers, that being her home, but no notice of Mary Hooker Burton's death; and without other evidence. I could not (183-Vol. IV) write Mrs. Hooker. On the evening of the 22nd the Doctor went again to the Windsor and found in the Hartford paper, published the evening before and received there that morning, the notice of her death and that it transpired on the 20th, the day that Olin said and the day after she first manifested.

BURTON—Entered into rest, Wednesday, January 20th, in this city, Mary Hooker Burton, aged 40 years.

Funeral services at 11 o'clock, Saturday morning at residence of Dr. Hooker, 70 Farmington avenue. Burial private.

Jan. 23rd 3 P. M.—1886.

On the morning of this date I wrote Mrs. Hooker and at this hour Katie came in and the pencil wrote.

"How can I thank you for your kindness? What can I say? Mother will come soon. I must go and rest. I am so weary, so tired. I long for rest from anxiety.

My family draws me so near them, that I feel most grateful to you for writing that comforting letter. It will enable me to go higher.

M. H. B.

I will come when I can.

M. H. B."

The pencil was here taken by "Charles Foster" and wrote:

"I am happy these days to see spiritualism spreading. (184-Vol. IV) It is now the fashion of the day, and the world will soon believe.

I never was insane in my life. People may say what pleases them best. I was never insane. It

is a lie. I do want to trip people up when I hear them say, 'Charles Foster died insane.'

Charlie."

We made some kindly reply to his message. He then added:

"Well, now, I feel that I will do much for you and yours for those kind words. 'Good bye.' I will write small to please you, if I can, and what any one else can do Charles Foster can.

Charlie."

"My Dear Sarah. We are all here; and now that the day is clear we would like the book. Can you place it where we can work in it?

I feel that a great flood of sunshine has fallen across your pathway since you wrote that letter to Mary's mother. You will bathe in it on earth at some future time. Her husband is a nice man I think, and some great good will come out of all this. It is another great proof of this power, to place on record; another (185-Vol. IV) great study for scientific men.

Olin."

(On telling them it was inconvenient to meet now, the pencil continued)

"Give us an hour or so to-night, at nine, say. My dear sister we shall all gather to talk with you to-night. Our dear mother will be busy with the book. Dr. Franklin will also be here. Some of us will talk with you while the others of the circle will be working in the book. I think now we will go, and greet you to-night.

Your brother Olin."

The pencil now changed to the rapid, dashing hand and said:

"Mr. Vanderbilt is king of the railroads. Olin is king of heaven's telegraph. Far as I can see, he helps everybody.

Charlie."

We said to Olin, "Where is Frank? We have not heard from him since Willie got back. Wonder if he enjoyed the celebration!" The pencil replied.

"I will tell him that you would like him to come with us to-night. Yes, he enjoyed everything but he is reserving his letters for another

time. He is happy as happy can be. We shall all say much to you in the book.

Olin."

(186-Vol. IV) Jan. 23rd 9 P. M.—1886.

We were in our places at the appointed hour with the book under the table. While we sat for them to work in their own way, the pencil wrote.

"We are all here, my dear children. The dearest of all are here, your two precious gems. They will be here to see their Grandma work in the book. They love so to roam over the universe, and recline on the velvet ground covered with flowers. Their pillows are softer than any down on earth; and then, their amusements are so varied. They give you their loving kisses. Oh, my dear children, how beautiful these children are to-night. Will you know them? Yes, you cannot fail. Leila, with her lovely eyes and hair, her light form so perfect; and Frankie, so handsome, his dark eyes and hair, his heavenly smile. They are angels, and none are purer. They love me as I love them. The brook is Leila's favorite place; there she goes to look at herself. Only an hour ago she threw away a wreath of flowers she had on her beautiful head, to replace it by one rose, a white rose, and blue forget-me-nots on her bodice. (187-Vol. IV) She looked in the brook and thought how sweet, how beautiful, and she asked Uncle Olin if her Mamma and Papa could see her? 'Yes, my child,' he said, 'In imagination and in reality for we paint you to them almost daily.' So she glided off in her happy rambles. I love to watch these children. Now, can you see them? Can you realize how they appear?

Benj. Franklin."

"There was only one disappointment, Cousin Willie; one disappointment for me; you ought to have presented the cane. I wanted you to do this for my sake and for your uncle's.

I was delighted with everything. It was a happy success and will be remembered always. You, too, will be recorded in the memory of all who were present. Dear Willie, you did well and nobly. We all watched you with love as well as

pride. I was there in your very midst. Can you wonder that I was happy?

Frank."

"There has been great good done by your letter to Mary's family. I cannot foreshadow the results, but they will be unusual and of the greatest (188-Vol. IV) interest. I think you will have an eventful week, my sister. Sleep with the blessings of all upon you.

Olin."

"You will be more than happy when the book is finished. Be patient, and you will be rewarded. God bless you. We say, good night.

The Circle."

Jan. 25th 11 P. M.—1886.

Early on this evening Mrs. Hooker came to see Katie and learn more. She said that on Tuesday at the time Mary wrote the few sentences here, she lay apparently dozing for more than an hour. She corroborated all Olin had said about the sadness connected with her death, etc. At this hour she went to her room and left Katie with us and the pencil wrote:

"My Dear Son. There is a great opening for you here and also elsewhere. You must have the door opened for you and then walk in. Depend upon your own exertions for success, and you will not fail. There will be an opening for you in a short time; about three weeks. Talk with me, my son; I will reply.

Benj. Franklin."

(189-Vol. IV) In reply to the above, Willie made some allusion to his not being in good physical condition for business now. The pencil added:

"I mean that within three weeks you will see an opening to much. My son, take my advice; get perfectly strong and well before you go out in the world. You have a sensitive refined nature; too sensitive. Your health is not sufficiently strong to work hard. Rest and be at ease for the present.

Benj. Franklin."

(Willie had been greatly annoyed by the conduct of an impertinent "scoggin" in the hotel.) The pencil wrote:

"Do not mind it, my son! Do not let it take one moment of your thoughts. You who will outshine all those who now surround you. Bear these words in mind.

Benj. Franklin."

"My friend, much is said from pure jealousy, jealousy prompted all! Let your soul be glad! I would not see you distressed, neither would tell you an untruth. You will be a shining star when others are striving to lift their feet above the mire.

W. H. V."

(190-Vol. IV) "That party feels more unhappy than you do. Do not give it a thought. Tomorrow you will feel much better and see as I do. We can say no more to-night, but when we meet again I will advise you. Good night.

Olin.

and the whole Circle."

Jan. 26th 10 P. M.—1886.

Mrs. Hooker still here, with Katie in my bedroom. She received many messages but to us came the following:

"Some years ago I advised you and took the deepest interest in your daily affairs, George. Somehow, of late, I have not been called upon to give you the assurances you so much needed then. Still I have been with you, and acted when it was necessary. I have come here to-night to tell you not to feel down, or anxious, for surely your business, which is so worthy, will be prosperous this season, and soon you will have a great run of patients from different countries. It is not well to feel despondent when all is well.

Isaac T. Hopper."

In reply to Mrs. Hooker's query about Charles Foster's coming here, he wrote.

(191-Vol. IV) "I came for help, and was unhappy because they all looked dismal, and I missed my cigar and many other things.

/."

It was now near midnight. Mrs. Hooker still remained, so greedy was she to get all and everything. We could not get her to her room. Her invisible friends bade her "Good night" and

begged her to go to rest; still she remained; finally the following was written and handed me.

"Private. I don't see as you can get anything till this stick tight is off.

//."

At last she went and the pencil wrote:

"My Dear Children. You must rest now. I do not like to see my son look so weary; much depends upon early rest. George requires sleep.

Meet after this lady leaves. The power now is exhausted. God bless you. All is well.

Benj. Franklin."

(192-Vol. IV) Jan. 28th 9 P. M.—1886.

We were greatly annoyed by learning that Mrs. Hooker had talked in the hotel about her errand here and interviews with Katie; had done this in spite of my injunction and her pledge to secrecy. We met at this hour. The pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. Be not troubled; there will be no mischief done, no trouble in the house. We are about and watching over your affairs. We will keep all unhappiness from the door. You are now feeling very unnecessarily disturbed; wasted feelings over that which will never happen. There has been no mischief done, no mischief will be done. The only one you need feel shy of is Miss Stanton. She is the only speaking organ you need feel annoyed with. Mrs. Hooker will not do more mischief here. She has blown her trumpet here, now she will have a rest. I hope you notice that I am somewhat annoyed myself.

Olin."

"We want the book to-morrow night. Meet early as half past eight; and others will talk as well. God bless you.

Benj. Franklin and

Circle.

Isaac T. Hopper."

We noticed that the hand writing was peculiar and mentioned it. Mr. Vanderbilt explains:

"My influence came in with Dr. Franklin's.

Now, my esteemed friend, I want to give you a few pure words of cheer. I never flatter, I never say words to please. There will be no mischief done, no trouble in the house. All has been done

that will be; that will soon be forgotten and there will be no more. A few hours' wonder, then all is silent. Be not troubled. There is no cause for one moment's shadow now. All is well! I shall talk with you to-morrow night. Great happiness is near for you, great changes are near. God bless you.

W. H. V."

(194-Vol. IV) Feb. 1st 11 A. M.—1886.

Katie called. I was anxious about an unsettled lawyer's bill against the Doctor. I want it settled but was unwilling to pay the full amount \$2,220.12.

I talked freely with Mr. Vanderbilt about it and proposed to offer \$1,500.00 for receipt in full. He wrote as follows:

"My Esteemed Friend. I have heard your words but read your heart and mind before you spoke. I am now fully cognizant of your affairs; especially this particular thing. It is well to speak out your wishes.

I think in this case you better offer twelve hundred with their receipt in full. It is sufficient and they ought to take it. You need not feel anxious, it will all come out right, and in your favor. You are in the right and I will help you. I advise you to settle up with these people, get them off your hands, and have as little to do with the kind as possible. It is better not to employ such men, unless you know them thoroughly to be good men. Alas, it is very hard to find lawyers true to any one excepting their own pockets. However, do not let this worry you. You will not have (195-Vol. IV) much more trouble in the matter.

I am so happy that my wife's nephew saw Katie. He is a good fellow and I can bring about events. All things are working together for good. I shall be here this evening. Come without feeling troubled, and let us have a fine opportunity. God bless you.

W. H. V."

After deciding what to do with the lawyers I spoke to Mr. Vanderbilt about my own business affairs, the disagreeableness of my tenant and partner and the unbearableness of his ignorant,

conceited, ill-mannered family. They make our home very uncomfortable, especially for my son, still we can bear it if it be the wisest course. The tenant is not willing to sell out, has positively refused, so I can see no way out until the lease expires in 1894. He wrote.

"Now, my dear friend, take my word. He will give up his interest; he will have to sell out of his own free will. Say nothing yourself at present. You are mistress here in full, you and your family. Simply go on, ignore the family, treat them as though they were shadows to be avoided; do not notice their presence, and soon your son will be the one for them to dread. They will avoid him rather than annoy. Now I give this advice as I would to my own youngest son.

W. H. V."

(196-Vol. IV) I now told Mr. Vanderbilt that it had been suggested that I should "sell out." Also, spoke to him of some "Electric Light Stock" I wished to turn into money, to both of which he replied.

"Your place is here, not out of the house. I will look into that matter before I advise.

W. H. V."

Presently he added:

"If Mrs. Hooker sends for any letter of mine to be copied for her, please decline.

W. H. V."

"My Dear Child. I have been here some time, but our friend, Mr. Vanderbilt, has given you the advice which is echoed in all our souls. He has advised you for the best and we all approve of his good judgment. I do not like the proprietor nor the proprietress, and if you had advised with me before you entered in partnership with him, you never would have signed the contract with my approval. Still all will be well, and we will all bring about a removal.

Happy changes will come soon. Keep good courage. Let me say, rest on our strength; pillow your (197-Vol. IV) head on our promises and let peace be with you. I do not like the party. They are jealous of you and your family; so jealous that they hate you. Children, I simply give you the real thing and words; for they

do not hesitate to say so. You are right in being annoyed. You cannot help it. You have much to contend with in these people; but follow the advice of our friend.

To-night we will all be here. God bless you.
Benj. Franklin."

Now came the rollicking hand of Foster.

"Why did you not ask me? Oh, never mind. They will have to go away. I will put him up to go, for unlike many spirits here, I can enter in every condition.

/"

"I wish to say for your son Frankie, that 'Papa's eyes are just like mine.'

/"

In a different hand was added.

"Or in other words, dear Frankie has eyes just like Papa's. He is here and always looks into your faces.

Written by dictation for Frankie. Em."

"My Dear Sarah. We shall all be here to-night, and will talk with you; so if you think of anything particularly, note (198-Vol. IV) it down. We would like the book and paper; for we shall have a very pleasant evening. Now my beloved sister, be not distressed. The changes we speak of will come sooner than you expect. They can be brought about, and will, with our aid. The Runcibles are very envious. Pay no attention to them. They will tire of having no one to notice them. God bless you. It will be better to close now.

Olin."

Feb. 1st 9 P. M.—1886.

At this hour we were in our places with the book under the table and paper upon it. The pencil wrote while we sat with light almost extinguished.

"My Dear Children. We have come through summer paths to-night. The flowers are all in bloom, and no cold winds cause the leaves to fall upon the ground. No cold makes us seek the warmth of the sun. We see you, here, gather near the fire, and see you shiver when the winds blow too fiercely for your comfort. Then we think, "How joyful they will be when they

come here to our genial home, so faultless in its glorious beauty." Here you will be clothed in garments to suit every temperature. You will feel great (199-Vol. IV) pride, here, in your appearance. You will see different robes of beings here; friends, relatives and acquaintances, and such as myself; very, very dear friends; all in their different robes, dresses, such as they feel that they like best and think most pleasing to those who daily come this way. Much, too, depends on the happiness of the spirit. If like your little maiden who roams all day long free from care, happy as a bird, dressed in robes to suit her feelings, if there be many here, the whole appearance becomes radiantly beautiful. But there are many here troubled in spirit who wear simply white, no flowers, no color at all. And here I must say, your Leila, your sweet child, always shuns those people. She goes among the gaily dressed, where flowers of different shades predominate; although those dressed in sombre robes are very pure and good. Such is life here. Sadness does not long linger, but sympathy for the bereaved on earth of a loved one will shadow for a while the beautiful sky above. It is all reality here. It is all that our souls hold dear. At the banquet hall is a grand place to visit others. You see all that a painter could desire; (200-Vol. IV) beauty varied; the happy beauty; the sad beauty; the anxious mother for the child left; the husband waiting for the wife; the wife longing to greet her husband on the golden shore. All these enter in the banquet hall. Some spirits become so anxious to tell their dear ones on earth how beautiful this world is, that they almost believe the wind will bear their message to the loved ones' ears, while they whisper it in the breeze. I have to-night heard the music as I passed by and glanced in to see a sight more beautiful than words can convey to your ears, and my soul was glad; and I thought of you, my children; could I but paint this scene for the dear ones on earth. All is well.

I have paused to ask Isaac T. Hopper if he had a message for our friends; and this is the message.

'I have been in their garden, looked at each flower; no blight was there. I turned the leaves over of the large tree and one turned brighter than all the rest, which told me, happy changes were near.'

God bless you. The book now, for it is of great importance.

Your father, Benj. Franklin."

(201-Vol. IV) "My Esteemed Friend. I have been here. I am here. All is progressing well. We shall meet you soon again. God bless you. Our power is gone.

W. H. V."

Feb. 8th 10 P. M.—1886.

A whole week passed before Katie called again, but at this late hour we gladly seated ourselves by the table and the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Children. How happy we are to meet again. It seems long since we have sat here together. We have missed the intercourse, the happy voices, our work in the book; all these we have missed. Still, we have been near you, mingling with you, taking note of all your daily needs and watching over your future. Our paths lie together; our union here is certain. Sometime we shall all be united here. There are no separations here for loving souls, if they be true. Whenever you feel troubled think of your home here. We know your love for a sanctum of your own where you can have those you love, only, and here you shall have it.

The transition from the earthly form to the spiritual is beautiful, and to you incomprehensible. When the body (202-Vol. IV) is being prepared for burial and clothed for the grave, the spirit is being clothed in immortal garments and resting on a bed of roses, unconscious of grief on earth for some hours. When the spirit becomes perfectly awake, it seems like awakening from a dream, but there are those who stand by to make all things clear. They linger around the new born spirit, and show so many beautiful things that the grief of those on earth does not reach here till they are able to understand that there is a way to return to the mourner and a way to comfort. The birth of spirits here has to be studied care-

fully. Every birth is different, according to the life on earth. An infant's birth is very beautiful, though most painful to witness the grief of a parent at parting with the child; that is for us, who are in affinity with the parent and child. To-night I cannot go on with the theme. I must give you a full description of this heavenly birth. I will give you a slight simile. When your Leila was being dressed for the grave, her Grandma had her on her breast. Leila was sleeping sweetly, and when she awoke she was happy with the birds and flowers. The body you had charge (203-Vol. IV) of was the shell. The spirit was free and happy and could not witness the sad preparations below. She was at once given everything that could make a child supremely happy; and now you know what she is doing and how she is beloved. To-night she is almost wild to tell you about some new discoveries she has made, all her own. I will let her speak.

We can say no more to-night. All is well. There are no clouds over your future, no troubled waters, no closing leaves. God bless you.

Prof. K., Olin and the Circle."

"My Dear Mamma. Three days ago I found a large bird with many different colors, and it talks everything. It is such a lovely bird. It flew on my shoulder and came home with me and now it is with me. Oh, I am so happy, so very happy. Tell sister Flora that I am coming to see her soon. Good night.

Written by Aunt Em. Dictated by Leila.

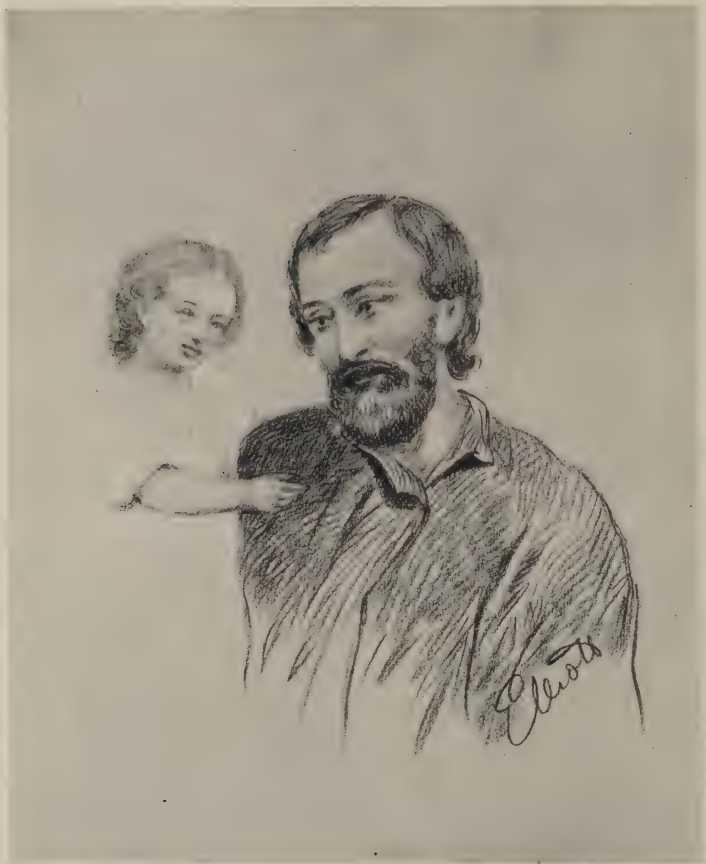
I send Flora kisses."

(204-Vol. IV) Feb. 9th 11 A. M.—1886.

Katie called and the pencil soon wrote:

"My Dear Sarah. We are here. The morning looks bright to your eyes and to ours. When we approach earth we like to see the bright rays of the sun on earth's paths.

We had a meeting in the Hall. We were all together, and we looked long into your affairs to see how things were going. We see a cloud approaching for the proprietor. You will be a little disturbed but it will end well and for your good. Changes are coming very soon. Keep good courage, and do not let his wife mar your



OLIN AND LEILA

sunny sky. We hope the day will come when you will be free from all these annoyances, and have your home wholly under your own control. Only be patient a little longer. Mr. Vanderbilt was with us this morning. He has something of importance to say in a day or two, something he has studied out and does not care to talk over with anyone at present. I saw that his face was bright and that made me happy, for I knew nothing was going wrong while he was able to give us so much sunshine and joy from his happy eyes.

(205-Vol. IV) Mr. Vanderbilt wishes me to tell you, that he is trying to bring about a change for you all, in this house; a change for your immediate good. He is always thinking of doing good, and will always feel grateful for having been introduced to Dr. Benj. Franklin and others of our circle.

We often see Mrs. Hunt but do not care to take her in our circle. She passed us by with her husband and sons this morning while you were sleeping. She looked quite pretty with flowers in her hair and white lace over her shoulders. But she simply smiled and passed on, even when I tried to detain her. She was hastening to see the children play on the mountain top and run down. Leila was there with Prof. Kenyon and dear Emeline. She was dressed very prettily, but peculiarly, in white and deep red, and a great many green leaves, with deep red down her dress and in her hair. She had her dress almost covered with the green leaves. I threw a blue sash to her, which she threw back, laughing so loudly that all turned to join in her merry sport. And now my beloved Sarah, you see how happy we are in this world. How unlike it is to the picture clergymen draw of it in their (206-Vol. IV) pulpits. Here, there is no sameness, no singing praises all day long. We have our hours for singing praises, and happy hours they are. Every breath of ours is a thanksgiving to God. We have our amusements, our theaters, and we are the actors, and we have our favorites. Oh, our ties are strong. We cannot compare our happiness to anything on earth; it is so great and unlike anything I ever knew. I sup-

posed heaven to be a far off land where all the saints gathered, to judge the sinner. Sarah, we shall be so happy. Em., dear Em., will not join us as often as we would like to have her, but she is happy with Leila and we are often together. Some one is coming to join us soon, not in this family or Katy's, but some one you all know. God bless you.

How silent the banquet hall was when I passed it coming to look in upon you early this morning. The stars were shining in the horizon and the air was soft and balmy. Birds were on the green trees, singing gaily, and the dew was on the blossoms. I saw a pretty picture in the hall, a young man and a young woman. They were lovers, parted by death, (207-Vol. IV) but soon joined each other here. They were talking over their lives on earth, and the painful parting. All the while the young girl was leaning on the youth just as loving as when in the form, and they said as I took the picture in my eye, 'He knows how we love each other.'

I tell you of these scenes here that you may know what heaven is, and have a good idea of the home we are in.

No more now. We want to do much toward finishing the book. Meet for it alone next time at an hour when there is little daylight.

Olin and the Circle."

I now asked Mr. Vanderbilt how I could avoid financial trouble if, as he said, "Mr. Runcible will have to sell out of his own free will," we being partners and heavily in debt. He wrote:

"I conveyed a wrong meaning. I ought to have said that Mr. Runcible would propose to you to dissolve. He has very delicate health and will not be able to continue at the wheel. This hotel will be very prosperous and pay off all debts, so you need have no anxiety. I think a man like Runcible can never be very successful for he is too selfish and inconsiderate. However, let this matter rest for a day or so. I will say more to (208-Vol. IV) the point. All looks fair and will be prosperous I am sure. Give yourself no anxiety.

W. H. V."

"You will have signs of me to-day when Katy is not here. Oh, how you would laugh if you could see me. I feel full of fun, dearest, precious, darling Mamma.

Written by Aunt Em. Dictated by Leila."

"My Dear Children. Meet for the book Thursday evening, and as often before as possible.

Benj. Franklin."

Feb. 11th 10 P. M.—1886.

Katie kept the appointment and soon after we were seated with book under the table I asked for Mr. Vanderbilt and proceeded to tell him further of my perplexities when he at once wrote.

"Pour out your wishes to my listening ear. I have been here. I know and I think your son's health is of more value than Mr. Runcible's situation. I do not approve of his being subjected to this man's temper, still I advise you to wait till the close of this month. It is better to be very firm with him, and hold fast to your own point. You have (209-Vol. IV) a bad woman to deal with. I advise you to wait till the close of this month and then let him go. He may make proposals. He would if his wife would let him, but her idea is to remain as long as she can; and in fact he does her dirty work for her and himself too. You will be far more prosperous when he is gone. I want to see him out of the house. We must think what it is best to do. Wait till the close of this month then we can decide.

There are great changes coming. I see them. This man is not honest with you. No great success can come while he remains. Rely upon it, a change will come and in your favor. Let the tide go on for this month. We will see how it will turn. Have faith that it will be in your favor. It is a trial and I sympathize with you.

I am happy to say that he will leave and without much mutiny. I shall work for you most faithfully, I can assure you my esteemed friend. Right is might, and right will conquer, and it is right for this man to leave without battle.

W. H. V."

"See here, Will, I want you to wait. I hope to make that man stumble (210-Vol. IV) soon

when he is impolite and unjust. Laugh in his face. He is 0.

/"

"I take long views of the short man with gloves and I think he is going it steep to buy so many new clothes, steep for him."

On reading the above we queried about the "man with gloves" and the pencil continued.

"I mean the man in ¹ 41. I know all their talk. They want to do a great business, but oh, George, she cannot work the machine. They want to get a large sum of money.

/"

"My Dear Child. How sorry I am to see you troubled about this man. But let us have charity and hope that he will think it best to leave this business without any disturbance.

My dear child, all looks so lovely here. Leila is happy and has come to say a few words. She wants Flora to know that she took the bracelets and wrote on the picture.

Leila has done something to-night in Flora's room.

Cheer up! Be of good cheer! I know that happy days are coming very soon. Willie must be (211-Vol. IV) patient, and soon he will be placed in contact with agreeable people. God bless you.

Your Mother.

Your Ma."

After reading the letter I went into Flora's room, which opened from ours, where we were sitting, and in which she lay fast asleep and alone, the door having been closed before she retired. Upon the bureau I found the bracelets Leila had mentioned and on the back of a picture which leaned against the mirror was written, "I love you. Leila." I knew the writing was not on the picture before, but I did not know where Flora had left her bracelets. The pencil wrote.

"I placed them on the fan, Mamma.

Dictated by Leila.

Ask sister about bracelets, Mamma.

Leila."

"It is hard to daily come in contact with antag-

(1) 41 is the number of the Doctor's office.

onistic spirits; but it is well to ward off blows by dodging.

There are happy changes near for you.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"Meet the next clear night. We can say no more.

B. F.
The Circle."

(212-Vol. IV) Feb. 16th 8 P. M.—1886.

Katie's younger child was ill and had been for several days. The Doctor had feared, at first, some contagious disease, but the disturbance was now mostly righted and at this hour Katie called in a great state of excitement over some remarks Mrs. H. had made to her. She did not stop to even be seated and wished to go immediately back but her left hand wanted the pencil, and before I could bring one from an adjacent room she was already trying to write with the Doctor's pocket pen.

"My Dear Children. Meet all these things with silent contempt. She is not worth minding and she is now under a cloud because she has not been confided in. But now the dear little boy is getting well and with care he will be able to leave in another day or two; say meet Thursday night for us and all will be well. We long for a meeting. Let us tell you that all is well. We see much happiness on the wing for you all. God bless you. Be of hopeful spirit, my children, and remember our predictions.

Benj. Franklin."

Feb. 19th 9 P. M.—1886.

Katie called at this hour (her little boy being well again) and we were talking about the bracelets Leila had mentioned on the 11th and wondered what she meant (213-Vol. IV) by saying "I placed them on the fan." Flora then told us that one day previous to this note from Leila she found these bracelets hung, one on each side of her mirror and over fancy fans that are there for ornaments. Flora had not mentioned it, knowing Katie had not been here that day and not recalling Leila's promise of the 9th, "You will have signs of me when Katy is not here." As soon as Flora commenced the above the raps

came quick and joyous and continued to respond until she was through, then the pencil wrote:

"My Dear Flora. I hung them on the fan.

¹ My little sister, I will magnetize your eyes. I shall do many little things for you.

Dictated by Leila."

We sat about the table with "their book" under it and the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. There are great things going on in the book, and some day you will be very happy, and this book will be a great prize. It will be a valuable book and you will love to open it when you are sad and when you are happy; when you are alone and when you are in your own family circle it will be a joy.

My spirit is with you in your trials here. They are enough to vex you. I am glad to see changes taking place. (214-Vol. IV) I wait to see you free from envious people. An envious spirit is a demon to battle with, but you have gone nearly over the bridge of sorrow and vexation. Be patient a little longer, then look for the crown of roses and quiet and peace and success and happiness, mistress of your own affairs, honesty and honor. We all take the deepest interest in your affairs of life. Every important step you take is guided by us, a shadow falls upon your pathway, it is one of your beloved in this world; a hand is put forth to protect you from injury and wounds, it is ours; hope is breathed in your heart when you are hopeless, comfort when you are wounded, hands spread forth with healing influence when you suffer from disease and when all looks dark a lamp is lighted especially for you. Oh, my dear Sarah, be comforted. George, to you we say the same. And now let me tell you of another great change that is near, one of the happiest. You will all rejoice and wonder at this happy change. Ask not what it is! Do not ask, it will come, a very brilliant change. We have only just seen it, only just seen the opening of it and we are (215-Vol. IV) not permitted to tell you what it is.

Such things are not often shown, these glad events, and we are permitted to foreshadow them

(1) Flora had a hard cold in her head and eyes.

but no more. We are happy. Do you not catch the joyous songs of your two darlings in their musical bower? Would that you could! I feel a longing to open the curtain for your loving eyes, but not yet. We can give you a perfect idea of the whole as your comprehension is very clear. The horizon is dark to-night to your vision, but to ours, so bright. The earth comes between your eyes and heaven.

Tell Willie he is doing splendidly! And that we all bless him. Tell him we will watch over his future.

Olin.

The Circle."

"My Son. Let me say a word to you. Sometimes you look about your rooms and see few patients; then you despond; you battle with yourself and wonder when business will increase. Perhaps the next day you will have your rooms full of patients; then you feel encouraged. So it always is in life. There is an uncertainty. But we, who look through the dimly lighted future, see how (216-Vol. IV) things will end, and when it looks bright and successful we feel that we have a right to give you words of encouragement. We never give you false hope. I was with you yesterday when you were busy at your work. I can safely say, go on. Your rich harvest will come for you to enjoy before you come here. Bless you, my son.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"It may seem long, my dear children, long to encounter a man so obnoxious as Mr. Runcible is; but be sure there will soon come a favorable change.

I am working in the book, therefore I cannot say much to-night. Meet to-morrow night. We will now close.

B. F.

God bless you my dear children.

Benj. Franklin."

Feb. 22nd 12 M.—1886.

Katie called for an hour and directly the pencil wrote.

"My Esteemed Friend. I have been near you looking into affairs and watching that no evil

comes. You can rest assured there are changes coming very soon now. (217-Vol. IV) My spirit has been very much tried by events at home, in my family. I am looking for a disturbance but trust it may be warded off.

To-day I have great pleasure in telling you that I join your family at the hour of five to go to the banquet hall. We are going to witness a great decoration there and honor to General Washington, the greatest man and general on earth. We honor him and I rejoice that the day of glorious work is celebrated here, in the banquet hall. It will be a great day here and you shall have a full description of it. My friends, be happy to-day for our sakes as I used to say to my wife and children on these days, 'Be happy to-day, smile and be gay; to-morrow you may weep without a cause, while I shall sleep. We wish no sorrow to-day, no tears, no sighs.'

Little conception did I ever have of all the beauties of this world, or death could have no terrors. But better for you on earth that you do not know. Earth would lose its charms, and heaven too far off to reach, so it is well. Every one of your family will be at the banquet hall, and many that we do not know. God bless you! Now speak; I will listen.

W. H. V."

(218-Vol. IV) We read the letter and expressed wonder. He added:

"We have been preparing all the morning, and Gen. Geo. Washington is with his father, wife and children (adopted of course you understand) and they are looking forward to this great meeting. We will tell you all about our day, all in good time. Gen. Washington's band will be here. I shall send my thoughts to my family in the midst of all my joy.

W. H. V."

"Friends, hurrah! I am going there to-day with a party.

/."

"My Dear Sarah. I am very happy to know that you are going to meet to-night and to-morrow night. We shall have very happy anticipations in view here, up in our happy bowers.

Dear Sarah, we shall be together here at this table to-night. We would like you to hear the music that is going on in the hall and in the gardens. Gen. Geo. Washington's own musical bands are playing the glorious marches, the welcome call; and the long tried servants of Gen. Washington will stand by his side. God bless this day.

Olin."

(219-Vol. IV) We read again and wondered and said, "Lincoln and Garfield will be there but Gen. Hancock will not, having died so recently, not two weeks since." The pencil dashed:

"You bet he will be there. Gen. Hancock is not one to stay behind at a feast.

//"

I now reminded Charley of his promise made on the 1st (recorded on page 197). He replied:

"Well, after to-day I will get at him in good earnest. I will see if I can't move him to go.

/"

"I would like to change things for you and will do all in my power for you. There are happy changes coming very soon for you. It is most trying, I know.

Now, I advise you to ask no more till we meet to-night.

Prof. K."

Feb. 22nd 10 P. M.—1886.

Katie and we three were here at this hour. After their book was placed under the table the pencil commenced.

"I told you it would be better to ask no more questions, then, for the reason that we were gathering, and forming our companies. I promised Olin to come in advance and speak first. We have had a (220-Vol. IV) grand time. My wife was much gratified. Olin asked me to say all I could; but I told him I would not give a description as Mr. Vanderbilt was anxious to have that pleasure, and he, being new here, I rather aid him, and let him speak first. We have been joyous. ¹ My son, excuse me for advising you;

never put your hands on him, never strike him except with your tongue. Let your words strike him but not your hands. Treat them as you would a barking dog. Push them gently out of your way but use no violence. It will all end soon. This annoyance will not last much longer. Let not your heart be troubled, my dear son. We will give you strength. God bless you.

Prof. K."

"Willie, I know how very annoying all this is and I know that it must not last. It is not right to take insults from one so young and ignorant. I deeply sympathize with you, and I advise you not to bear his insults. Be firm without using your hands and you will win the victory. Things will change and all will be well. I will help you in this matter.

Frank."

¹ "I want him to say, 'Willie, just open (221-Vol. IV) your door, look out and show him your foot.' I wish you would not let that silly fellow annoy you. He tries hard to keep up an excitement. Give him a good horse whip once or twice. I know you will have to give that boy a kick. I know he will have to get it.

/"

"Take my advice, Willie.

Prof. K.

Charles Foster, if he was on earth, would give him a thorough whipping; but you and I would not notice him.

Prof. K."

We now wished to drop this petty annoyance and asked our friends to go on in their own way.

² "Sit to the table, boy. I was much pleased to-day. I went there with Miss Wilson (Ade-laide). She is a lovely spirit and beautiful; but I came away before any one else.

/"

We read Charlie's word, then I asked the Professor if Aunt Ward was there. He said she was. Katie wanted to know whom I referred to? I told her she was Mrs. Kenyon's mother and that she gave me, when I was a school girl, the garnet ring I had worn since until I lost the stone a few

(1) While the pencil was writing, Willie told us how Mr. Runcible's youngest son had been stalking through the hall and throwing things against his door for the last hour. Willie was much vexed and said he must whip the boy. This sort of thing has been going on for the past month.

(1) Charley interrupted Frank's writing with this.
(2) Willie was a few feet back from the table.

weeks ago. I added, 'I shall replace the stone.' Pencil wrote:

"Wait, I will get you a gem for it, one you will not be ashamed to wear.

Prof. K."

(222-Vol. IV) "We are all here dear children. I will now let our friend speak.

B. F."

"My Dear Friends. What can I say? How picture to you all that we have this day witnessed here in the banquet hall? First, the paths were strewn with flowers, and the golden rays of the sun fell on each flower. The beautiful edifice was decorated inside with flowers of every description. In the center stood a large fountain with pure water rising and falling; flowers also falling over the fountain. The choir were all young girls, dressed exactly alike, and so charmingly that you could look and never want to take your eyes off their lovely faces. Your Leila was one of the choir. Your son was with his uncle much of the time. The great organ pealed forth such heavenly strains at the opening, and while the music was going on, and the choir of young girls was singing, General Washington marched in with all the company and stood in the center of the hall. Then the young girls all rose and took his hand and kissed it and presented him with a pretty wreath, some gave (223-Vol. IV) him an anchor, some gave him a sketch or drawing of himself, some gave him a crown of flowers, all these gifts he took to his home. Your Leila wished me to tell you that she gave him two hearts and hands, meaning himself and wife, these were made of violets and white rose buds, tied with white ribbon.

I saw them all march in. Your own circle were all there, led by Dr. Benj. Franklin. Olin took charge of me. The generals were all on one side, the right side of Gen. Washington. 'Hail glorious man' was played and the General's great marches which you all know. Walking up and down the corridors and halls were many I never knew. Foster spoke truthfully. I saw him with a beautiful young lady walking up and down. She seemed full of joy and admired the

young children, and I heard Foster say, 'That lovely girl is my friend's daughter.' 'Who?' she inquired, and he told her your name and how he had often stood in your room and manifested. She seemed amused and took him away with her; but she returned to look again in Leila's face and so they know each (224-Vol. IV) other now. Some stood outside and feared to venture in as they did not have friends in the hall. I felt very happy. I feel that I am blessed indeed, for it is not all spirits who can enter there. There are millions who know nothing of this hall. Some of my own family know nothing of this wonderful temple of beauty, that temple where the great poets love to enter and read the future and muse on the happy past; where lovers meet, and where the broken hearted kneel and ask blessings for their loved on earth.

Can you see Gen. Washington in the center of a large group, they passing around him, keeping time with the music? But, oh, the most grand of all was the scene where Gen. Washington steps on a platform of roses and all the choir of young girls chant a hymn in honor of him and he rises to place his hand on the head of each one. Olin was so happy to see this. (To be continued. Power gone.)

W. H. V."

Feb. 23rd 9 P. M.—1886.

We met for our "circle" at this hour and very soon Mr. Vanderbilt continued his description, of their holiday as follows.

(225-Vol. IV) "When the hour of five was signaled by the sunbeams I went for Olin and we all gathered at the door of the banquet hall. First came Dr. Franklin, then Isaac T. Hopper, Prof. Kenyon, your mother and aunts, every one of your family went with Dr. Benj. Franklin, and I went with your family. The choir of children went together, sixteen in a row. Your sister Emeline walked just ahead of the first sixteen; your little girl next to her. The other sixteen was led by another lady whose name I do not know. Then came the wives of the generals. Gen. Washington's wife stood side by side with Mrs. Franklin and your mother. Mrs. Longfel-

low was by the side of her husband. Mrs. Gen. Scott and all those who passed away so long ago were there. A Mrs. Hunt had charge of sixteen girls. Our circle kept with Dr. Franklin, we never once separated. I had to ask Olin many times who several parties were. I troubled him often for names, but I found him at a loss to tell himself sometimes. There was one noble looking spirit that our party took great interest in. His name I must learn. I must meet him again. (226-Vol. IV) I find that Olin did not know him. He was young and handsome and restless, but noble. Dr. Franklin did not know his name. He came suddenly in the assembly. Some one must find him for me. I did not speak of him last night for I did not know his name and hoped to have known it before this. That young man has made me very curious.

When the sunlight of heaven spread over the beautiful gardens of Eden, we, Dr. Franklin and his circle, left the hall and walked in the grounds and looked through the large crowd for familiar faces. We studied each one as they came and went.

On earth there was no celebration, we can say none, and we were a little surprised that the flags were not flying in honor of the greatest General and man America has ever known. Here he is appreciated. We honor him and his noble deeds. I always did love his memory, from a mere boy.

We each felt a joy unlike every day, a new joy on this occasion. All carried banners and wore the colors. You can perhaps understand (227-Vol. IV) how I felt when I saw every one of our circle carrying flags and Olin by my side and I without a color or banner. He saw my wonder and told me that I had not been in the circle long, but the noble fellow gave me his colors and he kept his flag.

We will now have to give power to the treasure under the table. This will be continued by Dr. Benj. Franklin.

W. H. V.

I must not omit to tell you that your son

Frankie was with his Uncle Olin and Grandma.

W. H. V."

While I was reading aloud the above letter, the pencil wrote the following in response to the Doctor's thought. No word had been spoken.

"My Dear Son. Your father and mother were there, a happy couple, and they enjoyed every moment.

I. T. Hopper."

"Tell Willie that a bright star is over him and he will soon realize the truth of our predictions. When Katy comes in to-morrow we will appoint another meeting. God bless you all! All is well.

B. F.
Circle."

As we were reading Dr. Franklin's note, Willie came in from the meeting of a Literary (228-Vol. IV) Society. He soon asked a question of Cousin Frank. The pencil replied:

"Do not ask to-night, my son, he will tell you at another time. The power is gone.

Prof. K."

Before Katie left Willie said, "I would like to know what they think of my essay." The pencil wrote in reply.

"You shall have our opinion, my son. Remember the bright star.

K."

Feb. 24th 1 P. M.—1886.

Katie called but was tired, having been engaged with company all the morning. The following was written:

"My Dear Children. I will continue when I can have the first power, say to-morrow at ten or eleven o'clock; then I will be here to continue where Mr. Vanderbilt left off.

I have been with you this morning. I see that things are taking a very unpleasant turn. Keep your patience, knowing that bright changes are near.

I feel more for your son (our son). He is sensitive in the keenest sense; but if he will follow my advice, he will be firm, and not let anything, from this source, disturb him, and weaken his system. My children, (229-Vol. IV) we fully un-

derstand and sympathize with you in this vexation, but as it cannot last, bear it with dignity. We are a strong band, and we are working for you alone. We hope you will meet as appointed. God bless you.

Benj. Franklin."

"Father is very proud of his cane. He prizes it beyond everything; and it is happiness for him. He is well, and daily talks of you all here. God bless you.

Frank."

Feb. 26th 9 P. M.—1886.

Katie being variously detained did not keep Dr. Franklin's appointment. She came at this hour and we sat about the table with "their book" beneath, while a furious storm of wind howled outside. The pencil wrote.

"My Dear Children. I rejoice to have the first power. I am engaged for a short time, but will be able to write very shortly.

B. F."

We read and queried with each other, if his engagement was at some other place? The pencil dashed:

"Why, his engagement is with the rest of the circle, that book. Don't be impatient. You can talk with your humble servant.

/"

Then I reminded Charley of his promise.

"Yes, I am attending to it now. A warning. Don't excite that man! I see that he may (230-Vol. IV) vamoze any moment. The very first time that Mr. Runcible is excited seriously, pop he goes. I have made a discovery about his left side.

/"

We replied. "He gets in a rage daily." Charley added.

"That will be once too often. Each mad fit brings him nearer, nearer to the gate that stands ajar for him even now.

/"

We assured Charley that Mr. R. is in much better health than when he came here two years ago, etc. Pencil wrote:

"He has night attacks, but he does not want

you to know. He would not for worlds have you know; not for worlds. He has severe times.
/."

"My Dear Children. I am now ready to talk with you. I was invited to give a description of our meeting in the banquet hall on Gen. Washington's birthday. It was a grand celebration in honor of a great man. Mr. Vanderbilt was like a child, so pleased, so overjoyed.

At five o'clock we all gathered at the banquet hall. Many were there that were strange to me; and many paused to ask what was going on, so bright and gay everything appeared. Olin was anxious to have Mr. Vanderbilt understand every thing, and succeeded in answering (231-Vol. IV) nearly all his inquiries. When we left the banquet hall every flower opened and the perfume filled the air. I must tell you that Katy's husband was there with his mother and father. They walked over the grounds and into the banquet hall and we were all pleased to meet him.

I talked with your dear mother, and she told me how happy she was to see her Leila one of the sixteen in the choir. She walked very near her children and carried a harp which she often plays.

The banquet hall is the sacred hall of joy and gladness; also a resort for restless spirits. As the time glided by and the shadows came to tell us that another day was gone, we saw a little bower made of choice flowers of many colors, and we walked in. It was meant for Gen. Washington, to appropriate it as he thinks best. It is a lovely place; a bijou where a few can enter. This was given in memory of Gen. Washington for his own use.

You hear the wind howl! It is not so with us. Gentle zephyrs blow over many harps and echo the sweetest music. Sleep with our blessings upon you. (To be continued by Emeline, your sister.)

Benj. Franklin."

(232-Vol. IV) "My Dearest Child. How much you please me by your calm spirit when shafts are hurled at you, and vexation meets you at every turn. The triumph is in your calmness.

Oh, my child, happy are the days that will dawn upon you, and great blessings will follow

you through life. Be of good cheer. God bless you.

Your Mother.
Your Ma."

"My Son. We are happy now we have seen all the mediums here and on earth. Be happy yourself for all looks bright.

Your Father
and Mother."

"Meet Monday night.

The Circle."

I asked Olin if they had learned the name of the young gentleman in whom they became so interested at the celebration? He answered.

"My Dear Sister. I have asked the spirit of Isaac T. Hopper to find him for me.

What is this I see? A bright star rising? Good night.

Olin."

"My Dear Children. Better meet early in the day, Monday.

The Circle."

(233-Vol. IV) 1886 March 1st 11 o'clock Monday morning.

"My Dear Child. Emeline has requested me to take her place this morning as she wants to go with Frankie and Leila to see some little infants received into their new home. It will be a most beautiful sight and the dear children anticipate great pleasure. The little ones have grown to like pretty things; some have been here some time, nursed like babies by their grand-mamas, and aunts and sisters. When they get advanced they are taken to a most beautiful home all prepared for them with everything that can delight a child; and it is there that Leila and Frankie have gone this morning with Emeline. It is a beautiful mansion placed in a large park, with gardens of endless flowers and fruits, where children can go and pluck whatever they fancy or desire. Heaven would be very dreary to children were it not for these places especially for children. They have a large tree to play under, and bells are attached so they can ring for their playmates and attendants. A home of perfect happiness have these children and could the Rev.

Mr. Collyer have realized this great truth he would to-day know that his daughter is learning (234-Vol. IV) the different spheres and planets and most deeply interested in the advancement of little children. She was near her father yesterday, she told me, and she says she longs to touch his soul with this truth. His sermon was prompted by her yesterday and the Sunday before; and he would be such an ardent believer and so comforted, if some one would open this book of truths for him. He knew she was near him. Death paves the way to sympathy, to kindness and the great hereafter. Death paves the way to heaven; opens the doors to the golden paths, and summer land, and the long parted treasures. Oh, it is beautiful, the spirit leaving the body; unfolding like a flower; leaving the shell and taking a new form. Oh, it is so beautiful. I have witnessed it many times. I will tell you why I speak to you thus this morning. Yesterday we followed Mr. Collyer through the morning service and in the evening we followed the new spirit who came suddenly in this world. He was wending his way to the churches with Miss Collyer; then he impressed her father with his own sentiments, John Gough. He is going to be a great spirit to bring about great (235-Vol. IV) revolutions, great changes. He had to come here to fulfill the most important of his works. He can do more good now than when on earth. He was needed here. I have met him only this once, and I think soon we shall take him in our circle, if he desires. Ellen, his first wife, was not congenial to him and she is only occasionally with him.

My dear child, I am at a loss to know why I should speak as I have at this meeting.

Olin has found a new spot, which he will tell you about soon.

I am with you very closely. God bless you.

Your Mother.

Your Ma."

While reading Ma's letter aloud, the pencil wrote.

"Why ¹he was once the greatest rogue out of prison."

/"

I exclaimed, "Oh, Charley!" He added.

"I only tell you what he was once; now he is one of the very brightest stars here."

/"

We asked Olin to tell us about his "new spot." He wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. The spot that our Ma speaks of is a new bower, by itself, quite removed from everything, surrounded by lilies and ivy, red roses and light corn colored flowers. This place I found. (236-Vol. IV) It has been prepared by loving hands for some one about to come here. I love to study all these things too. Earth is large; think how much larger is heaven and how much we have to learn every day.

My dear sister, I want to blow away the clouds from your sky, and make all bright. I want to see you free from anxiety, and I trust I shall soon; for, only an hour or less ago, I was thinking how you would or could get rid of those who cause all this break in happiness. Mr. Vanderbilt and I were together at an early hour, before the day appeared on earth, and we are to meet again in a few hours, perhaps before you sleep, and we will tell you the result to-morrow morning, for it is your future we are going to look into. Mr. Vanderbilt is always thinking what he can do for you. He is near now and will speak soon. Never fear that we are far away, or will cease to send you letters.

Emeline wished me to tell you that she will be here to-morrow morning with Frankie and Leila to fulfill this morning's appointment. She says that Leila and Frankie love to have her accompany them and she loves to go with them.

Do not feel worried. There will (237-Vol. IV) soon come a change; and you will be relieved of the principal annoyances and crosses. Great changes are near.

Your brother.
Your guardian and
Your lover.
Olin."

The Doctor asked advice of the circle, a physician being very anxious to join him in business. The pencil wrote.

"I will look, and tell you after your lunch, my son.

Isaac."

The Doctor went to his lunch and the pencil continued.

"My Esteemed Friend. Please give me the heading of your bonds; write the name, please, on a piece of paper with your wishes. I am doing all I can for you.

The young man I spoke to you of, I have found. He was killed in the Zulu war, and sacrificed, I always thought, by his mother's pride. I noticed him and liked him. He has talked with his mother (the Ex Empress Eugénie of France) he tells me. I knew Olin would find him for me and he likes him as much as I do. The restless longing in his eyes, to be at work, to achieve something great, attracted my attention, and his noble face.

I will be with you and have another talk with you to-morrow at an (238-Vol. IV) early hour; in the meantime keep happy, and trust in our doing all in our power for you.

W. H. V."

The Doctor returned from lunch and the pencil said.

"My Dear Son. Take him by all means. He will bring good success to you. My son, all will be well.

Isaac T. Hopper."

He directly added.

"It is the wisest thing you can do. You will be greatly benefited by him.

Isaac T. Hopper."

While Mr. Hopper was writing, I wrote the heading of my bonds and my wishes on a sheet of paper in another room and brought it in; immediately the pencil wrote.

"Place your written notes on the table, and place it to-morrow morning again on this table when we are all present.

Isaac T. Hopper."

The Doctor knew nothing of Mr. Vanderbilt's

letter and request, so he naturally thought Mr. Hopper still speaking to him. Mr. Vanderbilt then took the sheet of paper upon which I had written and on the blank side wrote the following.

"My Esteemed Friend. Place this again on this table to-morrow morning as I. T. H. has directed. Till then keep in good spirits.

W. H. V."

(239-Vol. IV) March 3rd 11 A. M.—1886.

Katie did not come on the 2nd but at this hour. We were seated and I asked if I should read aloud the notes I had made regarding my "shares." Pencil wrote.

"Dear Esteemed Friend. Once, twice, thrice I have read your notes. Upon my heart the wish was long, long ago; but you can, and better perhaps, read them for the others who are present.

W. H. V."

"Read for my benefit, please."

/. "

I read aloud my wish to dispose of the shares at less than half their nominal value. The pencil continued.

"It's no use waiting. So many things come between that I advise you to get rid of them for a good price. I will look further and see where you would be most likely to get in a measure their value. I have a firm in view which I will investigate. My friend it takes time to see what is exactly right. I see that all will be for the best. If you can get a good price for your shares I should advise you to sell at once. I want to see you differently placed. I want to see you at peace, and that cannot be until you are rid of the party who holds the sway here. I cannot see bright prospects while he remains. I see a change and a bright one, but Mr. R. (240-Vol. IV) will have to go before there can be peace, without that there can be no success; for where there is peace there is good feeling; contention is detrimental; distraction to success. But fear not. We are all working for you. Trust, and I will do all that I can for you. I would advise you to wait about ten days for the bonds; leave that business in my hands.

I have been with my family who are all in con-

fusion and unhappiness, which of course disturbs my spirit, even here in this beautiful world.

I will advise constantly and just as soon as I find the right place and time I will tell you. There are changes taking place now. Be not anxious.

I hope you will advise your son not to marry till his future is made. I have his interest at heart. Give this advice as coming from yourself.

W. H. V."

"My Dear Mamma. I have so much to tell you, and long to give my description among the others.

I was standing in the midst of roses and bushes and long flowing grass when Uncle Olin called Aunt Em. to tell her to prepare to celebrate Gen. Washington's birthday, that (241-Vol. IV) I was to be one of the choir of young girls, all nearly the same age, and we must all be prepared with some token of honor to present to the father of our country. At first Aunt Em. drew back a little, until I drew out her mirth by tossing roses to her, and made her catch one in her mouth; then she became cheerful. Arm in arm we walked to our own home where your Ma lives, and prepared to join the others at the banquet hall.

We marched in with music and it was so lovely. When I saw the grand heads and lovely ladies so gay and happy, I was too happy to look for Mr. Vanderbilt who was all the time throwing flowers to attract my attention. He loves me, Mamma. When I gave my token of respect to the father of our country, he kissed it, or touched it with his lips; and then I felt a touch on my arm. It was Mr. Vanderbilt, his face all beaming. Ida Greely was in our number of sixteen; and only imagine, dear Mamma, every sixteen was led by a lady. Mrs. Hunt led one sixteen. Margaret Fuller led another. Mrs. Browning led another. Amelia Welby led another sixteen, and I led the first sixteen with Aunt Em. No, I did not lead it, Aunt Em. led it, for her knowledge of (242-Vol. IV) Dr. Franklin and her knowledge of spiritualism made her one of the very first in the flowers of heaven.

Dearest Mamma, I love to look down upon you, and think how I shall dress you when you

come here. What beautiful wreaths I shall make you. I shall love to trim your white dresses with such bright, sweet flowers, for you love white; and then sometimes we will dress alike. But it will be a long time before that day, and I am glad, for Flora needs you more than I do, and Papa needs you most of all.

Now, my dear Mamma, 'Good bye,' I am going.

Your Child

Leila.

Written by Emeline."

"Yes, the ladies were very beautiful. I was there."

./."

"My son, I have been with you this morning, I see the depression on your mind. There are many causes for these clouds, transitory. First, the weather is full of moaning, and your few patients all cause you to look on the unfavorable side. Now, my son, the time draws near for rejoicing. Work cheerfully and with a happy heart. Let your wife help you in all things. Her advice is valuable. (243-Vol. IV) She is often guided in her judgment by us. Be sure that we tell you nothing to raise your hopes temporarily. No, therefore believe what has hitherto been said.

Your Father,

Isaac T. Hopper."

"We can say no more now. Meet sometime tomorrow for an appointment. We are all going together, Mr. Vanderbilt and all. No more now.

The Circle."

March 6th 11 P. M.—1886.

Katie had not kept her appointment but twenty minutes or so before this hour she knocked at our parlor door. We were surprised and delighted, as always, to see her. She had been to keep an engagement some streets below and as she was passing the hotel on her way to her own rooms, something said to her "Stop" and in she came. Directly we arranged our bed room with "book" under the table. Doctor, Willie, Katie and I seated ourselves and soon the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Child. We are happy to come here at this hour; happy to see the dear book under the table. Yes, we did influence Katy to come in

to-night. We have all been together to-day and we want a meeting Monday night. Mr. Vanderbilt has been looking into your affairs, and he desired me to make the engagement for Monday night in this room as usual. (244-Vol. IV) Great things will be done on that day, for night is day and day is the opening for the night.

Oh, my dear child, how happy we are here in our gatherings. Every day we meet some new spirit. Every day we welcome some one in our circle. To-day the spirit of W. L. Garrison asked to be permitted to join our circle; but as he cannot always be with us, at our hours, we can only admit him once. Mr. Owen wanted to join, but we do not wish his wife and family, and he is not very congenial to Mr. Vanderbilt, so we have concluded to keep to our own circle. My dear children, at the next meeting have a little water under the table. We do not work well with beginners, as so much has to be explained.

There are new flowers opening in your pathway, which means bright changes. Willie, you need feel no anxiety. You will be a happy man and a useful man.

If you could see Dr. Franklin at work on the book, you would love him even more than you do now. He is faithful, and he takes such care of you all; more than your own dear parents could, for he has the power and the will, and the experience. God bless him. He knows all that I am saying. My children, all is well.

Your Ma—Your Mother."

(245-Vol. IV) "Dear Children. Rest with the sweet influence of your dear ones about you. Sleep and be happy. All is well. God bless you all. There are no sorrows to envelope you. We are with you.

We want the book carefully put away now. Good night.

B. Franklin. 1

The Circle."

March 8th 10 P. M.—1886.

At nine o'clock Katie was here and in our bed room with Doctor and children, but I was detained in the parlor, by company, until ten. In the meantime the Doctor had fixed the table, as

always, by putting heavy shawls and afghans around it, allowing them to reach to the carpet, thus excluding the light from beneath it. He had placed a cup of water and their book, (the blank book which measures six and five eighths inches by eight and one fourth inches; has a blue paper cover and contains sixteen blank leaves, known at Harvard as a "blue book.") under the table and took the handkerchief from around it without looking upon either, and left both under the table just as he or I have done at each of our evening meetings since early in Dec. When I came in the Doctor and Katie were sitting by the table and said nothing had been done, not a sound or a word had been given. I expressed surprise and the pencil immediately wrote.

(246-Vol. IV) "We are all here waiting and are anxious to accomplish our work. In this circle we meet all together.

The Circle."

The Doctor in getting the table ready had stirred the furniture up and placing a rocking chair on the bed to get it out of the way. As soon as I read the above message I went to the bed and took down the chair and put the furniture in place, and while doing it the pencil wrote.

"That is just what I was going to say, 'Put down that chair.' Mercy! We can see."

/."

Now they said, "Lower the gas." Flora went to her room, the gas was lowered and Katie with Doctor, Willie and I sat around the table. We chatted about personal affairs, usually Katie's, the echoes responding frequently; the pencil wrote from time to time, one spirit after another, but they wished us not to raise the gas sufficiently to read. The light was enough all of the time for us to see the writing, but not to read. Two hours passed quickly and pleasantly. A sweet influence lies about us at these meetings and no matter how late the hour or how weary the flesh, we are always sorry when they signal their departure.

They now said through the echoes, (247-Vol. IV) "Open the window, all join hands, close your eyes and raise the shawl." We raised the win-

dow, seated ourselves as before, closed our eyes and all joined hands forming a circle, then I lifted the shawl at the corner of the table between Katie and me, without once letting go of Katie's hand. In less than a minute the raps began to make the peculiar or particular sound they give when delighted. Directly after they said, "Close window, raise light, look under the table." We obeyed and under the table we found the large handkerchief and the cup of water and nothing else. The book, their blank book, was not there and we are satisfied is not in the room nor in the house. They had written as follows:

"We are now accomplishing a great work and one Mr. Vanderbilt is most deeply interested in. We hope to see you all happy, and we promise you great happiness ere long. There are clouds slowly moving away, and when the change comes, of which we have so often spoken, you will read with delight all that we have predicted. I know that all will be well and bright.

Benj. Franklin."

"My Esteemed Friend. I am here with you and I can assure you that this (248-Vol. IV) is to me the most marvelous of all meetings. I am indeed happy to be permitted to help in this wonderful work.

I am thinking that I would like you to wait, for advice on the business matter, till I see a change. I will advise you when I see the proper time.

God bless you, my dear friend, and prosper you and yours. I see that you will soon have a very great surprise, and a happy one. A great change is coming, new flowers are opening, some almost touch the paths of earth.

To-day I was looking around the city, viewing my own work, my own temples of art, my mansions. How vain are all things, and yet they live long and our names live in our works. My structures, my fine arts are my tombs.

Do not worry; know that all will be well. God will bless you. Meet Wednesday at an early hour in the morning, about eleven.

To your son Willie, I say, be wise, use judgment in all things; do what he thinks is right and

let the future take care of itself. We will drop many blessings then, for him to put aside. And now God bless you.

W. H. V."

(249-Vol. IV) "Dear Willie. You have done a wise thing and you will receive a great reward in your efforts. You will see what we have called 'your bright star,' rise over you, and we see that you have a bright future before you. All your troubles will look like little specks, when you look back. Dear Willie, I will write you a long chapter for yourself alone. I am happy. I want to see you happy. Do not give way to gloom. Cast it off, and let our words cheer you.

Cousin Frank."

"My Dear George and Sarah. Your dear ones here are so happy to-night. I must not tell you what is being done. I was just on the point of telling but was warned in time. Emeline and I are often together. She loves to call me because my name is

Frank."

"There is an undercurrent at work in your business affairs, George, over the way.

Bradley."

"Ask no questions. Good night.

The Circle."

March 10th 11 A. M.—1886.

Katie came. She and I sat by the table. Willie was in and out during her call. Soon the pencil began as follows.

(250-Vol. IV) "My Dear Child. Long have I wanted to tell you something about my meeting with an old friend I used to read of and admire. Perhaps you have heard me speak of him. I was standing on the steps (of red roses) when he came up to me and asked me why I never came to see his home, George Fox. He said, "Your daughter has talked with me, and you have held conversations with me but not to the extent that would cause you to feel interested in visiting me.' His spirit had read the wish in my heart to see and know Isaac Newton. I did not know that they were friends; so we are now together. Wait, I am called."

(The pencil stopped. We wondered. The pencil then wrote on another paper, "Read while she is away,/" We read the above message and said to each other (Willie was in now), we know of but one Isaac Newton. The pencil immediately wrote, "Sir Isaac Newton, your Ma means /." After a little more waiting the pencil resumed):

"Again I am here my child. I was called by George Fox to say that he would meet me to-night at an early hour with his friend, Sir Isaac Newton, and that he would open a book for me to take notes from. I shall transmit (251-Vol. IV) them to you.

I visited George Fox in his home and found it a palace of beauty, artistic beauty. His whole family are with him, and a beautiful household they are; very useful and kind to those who are in less happy homes. They try to infuse light in the minds of the most ignorant here; and it is a task to take these poor ignorant beings out of their spheres of darkness. I am glad that is not my vocation, dear Sarah. I would not like it. That was George Fox's pleasure when on earth; and it is pleasant for him to take them step by step into the flower gardens.

"My dear child, never doubt that these spirits can come; never let that doubt rest one moment with you. The very fact that they have been here so many years is sufficient to enable them to approach earth very easily. And why should they not come? This is the great opening in the world above, as well as your world. This communion between the two worlds; and they with Dr. Franklin are going to invent a speaking tube between the two worlds that will give great satisfaction and joy. We shall begin this with our own circle and perfect it through this medium. It will require time as we shall all have to assemble (252-Vol. IV) and make trials. We may have failures but that we expect before we arrive at perfection. Now, I will add, dear child, these words. All will be well. God bless you.

Your Ma."

(1) Willie had remarked, on hearing the first part of this letter, it was strange that those who had been so long in that world should come back to earth.

(I asked Ma if she saw Aunt Lib. often? If her bitterness against these manifestations continues? With whom she makes her home?)

"I only see her when I am where she is, and we never talk on the subject of spiritualism. She is with her own friends and relatives.

Ma."

(Was she in the banquet hall at the celebration of Washington's birthday?)

"No, but she was on the grounds and saw in the windows.

Ma."

"Dear Sarah. I wonder why you never speak of me! I am with all the dear ones here and very happy. I hope to come again soon.

Grandpa L."

"Which Grandpa?" I asked, for both were Grandpas L., one being Langworthy and the other Lewis. The pencil wrote.

"My Dear Child. We all love you, and all love to visit you, and talk with (253-Vol. IV) you, and we will all come together soon, and each one give you a message. We are your own loving family, and we have, each one of us, the deepest interest in all you do, and say, and propose, in all, we feel the greatest interest. Now, I have not written you in a long time, but nevertheless I am with you, and follow the circle when they come.

I have had the book to-day, and you will see that I remember you.

Sarah."

I read and exclaimed "This is from Grandma, but each of my Grandmas was 'Sarah,' still this is from Grandma Langworthy." The pencil added.

"Dear, I wanted to see if your heart could tell you which Grandma was writing. That was why I did not sign my name.

Grandma

Sarah Langworthy."

I remarked that the grandpa was Grandpa Langworthy. The pencil wrote most characteristically:

"I would not be here without her." And he might have added, "When she is here you know

that I am", so inseparable were they during their long lives on earth.

My Grandpa Lewis had two wives. The first, my Ma's mother, died about sixty-five years ago, and he forty years after and the last wife fourteen years after him. They were both superior women but very unlike. (254-Vol. IV) His attachment to the first wife seemed to be with him and a part of his life to the end. I asked Grandma Langworthy about that family relation now. She wrote.

"I am going to give you a reality. I want you to know exactly how these things are. Grandpa's wife prepared his home for him and received him, although she had her own companion separate from Grandpa. On this subject I will speak at another time. We will close this till we can give it in perfection.

Grandma Sarah."

I inquired what Bradley saw occasioning his remarks about the Doctor's affairs on the 8th. The pencil replied:

"Nothing that will do harm. Bradley means that those people are working for themselves, utterly selfish. Now, do you believe?

/"

"My Dear Willie. When you are called upon to act be ready for we see that you will soon have work to do. I am here looking into your future. I see you a happy man with all the comforts of life, a happy family about you, and this the fruits of your own work. Go forth, Willie, make yourself known, (255-Vol. IV) and become a useful life. I will stand by your side and help you. Great joy is near for you, great, and happiness. Dear Willie, be happy. I will hold a long conversation with you some day.

Frank."

I now said, "Mr. Vanderbilt made this appointment and has not said a word." The pencil went immediately to the ruled book and wrote:

"My Esteemed Friend. I have been here all the time and deeply interested in your whole family. The book has passed into the hands of many spirits here, and you will have a remembrance from them all. I want you to feel that

we are all with you, and will advise you when you require advice, and warn you when we see danger. Now you feel doubtful about the change we spoke of, the change in this house. I feel sure that it will come soon and you will be relieved of much anxiety.

Be of good heart. Many bright flowers are opening. I am very near you, and watching an opportunity to find out about the bonds. I will tell you in good time, just as soon as I can be sure of that. I can say no more to-day.

I am now going to see what troubles (256-Vol. IV) my wife. All is well, far as I can see now. I will meet you soon.

W. H. V."

"My Dear Children. I keep the book, but lend it. Now, when the time comes we will in a large party, of our own, present it to you.

All is well; no shadows are near that can harm you. If to-night you feel like going over to the other house, go, by all means; but if you do not feel inclined to go, remain away. Follow your impressions.

Now we will close. The power is going and we can say no more. We will appoint a meeting when we all meet together to-morrow; till then God bless you. Farewell.

Benj. Franklin."

March 10th 8½ P. M.—1886.

Katie had often asked us to come to her room on her "Public evening", and seemed to feel our not going, so at this hour we went over and sat around the table with four besides Katie and ourselves; two of the gentlemen strangers to all. The manifestations were strong physically. The only communication of any account was the following which was handed to me as soon as written. No one present knew H. H. but husband and self.

(257-Vol. IV) "My Dear Friend. I am here. I am happy to come. My treasures are with me.

The meeting at the banquet hall was beyond description! So beautiful!

My heart is just becoming happy. No one knows how sad my life was on earth. I have one

word for you. I believe! I believe! I know now.

What a privilege you are enjoying now and you are worthy.

Helen Hunt."

We now sat around the table with hands all joined. The manifestation of physical power was conspicuous. There was a good deal said through the echoes; names and sentences spelled out, Katie usually calling the alphabet. Things were moved about the room, the table lifted and each of the strangers was pressed several times by invisible hands; their coat collars and the skirt of my dress were vigorously pulled at different times; finally I felt a strong, firm pressure on the back of my upper left arm. It was repeated. I said nothing but at the same time the echoes said, "My esteemed friend, my first touch." I replied, "I recognize you." No one but me, not even Katie herself had noticed the sentence formed by the words she had spelled out. I knew it was (258-Vol. IV) Mr. Vanderbilt and his name is too well known, and to us now too dear for us to run the risk of giving the occasion for its being flippantly tossed about. Katie said, "Who is it?" All were curious. I replied, "I know," and all excepting husband are in ignorance still.

March 13th 4 P. M.—1886.

Katie's eldest boy was ill and I went to see him; while there the pencil wrote:

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I touched you the last time we met and it gave me great pleasure. I was interested in the meeting. I will come at the next meeting and bring my cousin, a young lady I used to think a great deal of, and although she was my first love on earth, my present wife who survives me now will be my wife in heaven. She is the mother of my children, and has, like you, been a faithful wife and cheerful companion. My cousin has her companion here, notwithstanding, she is rejoiced to meet me, always, and says her home is brighter since I came here.

I have been looking into your affairs. Just as soon as I see the right opening I will advise you. Rest assured I have your interest at heart

(1) Katie's room in the house over the Doctor's office.

and never forget (259-Vol. IV) my promise. I am sure you would all be happy if you could see the sunny sky of a few weeks to come. If you could see the joy that is waiting for you, you would bear these trials without a sigh. God has indeed blessed you.

We will attend the dear little boy, and trust that he will soon be better. We sympathize with him. Now take good care of him. We long to see him well.

My friends here all wish to be remembered to you, and say, that a good time is coming.

Ever your interested and watchful friend.

W. H. V."

March 14th 4 P. M.—1886.

Katie's child still sick. I called at this hour to see them and the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I have been with my sons much of the time since I saw you last, and if I can only influence Cornelius to come here, I shall be happy indeed. I think I can, but it will be after the publication of an article which he will see in the papers, which will lead him here; and then my way to my dear wife will be sure.

I have visited a palace belonging to your relatives alone. I was pleased to be admitted by your dear mother and (260-Vol. IV) two grandmamas, and grandfathers, aunts, uncles, cousins, children and a few friends. But this palace belongs to your family exclusively. It is a lovely place and to-day they have their table piled with bright flowers in expectation of visitors, Mrs. Hunt and myself. We were very happy to meet. Your friends, or rather relatives are very fond and proud of their home. We are fast friends now; and sometime when all goes smoothly we will all meet you in your little room. My dear friend, all looks brightly.

¹Now, as to this little boy. You must not expose him to the cold; then he will recover rapidly. We want to see him well, for we want to have a great meeting next Thursday night.

(1) He had inflammatory rheumatism, was very irritable and as soon as warm in his bed would scream until his mother would comply with his demand to take all the covering from him. I said, "This must not be." He was quite offended at my interference.

You will know me by my signal, ("Esteemed friend"). In the meantime know that all is well. God bless you. Bright changes are near.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

March 17th—1886.

I called to see Katie (her child still sick) and while I waited upon him the pencil wrote the following. The hand writing changed from Ma's to Olin's and, vice versa, without making more than ordinary pauses until the end of the letter.

(261-Vol. IV) "My Dear Sarah. It is well, and ¹Willie will find all well and return home much happier. There are great changes coming. All will be well. ²I will be here to advise you about going away soon. I have great pleasure in telling you, my dear child, also, that you will be happy when the changes take place in the hotel.

Ma."

Dear Sarah, ma would come and say these few words. Be patient, all will be well. I shall be happy to see this boy well. He is so sensitive that he will take every influence surrounding him. He better be left very quiet, and then Katy will, we hope, be able to meet Thursday night, as we intend to have a great meeting. Mr. Vanderbilt will have much to say on business matters."

"My dear child, do not worry. You must have what we long to see you possess, and we are working for you, and we shall see you surrounded with exactly what we are working for." "My dear Sarah, we will see you a happy woman, with no evil in your pathway. God bless you. We can say no more.

Ma. Olin."

March 18th 8 P. M.—1886.

On the afternoon of this day I visited, with a friend from Boston, a cyclorama, "Battle of (262-Vol. IV) Merrimac and Monitor." The picture is very impressive. In the evening Doctor and I met fifteen or more at Katie's rooms. We could not all be seated around the table, so Doctor and I sat back. Our circle gave no evidence of

(1) Willie had started for Boston a few hours previous.

(2) This alludes to a contemplated trip for pleasure.

their presence excepting the following note written at the table and handed to me:

"My Dearest Mamma. I went with you to-day, and saw through your eyes the painting. My curtain is far more lovely.

Leila.

Written by Emeline."

March 19th 10 A. M.—1886.

On the 18th I received a letter from Mr. Runcible saying I must reduce the rent from \$2500 per month to \$2,000. I refused. I called on Katie at this hour and the pencil said.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I see that you are on the right track, and I advise you to go to work at once. You cannot live as you do now. It will not do. I have been influencing you and directing your course, but you do not want to spend all your days, the best part of them, in this way. Take the first step, and that will open the way to the bright future we have so often (263-Vol. IV) spoken of. Now do as I advise you, make your life easier. Do not be annoyed by these people. The whole circle send their love to you and say that something is unfolding that will make the paths of life brighter, the flowers fragrant and your heart sunny. 'Be patient' I cannot say, for you are patient. I can only say now, that I am looking about you and I will see that you are advised, and that you do not make mistakes. The time draws near; the promises we have made must be fulfilled. You are very impressionable and that helps us.

We were here last night. We were not disappointed. We saw that it would be best to withhold our presence as we would only call forth exclamations from the crowd when we announced ourselves. It would have been told all over New York, 'Mr. Vanderbilt was present.' Every one here, last evening, will have an angel at the 'Golden gate,' to receive them into the world they are seeking to know something of. You will yet have that meeting we promised you.

'To-day you will have company, for Olin says that he is going with you.

Another loss to the nation soon, so I am told by Dr. Franklin. All will be well.

Your watchful friend,
W. H. V."

(264-Vol. IV) March 19th 3 P. M.—1886.

I called again and directly the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. I was busy this morning or I would have congratulated you on the first step taken toward the great change we have predicted. Rejoice with us! We are so happy to see that you will soon be free and prosperous. We are so glad the first step is taken. Why, you ought to be very happy. He will be at nearly all the expense and discharge himself. I cannot say more now, but believe me, we all rejoice in this.

Olin."

Directly after I read the above the pencil added.

"When you were here this morning, I was examining the condition and intentions of Mr. Runcible, therefore I did not speak. I knew that Mr. Vanderbilt was coming, and he knew my feelings and knowledge of the matter. But I must also tell you that Ma and Uncle Albert, and Grandma and Grandpa, all rejoice to see that he is going to leave. We know that it is for the best, and we long to see him out of the house. The first step is taken.

Olin."

(265-Vol. IV) I said, "How can I bear what I shall have to meet from Mr. Runcible?" The pencil answered:

"Each one, one and all will help you to bear 'it,' your trouble. What can you ask more? I think with such strength, you could bear all that Runcible could put upon you. Even Uncle Albert feels happy in this change, and he does not worry much about earthly affairs.

Olin."

March 20th 3 P. M.—1886.

While I waited upon Katie's son, the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. All is working together for good, all for the best. There was no other way to get rid of him, and you would not live in this way much longer. Whatever he does will be a trap for himself. You will come out

(1) I was on my way to see a lawyer.

victorious. And now let me assure you the future is full of bright and glorious changes. Be of good cheer. He is fearfully cut up and vexed, but you are acting right. Be prepared for abuse, and take it patiently, knowing as you do, that all is working just as we wish. We are all helping you. God bless you. We are with you, and you must feel strong.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

(266-Vol. IV) March 22nd 9 P. M.—1886.

Doctor went to see the sick boy and I accompanied him. Katie's sister Maggie, Mrs. Kane, was there. Just before we left, Maggie's hand wanted the pencil and it wrote:

"My Good Friend. I want to say that you will come out all right with the hotel affairs. I wish that Katie could meet you both at the other house.

W. H. V."

Then Katie's hand took the pencil and added, "That Runcible is going soon to burst forth; but we are with you.

W. H. V."

March 23rd 10 A. M.—1886.

I called on Katie at this hour and the following was written.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. We are all with you in every change and we look ahead of us. Step by step is taken by that man. Now, in a few days the storm will burst forth, and you will soon be out of all doubt about his plans. He is a very deep man, and has no interest at heart towards you or your family. There will be great rejoicing with us when he leaves; for there will never be prosperity while he remains. In the (267-Vol. IV) first place it hurts him to see you prosper, or cheerful, or in any way happy. He will be removed from your pathway soon, believe me; and I long to see him out of your house, and the doors closed upon him forever. He has a scheme of his own, which is to lower the rent so that he will make double and have everything under his control. But I see only sorrow for you and your family while he remains. It will not be long now before the storm bursts. It is going on under cover. His lawyer wants an inter-

view with him to-day, after which I shall know more. But the lawyer cannot harm your future, try as he may. He is tricky and without principle; so you must expect no mercy from him. My dear friend, there are, I repeat, bright changes near. They will come and you will think of our words. My dear friend, I was here last night, and used Mrs. Kane's hand, thinking she was the stronger of the two, but I am more familiar with this medium.

Be not depressed or cast down. The day will show you some light into affairs. God bless you.

W. H. V."

(268-Vol. IV) After reading the letter I sat wondering what the scheme could be to compel me to lower the rent. The pencil added.

"My Dear Friend. To us it looks as though you would know something to-day, but it may not be till night. It seems very near. He feels sure he can make you lower the rent, and that is his scheme which you will see.

W. H. V."

March 24th 11 A. M.—1886.

Again at Katie's room the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Child. We are with you and wish you to be perfectly at ease, as the interview and advice to Mr. Runcible was not encouraging to him. However, to-day will tell another story. He is waiting for further advice from his lawyer. He has been advised to keep cool. Now, this scheme of lowering the rent he has had in view and in contemplation for a long, long time; but he did not see his way clear to put it in action. He saw his lawyer about it weeks ago, when I told you that he was making a trap which he would fall in and so it will prove. The trap will catch him, sharply, this time. Be not troubled! You are prepared and armed (269-Vol. IV) when he attacks you. Every day he says to his wife, "Well, I shall have my own terms or war." And she tells him to leave it all to his lawyer. Now, the point will be, that the rent of the rooms must be lowered, but wait, time enough when he begins his abuse. We are all very happy for we know that all will turn out right and you will be very prosperous when this change takes

place. A very happy home you will have yet on earth, with every blessing. I do not like to see you always anxious. I want to see you enjoy life. You must, dear child, you must go away sometimes from care, with all the family. When going on pleasure trips happiness consists in being with those dear to you. Let your mind be easy till the attack is made; then everything will be made clear for you and you will not be at a loss to know how to act. Mr. Vanderbilt is near and will say a few words soon. God bless you, my dear child.

Your Mother.
Your Ma."

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. There is nothing very new to tell, but you can expect him (Runcible) to begin his attack any moment. He has to have further advice to-day, and he may receive it (270-Vol. IV) in a letter. His scheme is smart, but will not be long in falling to bits.

I hope you have never placed confidence in him. All you have to do is to hear his story and let him discharge himself, or wait till you can discharge him. Now trust and all we can do for you we will. We will not let him remain in that hotel business longer than we can possibly help. The first step is taken. I think he will discharge himself. We see that he is greatly vexed, so vexed that he was quite ill last night, quite a sick man.

I am looking about, looking in the business line about the bonds, and I hope to find something favorable soon. We are all very watchful over you and the future. I go to-day to see the trouble in my own family. There will soon be a death in the family. We can say no more now. God bless you.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

I read and replied that I could not recall a word ever spoken to Runcible in confidence. The pencil added:

"It is a blessing indeed, for he would use every trivial thing, every trifling word. You have had a better opinion of him (271-Vol. IV) than we have, or than you ought to have had.

W. H. V."

Then I asked Mr. Vanderbilt if he could see anything in the future that indicated advantage obtained over me in consequence of my belief in Runcible's integrity?

"Now, let me give you this explanation. His lawyer has asked him the very question that I put to you, and his answer was, we think, that he would see. I feel sure that you have not. I only asked the question to put you on guard. I want you to know that you will come out triumphant, victorious.

W. H. V."

March 24th 9 P. M.—1886.

Husband and I sat with a few others around a table at Katie's and the following was written and handed me but was not read until we got to our rooms:

"Fear not that man; fear nothing that he can do. I am glad that Willie has returned home. We see great joy shining through the clouds. You see, I have come to tell you what I know to be true; you will see the predictions fulfilled. Be strong my esteemed friend. Lean on me.

W. H. V."

March 25th 11 A. M.—1886.

Again at Katie's, the pencil wrote.

(272-Vol. IV) "My Dear Child. Our friend who has become dear to us as well as you is not with me this morning. He is in his own household, and he would give much if he could speak to them as he does to you and others. I have been with you and know all. Do not let that matter trouble you. It is nothing detrimental to your interest. I approve of what you are about to do; and to be 'wide awake' as Charles Foster says, is the great thing, for he (Runcible) would take you in the dark and when you least expect it. I see that he is at work but you have every reason to be encouraged. What the event will be, that will lift you out of all this we cannot tell, but certainly there will be something that will close the affair and you will again be on a prosperous path. We see the future, and it is very free from clouds; from that we judge. Bear vexation; it will not be for long. When once you close the doors on that man, you must be very

careful whom you choose, and look well and study the man before you accept him, let his record be ever so bright. Trust him not till you have tried him. I would (273-Vol. IV) have told you that this man Runcible was selfish to the greatest extent. Now he is extremely selfish because he cannot have his way. To-day he will see his lawyer again. Every day he wants to make the attack.

God bless you. I long to see you out of these storms and anxieties.

Your faithful adviser,
Benj. Franklin."

I asked if Runcible would pay the full rent on April 1st? He replied:

"I will see that you have the answer to that question to-morrow morning. We have been considering that matter. You had better do what you are thinking of this afternoon all the same.
B. F."

I remarked that I wished to ask Mr. Vanderbilt if he liked the lawyer I had engaged, and if I ought to see him myself? He added.

"That is what we wish you to do. Go, by all means, and see him yourself. Willie did a wise thing. We are glad that he came home.
B. F."

Can Runcible want a legal fight?

"The fact of his writing to you means law. He knew that asking you would only bring a verbal reply, when as he hoped you would write in haste and (274-Vol. IV) commit yourself in some way. Remember the man is mean.
B. F."

I asked, "Will that man be able to tread us under his feet and crush us?" The reply:

"I want you to go in your own house, the queen of all; use authority. Your son the same. That is the only way to put that man down and let me say you will shine like a star; 'crushed!' No, not even daunted. You will not be under this cloud long.

Now my dear child, to-night Olin will be near you and we will some of us accompany you to-day.

Benj. Franklin."

March 26th 11 A. M.—1886.

Again I was at Katie's room. The pencil commenced.

"Esteemed Friend. I am here. Speak, I will listen."

W. H. V."

I replied that my lawyer seemed anxious for me to discharge Runcible. He wrote:

"I will give you my advice, then you can do what your judgment dictates. Let him make the first attack. He made the first demand and I advise you to let him open the way for you. You are showing judgment now and fearlessness. It can do you no harm nor put you back in the (275-Vol. IV) least to let him make the first attack. He will do so soon. Wait a few days. Time enough if he fails to pay the rent which is nearly due.

W. H. V."

"My Dear Sarah. I see that he feels certain in his own mind that you will do what he has demanded. He is simply waiting for you to attack him. He knows that you have been advised and he is very anxious to know what that advice is. That is what he is waiting for. Now, when he sees that you do not notice him further, he will come out with all his deep underhanded work.
Olin."

"My Child. Cheer up! You are looking too much on the dark side. Why not trust an old friend? I am sure you are unnecessarily worried. I see that you are coming out right and all the happier for this attack. Why look on the dark side? Is not the sun shining through it all? Be hopeful! Be trustful! Fear not, for there is nothing to fear. You stand on safe ground. Be not depressed.

Isaac T. Hopper."

(276-Vol. IV) I replied that although I stood upon the truth, still it could not always prevail. Quickly he wrote:

"Do you think that we, your friends (with God's help) will let you remain one day in his power or allow him to get the best of you? No! We will all stand by you.

The Whole Circle.

I. T. Hopper."

In reply to a question from Katie I said that Runcible wanted to get us out of the hotel. The pencil said:

"You must not leave there. I speak for one who knows the heart of this man.

J. B. Taylor."

"Charles Foster has been asking my advice.

J. B. T."

I said, "Is Charles Foster my friend?" The pencil dashed this:

"Why did you ask Taylor that question? I knew Taylor. He went with me to see Runcible on your account."

/"

March 27th 11 A. M.—1886.

I called on Katie and while relating to her some incident connected with Mr. Runcible, I remarked that I could not realize that anyone whom I knew and with whom I came in personal contact, could be so designing as I had learned, through our circle, him to be. Katie likes his looks and said now, "He has a good face." While we were talking the pencil wrote as follows.

(277-Vol. IV) "From his cool, quiet manner trust him not. He is troubled, and uncertain, but notwithstanding, in a few days, about five or six, he will begin his attack. Then you will know exactly how to act. My esteemed friend, although things look dark, there is no great cause for you to feel troubled. After you have settled with this man and come to decided arrangements, and he leaves the way clear, and the door is closed upon him, (by his own act) then you may look for brighter days and prosperous; till then, not till then will the future we have painted to you be enjoyed. I wish your son Willie had the health to take the place of Runcible, but should he do so his profession would be lost, so we will not think of that; but when his mind is busy and he has plenty to do, he will be stronger, less nervous and sleep well nights. He must soon start out for himself. I have his interest at heart and you must excuse me if I speak plainly.

My friend, I will tell you soon, if my family will ever again be happy. They are unsettled in

mind, and mixed up unpleasantly with others in business, and I feel troubled.

(278-Vol. IV) In a short time all will be a summer garden on earth and we see that you, (our circle) will pluck the brightest of them with happy hearts. Be not unhappy now, all will be well.

W. H. V."

After reading the letter we had quite a lengthy conversation through the echoes, in which we agreed that Willie must take Mr. Runcible's place for a time; and Mr. Vanderbilt also assured me that we shall not have to wait the "three months" allowed in the contract for Mr. Runcible to get away; that he will go, after he makes his attack on me, so soon as settled with. I said, "When will he begin? I want it over." The pencil wrote.

"And then, after all this is settled, our book shall be presented, and we will have a great rejoicing over your freedom. Yes, we will celebrate the day and give thanks. We are all with you. God bless you. The exact day, dear child, none of us can tell. It will be soon, however. Trust in your own strength and our protection.

Benj. Frankln."

March 29th 11 A. M.—1886.

I called at Katie's and the pencil wrote:

"My Dear Child. The days roll on, one after the other. The night comes; and you waken to see what the day brings (279-Vol. IV) forth. Wise indeed, is it decreed that no man on earth shall read to-morrow's page. Wise is the great Master. And now when we come to you, and say that the future is bright, remember that we see the future for a limited space. We can tell for we receive the knowledge from careful watching, and it is well that we can. What would the world be without our warning hand, without our protection? God sends His ministering angels, to minister to their beloved below, to minister to the children of earth. But there are alas! too many who will not heed the whispering of spirits.

My dear child, be of good cheer. There is coming a change in a few days, and then do not hesitate to act at once. We see a cloud over that man and a little darkness for you, shadows that will

cause anxiety and trouble, but they will pass away. Bear in mind, when all seems dark, that we are with you; and do not give way to unhappy forebodings. All will be well. Let Mr. Runcible make his attack. Let him do so soon as possible; the sooner the better. This is the advice of all who love you here.

Benj. Franklin."

(280-Vol. IV) After reading the letter I mused, "Mr. Runcible will do all he can to injure the house and take the guests away and well do I know how little it takes to start hotel boarders." The echoes responded vigorously. I said, "It would be dreadful to have the house emptied at this season." The pencil wrote:

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. In that you will have no trouble. Have no dread of financial matters. You will never be in want for money to meet your interest. I see that all is well. Be not troubled. You will simply be rejoiced when he leaves your house and God will bless you and yours.

I want to see 'this dear boy well. We shall all feel relieved to see him out of this suffering. He is in good hands on earth as well as heaven.

W. H. V."

Afterwards I asked Mr. Vanderbilt if Mr. Runcible would pay the rent on the 1st?

"It is so doubtful that we cannot yet tell. It looks extremely doubtful. No matter how it turns so long as he leaves. We will say more to the point to-morrow morning.

W. H. V."

(281-Vol. IV) March 30th 1 P. M.—1886.

Atropine had been put in my eyes by the oculist that morning and I was suffering from the effects and could not use them at all. I was with Katie at this hour and the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Child. We have been with you and want you to feel no anxiety about your eyes. All will be well. Attend to them faithfully and you will have no trouble. All is going to end in your favor with Runcible. We are standing between you and harm. We are all pleased to see the dear

boy better. God bless you. Glorious changes are coming.

The Circle.
Benj. Franklin."

March 31st 11 A. M.—1886.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. You feel depressed now, but you must remember that you are in good hands, and that sometime when your health is good, we will make you a presentation, in which you will take great pleasure as the years roll on. After you have finished with the Doctor your eyes will be greatly relieved, almost as good as new before long, so do not let your heart be overshadowed. There will be no very tedious waiting, and we will keep you informed of affairs at home. The coming week will be (282-Vol. IV) irksome, but will bring about great events. You will be surprised to see how very easy everything will be made for you. If my sympathy can comfort you, remember that you have it, from every outlet of my heart. I will do everything to hasten your recovery, for I want to see you happy and also to hear your voice. I like you to read my letters yourself.

You will have us very near you to-morrow to ward off all blows. Now think of us all through the coming week as standing by your side, Olin and myself, we shall stand between you and Mr. Runcible, and Charles Foster will also be there. You must not feel in the least anxious; just be quiet and let things take their own course. Do not try to read.

Your little Leila was with you yesterday morning. Olin assured the dear anxious child that no harm would come to you and that your eyes were not being hurt. The love of a child is great here and so is the love of every dear friend and relative. It is the great link between heaven and earth. A child's love remains always childlike. You see it in Leila's fear that you were going to be hurt yesterday.

What it is we cannot tell, but over the proprietor a heavy sorrow hangs very black. He will feel that he has (283-Vol. IV) brought on his own trouble. God bless you dear friend. We are glad that you are entering a brighter month and that

(1) Katie's sick child, Ferdie.

the worst is over. We shall be more pleased about the 15th of April when you will be out of the fog. We want your son, Willie, to be ready in case of emergency, to see to things in the hotel. All will then be well. God bless you.

Your watchful friend, W. H. V."

April 1st 11 A. M.—1886.

Mr. Runcible refused to pay the rent and said that he had taken legal counsel and should not pay until new terms were made. This occurred about two hours before the following was written in Katie's room:

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. You see we knew the man. Now you know how things will end. You must wait a day or two before you can act, as you will then have greater power to act. You are in the right and there can be no failure on your part. But do not under any circumstance trust him again. You will not have much more trouble than you have already endured.

We were both with you this morning, Olin and I, and gave you strength and quieted him. He knows that there is right on your side and also honor, but he makes (284-Vol. IV) use of the pecuniary difficulties to frighten you; therefore, I beg you to hold yourself, queen of your own house, and do not let him daunt you. Your affairs are going to close with Mr. Runcible.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

"Dr. Franklin is coming.

W. H. V."

I remarked, how short sighted for him to refuse to pay the rent for March as he had not asked for the reduction to begin until April. The pencil wrote.

"My Dear Friend. It was a foolish thing for him but a good thing for you. Now do not let him have the opportunity to make offers and again hold power in your house. He will see his lawyer to-day again and in the meantime you will have advice from yours; so rest easy for all will close gloriously in your favor.

W. H. V."

I was anxious about funds to buy Mr. Runcible out.

"My Dear Child. I see what troubles your mind, but I do not think it will come to that. From what I see now I judge there will be no difficulty of that kind in the way. I am quite sure you may rest satisfied of that. We are all deeply interested in your speedy relief from that man and (285-Vol. IV) the anxieties he has caused you.

Your father in spirit.

Benj. Franklin."

"What can we do for this poor child?

The Circle."

"Dear Mamma. Do you remember how I suffered with my little head? I am happy to see that this dear boy is easy now.

Frankie."

"My Dear Mamma. I am so happy now that you must not wish me back. But I remember my baby life. I am going some day to tell you all about my life here, quite a little history, dear Mamma. Leila is well.

Frankie."

"My Children. I am with you in your troubles and I am happy to remind you that the sun smiles on you to-day notwithstanding the clouds this man leaves on the present surface. I see that all is well. He is troubled.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"My Son. Your work is a grand one and must yield a harvest. Keep up your spirits. All looks bright and progressive.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"It looks to me like this, my boy. You can diminish your expenses. George, do take (286-Vol. IV) my advice. You know you could have patients here in the rooms that would pay enough to pay all your rent and pay your help. Take my advice. Put the rest in your pocket. Why labor for nothing?"

/"

"My Son. Charles speaks well. He is right. No more worthy work was ever done, and it should also give you a separate income, that you could know how well you are appreciated.

Isaac T. Hopper."

(1) Katie's child still ill and suffering spasmodically in his head.
(2) Doctor Taylor.

April 1st 5 P. M.—1886.

My eyes were now so very bad that I could not go to Katie and she could not leave her child to come to me, so Willie called to get what our dear ones had to say to us.

"My Dear Sarah. My opinion is that you had better serve this writ. You know he will not pay his rent. Mr. Vanderbilt has just left me with these words, 'Tell your sister that she had better serve the writ. She will have to do it and that is all she can do with him. It will not matter if she waits till to-morrow.' Mr. Vanderbilt is not here. He is with his family. ¹Mr. Vanderbilt and I have been with her and know all. ²Send the letter. All will be well. Tell dear (287-Vol. IV) Sarah that we want her to sleep knowing that all will be for her good.

Olin."

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I have come here for a moment. Serve the papers to-morrow at noon, before twelve o'clock. All is working well for you. The money will be on hand. God bless you.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

April 2nd 6 P. M.—1886.

At about ten o'clock of this morning I had "served the writ" or given Mr. Runcible notice that our partnership would cease and the lease terminate at the end of ninety days, under a clause in our contract. Willie called on Katie and the following was sent to me:

"My Esteemed Friend. All that you have done has been for the best. It has been wisely done. The lawyer that you have is very sure of his success, in cases of great moment, where everything hangs on his word and judgment. Therefore, you are in very safe hands and blessed. His lawyer has already told him that his case is bad. You must not feel anxious nor look on the dark side. His threats will not harm you. Pay no attention to his threats. He is more crestfallen than you can imagine. Now (288-Vol. IV) let things take their course. We shall watch him

and advise either your son or husband to-morrow. The man is completely overpowered and very vindictive. God bless you, and relieve you, and place you beyond the influence of irresponsible men. Your judgment is good and you will be guided. We will bear your trials with you. We shall not leave you.

W. H. V."

"My son, come in to-morrow.

B. Franklin."

April 3rd 8 P. M.—1886.

Mr. Runcible was entirely conquered by the course I pursued. He sent the rent to me on the evening of the 2nd with great apologies through Mr. Habrich, a guest of the hotel, but he got little satisfaction from me. I was not in the mood to be conciliated. They wrote me by Willie:

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I have been with you and I wish you to have no misgivings regarding that matter. Your lawyer wants to put you on your guard, but I feel sure that your great aim is accomplished and you now stand in your proper light. You never were placed as you are now. You have the respect of the man who thought he could do as he pleased with you, and he will be a different man in every respect. Just leave him alone now. I see that he (289-Vol. IV) is crushed. Let him feel so for a while. It will do him good. You will find him very submissive. All has been done square on your part. You better let events take their course and in due time we will advise you. Your lawyer is just the man to deal with this man. I can advise no further to-night, but we will watch and see that he does not get any advance of you. God bless you. Keep good cheer. We see much for you to rejoice over. The future looks clear and the clouds are passing away.

W. H. V."

I told Willie to ask Mr. Vanderbilt about the feasibility of my making terms or conditions upon which Mr. Runcible might remain.

"In a day or two I shall know better how to advise. I cannot endure the idea of Mr. Runcible's continuing with you. I want to close the door upon him. He will have to leave.

W. H. V."

(1) Here he speaks or writes to Willie.

(2) This, and the letter mentioned on the last line of the previous page both allude to the raising of funds to buy Mr. R. out.

"My Child. Your judgment is good. You must let it guide you with our advice to help you.

Benj. Franklin."

With such excellent advice and much of it having proved absolutely prophetic we naturally looked anxiously for every word from this never failing source of strength and comfort. From (290-Vol. IV) the first they strongly advised getting rid of Mr. Runcible at all events, but at no time did I feel sure that such a course was best under existing circumstances, still I was and am most desirous to get their fullest and frankest thoughts, and we shall come to see alike before the business is settled.

April 5th 3 P. M.—1886.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. You see that all is coming out well. You have won the battle, and you can now hoist the flag of victory. Not only in that, but in many other things which have crossed the sunlight of your pathway. God bless you. Soon as you are able, I want you to take a pleasant little trip and rest and enjoy yourself. I will say more at another time, but go by all means.

Now, my son, let me say a word to you. A bright career is before you; and I want you to work and earn the laurels that hang within your reach. We will all help you. Begin at once. Look into affairs now. Take note of how things go until you enter in your regular business. Great joy is near for you and yours. The whole circle send their love to you.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

(291-Vol. IV) "I tell you that man uttered oaths to that lawyer of his when he got the paper.

Willie, look into your father's affairs.

/."

April 7th 2 P. M.—1886.

My eyes still very bad. Husband as well as myself quite concerned about them. He called upon Katie and the following was sent me:

"My Dear Child. I have with grief seen your depression which results from your inability to see. Now let me assure you that your sight will be fully restored. I have consulted some of the

greatest physicians here. I have taken Dr. Hahneman to look into your eyes. They will be all right before long. I want you to go to-morrow and see your eye Doctor without fail; then wait patiently. I know that your eyesight will return better than ever. Dr. Hahneman has assured me of this. Now keep good courage for a bright future is before you. Happy changes are near. God bless you. Think how smooth the waters are, and let your heart be glad.

Your father in spirit,

Benj. Franklin."

April 8th 5 P. M.—1886.

Willie called at Katie's and the following was sent me:

(292-Vol. IV) "My Dear Esteemed Friend. I have been with you to-day. The affairs of the hotel are progressing in your favor; have no misgivings; have no anxieties. All will turn out for your good, and there will be success and happiness. It is you I am now anxious about. I want you to nurse yourself. You must go away for rest and pleasure. Think of nothing here. Let others take care of everything in your absence. Runcible will never, never win the day. It is yours. The victory is won by you. The undercurrent can do no harm. We are watching affairs very closely. To-morrow I will advise more fully at ten. My son, be here for your mother.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

April 9th 10 A. M.—1886.

Willie kept the appointment.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I rejoice to see you improving in your eyesight. A great deal of patience and some little time will fully restore your eyes, and you will see better than ever. I have been looking at your private business affairs, the hotel I speak of. Now as Runcible has somewhat humbled himself, let him (293-Vol. IV) humble a little more, then if you think best to keep him on let it be with the distinct understanding that you have the right to discharge him at any time that you feel that you know that you can do better, but on no account keep him unless you make these arrangements. I have

looked into affairs very closely; this is the only way to do. Mr. Howe is his firm friend, also friendly to you; but do not place too much confidence in him. He works sometimes with motives of his own. You see I am always looking for you, and your interest, and the interest of those near and dear to you. You know exactly what to do now. God bless you. I see no dark shadows in your pathway; nothing to warn you of further at present. The man, Runcible, feels very much crushed, and beaten. He feels sick of working an undercurrent. He is justly punished. I will keep you advised.

Ever your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

I still anxious about funds in case of buying R. out.

"It will be all made easy. You will be surprised to see how smoothly things will work in your favor.

W. H. V."

(294-Vol. IV) April 12th 5 P. M.—1886.

"My Dear, Dear Child. That loss of sight comes from weakness, great weakness. And now I want to tell you that you will have your sight just as well as ever and better. Only have faith and you will not be disappointed. I do so much sympathize with you, and every one here feels the same interest, even the doctors whom I have consulted about you; and they gave me their word, that you would soon recover the sight you crave. Dear child, be of good cheer. You have not lived so long to suffer the permanent loss of your eyesight. God is so good and His angels so watchful. My child you have everything to cheer you. I want you to take nourishment and a pleasant little trip. The fresh air will do you so much good. I have had the most prominent physicians to look in your eyes and they all assure me that you will entirely recover your sight. I think you better ride out in the park and sleep all you can. Some morning soon you will awaken to see as well as ever; then think of me.

Your devoted loving father in spirit.

Benj. Franklin."

(295-Vol. IV) "My Dear Esteemed Friend.

I have been here daily with you. When a dark shadow comes between day light and all, all that is beautiful to behold, the spirit will droop and the heart feel sick and mourn over that precious gift, sight. I know how you feel. I sympathize with you, and although I know that Dr. Franklin has spoken truthfully and with great knowledge, I cannot but feel sorry that you should suffer from this cause. I shall rejoice when you are yourself in every respect, in health, in sight, in happy surroundings. I want to see you well and cheerful. We all gather round you; we all love to watch over you; and we will never leave you, never. Now let me tell you that I feel (with the others) perfectly satisfied with all you are doing. You have won the victory, and other things will work together for your good, and just as you would wish it. When the little boy is well I will be here with the circle. Then your eyes will be well and all will be happy. God bless you.

Ever your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

"I wish you had never gone to that eye doctor. Why did you not ask me? (296-Vol. IV) I would have said, 'Don't go!' But Charlie Foster's word is of little account when others are about. They told me to-day that they wanted all the power. Well, all will come out right.

/."

"My Dear Sarah. I want you to believe every word that Dr. Franklin has written this day. He does not speak from what he knows alone, but he speaks for others. Great eye physicians have talked with him and examined your sight thoroughly. Dear, darling child, we all sanction what Dr. Franklin has this day told you. 'Every word will come true. I have talked with him, and know, and would not deceive you.

Now, my darling child, God bless you. There will be joy here yet, and before many days. We can say no more now.

Your Mother.

Your Ma.

The Whole Circle.

Benj. Franklin."

(1) 1898, every word they promised about my eyes came true, was true and is true.

April 14th 11 A. M.—1886.

Willie called on Katie and the following was sent me:

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I was going to send you a message this morning and I am glad your son called. I know that (297-Vol. IV) Runcible is trying to play a double part. He will make you a proposition which will appear all right, but do not fall in with anything he proposes. He must come to your decision in all things. If you suffer him to remain, he must come to your plans. You have nothing to fear, nothing in his case. He cannot harm you. He would have done so long ago, for he has aimed to pierce. I hope you will get free from him soon. I want to see a better man in his place. A great change is on the way. Let things take their course. He will not be here long.

My son, all is well. You are now doing your dear mother a great service and kindness by looking after her affairs. A surprising change is near. Wait.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

April 15th 11:30 A. M.—1886.

Willie called on Katie and returned with this:

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I have been looking into all the affairs and see that you need feel no anxiety, for there is no net that you can fall in. The net has already caught the one who laid it and carefully spread it out for you. Fear not. One or two things will occur to annoy and disturb you but these will be no real cause to feel apprehension.

(298-Vol. IV) My dear friend, let me assure you that you are getting better every day and will soon see as well as ever. I feel very happy and Dr. Franklin has sent his blessing through me, and wishes me to tell you that he knew early this morning that you would have that blessed gift in a measure when you opened your eyes on this morning's light. All will be well, so do not feel in any way distressed. God bless you.

My dear son, go with your dear mother to-day and feel that God and His angels have blessed

you all, and remember that Dr. Franklin rejoices in your joy.

We can say no more.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

April 17th 5 P. M.—1886.

Willie called on Katie.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. Now is your time to be on the watch for Runcible. Keep your eyes open. Do just as your own good judgment tells you, and you will be the winner of the underhanded plan laid by himself. Do not worry, all will be well. We are paying our attention to your recovery. About the end of next week we shall all be sure of his plans and know more of his end. God bless you.

W. H. V."

(299-Vol. IV) "My Dear Friend. My beloved child, you will never be able to live in the same house with Runcible. It will be misery untold and I do not care for his remaining when you are not there. The sum of money that he will offer cannot be less than enough to support your whole family handsomely. I advise you to let him go.

Wait! See how he sails!

Isaac T. Hopper."

"He must pay twenty thousand more down; not one penny less.

W. H. V."

April 19th 1 P. M.—1886.

Katie finally called here, the following was given:

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I am happy to have this opportunity to give you a few comforting words and advice as well. You are just stepping out of all the mud and anxieties. You are clearing your feet from the deep nets which were laid for you in an underhand way, secretly. This, I know to be true. I have seen the plans studied. You were to leave and Runcible was to have a smooth sail all his own way. He would have made his fortune in a few months and made you believe that he only cleared expenses. However, if he makes you a very tempting offer you might think it over and use your own judgment about accepting it. You have every reason now to

(1) On this morning when I awakened I found my sight much better.

rejoice. (300-Vol. IV) You have overcome all the difficulties, and best of all, achieved a great triumph.

But I must now tell you how happy we all are, to see that you will recover your eye sight, the delicate part of the sight, much sooner than you understand, dear friend. The delicate eye must be nursed and to do this you must take outdoor exercise; not exercise exactly, but breathe the pure air, and take continual nourishment. Think as little of trouble as possible and shortly, very unexpectedly your eye sight will return much as it was in youthful years. I have heard the physicians here talk with Dr. Franklin only this morning, and I have given you the substance of the conversation. My spirit is with you every day. Now I will linger to reply to any queries.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

"My Dear Sarah. All the beloved are speaking and I am not silent. I am so happy to see that you will have recovered sight to behold the lovely flowers open. You will see and know how very accurate Dr. Franklin has been in all he has told you regarding your recovery. And now rejoice with me and with all the world of spirits here who love you. I was pained when I saw how you (301-Vol. IV) felt. I wanted to give you cheerful words, but I never cheer the heart unless I know positively that there is no doubt. A great change is near, a great joy, veiled awhile from our eyes, but soon you shall know. A joy you have looked for. The bright sunlight on the present will soon reach over the future.

My dear Sarah, I love you and that is why I rejoice when I see or have this knowledge of happiness in the future for you. I want you to travel some. I want to be with you and enjoy the world with you, you, the beautiful nature of earth, I, the everlasting fields of heaven. All is well. God bless you my dear sister. Emeline sends much love and many kisses, which I would like to imprint upon your dear mouth so that you would know that I, your brother Olin, kissed you. All is well.

Olin."

"I see that I was mistaken.

./."

When I asked Charley to what he alluded, he wrote, "I was sorry that you went to the eye doctor.

./."

"My Dear Child. You have nothing to fear in regard to Mr. Habrich. He is the best one to manage Runcible and I think you are (302-Vol. IV) perfectly right in trusting him. I know that you could not have a better person to help you. All is looking bright. I feel perfectly satisfied with the course things are taking. You are gaining in health daily and things are working together for your good and that of your family. We have watched you carefully, and now we feel sure that you are progressing rapidly and surely towards all that makes life sweet.

Your father in spirit.

Benj. Franklin."

"My Dear Child. It seems such a cloud has been lifted from my soul, to see you again looking upon the beautiful world with renewed sight. I rejoice, my dear child. Have a little patience. Soon, in a short time, you will see better than you ever did. I feel happy, and you know I could not be if I saw crosses for you to bear. God bless you. All is well. We can say no more now.

Your loving Ma.

Your Mother."

April 20th 3 P. M.—1886.

Katie and Ferdie, her sick child, passed the afternoon and evening here. The pencil wrote:

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I am happy to tell you that the steps towards a final answer (303-Vol. IV) from you is near and when you will decide everything, and you will be, just where we predicted some days ago, in a garden of flowers. All looks very bright so far and you need feel no anxiety. Great changes are coming. I see that you will soon feel the importance of bringing Runcible to honest work. All is well. I will have more to tell you in a few days. Be not trembling, nor wavering. Let the storms rage ever so fiercely. Nothing can pull up the

flowers or cloud the sunlight in your pathway. We say all is well.

W. H. V."

I mentioned the conditions I was preparing to submit to Mr. Runcible and asked advice. This came:

"You are doing everything just as I would do myself, and you will be perfectly satisfied. We can say no more now.

W. H. V."

After dinner, at about eight o'clock Katie again asked for the pencil and the following came:

"My Dear Child. We are happy to see that all is well. Runcible is now in an ocean, tossing here and there, sadly beaten by the waves; so very boisterous he does not know where his boat will anchor; but we do, and soon he will step on the other side of the water. You have done right, dear child. Be firm and you will not have to battle (304-Vol. IV) long with adverse winds. Your day of triumph is near. We are sure that great joy is coming to you and yours. The stars say it; we read it in the unfolding flowers, so be happy till we all come to congratulate you on your new found joys.

We have all been with the dear little boy. He has been worse than you can realize and Mr. Jencken wishes me to tell the Doctor that he has his soul's everlasting gratitude with blessings. His boy, he says, has been on his mind, for he wants him to live and take his place on earth, and he has felt more than anxious. He is here and his heart is full of love for his dear little family. My dear child, you shall soon have sittings for the book, when the little boy is well, and when the clouds have all cleared.

¹ My son, your life is one of great use and help to the world. Your name will live long and be honored. God bless you.

Now we will close and with our blessing. Sleep well. We will attend you to-morrow, dear daughter. The dear boy must not stay long. All

that we have predicted will be realized and sooner than you expect. Good night.

Benj. Franklin and Circle."

(305-Vol. IV) April 21st 2 P. M.—1886.

Willie called on Katie and received the following letters:

"My Dear Son. A great many times I have wanted to speak with you and now I will say a few words. The summer is near and I want you to enjoy yourself with your dear mother. I want you to stand by her and take her burdens upon yourself. Take the lead in your own house. Look after everything faithfully. You will thus prepare to work for yourself and practice your profession. You have every ability and will be aided, and the first great case you get will make your career. Let your mind study over what I have this day told you. Your light must not be closed from the world by your retiring into the dark. My son, fear no defeat. There are some who are very envious of you in your home, that you meet daily. Heed them not. Pass them by as people too ignorant to be rebuked. God bless you. All is working well.

Tell your dear mother that we all watch over her interests, and what we have predicted will be realized. God bless you all.

Benj. Franklin."

(306-Vol. IV) "My Son. I advise you all to take a long sea voyage. Enjoy the beautiful earth and lay in a store of health for the future. You must tell your mother, my dear esteemed friend, to think this over. Health is more than wealth, and if you follow my advice you will have both. All looks bright and all will be well. With love and interest I watch you all. I can say no more now but will say more as things progress.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

April 24th 11 A. M.—1886.

My lawyer suggested my offering to sell to Mr. Runcible in order to draw him out. I was afraid to do it and could not make up my mind to send the letter prepared by my lawyer for that

(1) Dr. Taylor.

purpose. I asked advice of my unseen friends and received this.

"I am reading the letter and both men.

My Dear Esteemed Friend. Every client in a great business matter is informed of everything just as you are, and the adverse party know this; therefore, in my opinion it would be best for you to send the letter as advised by your lawyer. That is understood by the other party, Runcible. Your judgment is extremely good and reliable. I hope soon (307-Vol. IV) to see this matter closed, for I want to see your mind easy and so happy that you can go away for a little enjoyment. Great changes are very near, much nearer than you expect. I will wait to answer.

W. H. V."

"You must not sell out on any account. Not now. Runcible is a big——.

J. T. Brady."

We read and expressed our surprise at the advice from an entire stranger. The pencil continued:

"I am pleased to be called by my friend, Mr. Vanderbilt, to correct his mistakes. Do not sell out.

James T. Brady."

"The best way is to take a large compensation, remain where you are for the present, and let Runcible work out his way as best he can, you receiving the rent as usual and a large compensation.

Advised by Brady. W. H. V."

"Mr. Brady thinks that more profit would be yours by half shares, and at the same time put Runcible under restrictions.

W. H. V."

I now read conditions I had already prepared upon which I proposed to offer to allow Runcible to remain. The pencil wrote:

"All most important. Now remain firm to this without further parley from lawyers. This whole business will come out just as you (308-Vol. IV) would have it, even better, and now let it not trouble your mind. He is all the time working and planning for some treachery, but he will only be caught in his own net. He is

planning something now which will not be developed till sometime next week. I advise you to make this plan clear to him before he makes more proposals. Put it at work soon as possible. We can say no more now. God bless you.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

April 24th 9 P. M.—1886.

In the evening Katie called and the dear ones came.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I have looked further in this matter. I think you better hold your place here. Runcible will not be here long, on earth. He is passing away rather rapidly. You are safe in any arrangement you make with him. Daily our homes are being filled with new born spirits. They come very quickly over the troubled waters and take their places in the brighter world. Soon ex-president Arthur will be here, and so they bid farewell to their earthly trials and come here, little thinking that it is only a continuation of earthly life. I know how I felt myself, when I was first conscious of this progressive life. It was a great joy (309-Vol. IV) to me; but sudden deaths are dreadful. Even now when I look back upon it, the suddenness of my departure was, well, terrible.

Great events will take place next week or the week after. You will be surprised and pleased. I will be near to congratulate you. I am pleased to see that you are gaining your sight. Be patient. It will all come soon. Dr. Taylor ought to have an eye to business over there and look out for his own interests more.

I am your watchful friend.

W. H. V."

"My Dear Son and Daughter. You think perhaps that I forget you because I don't speak oftener. Now I visit you just as much and as often as the others do. I look in with mother and see that all is well. I don't talk much but that was my way, and ¹ Daniel you know comes after me to take me to see Amelia and others; so I am between them all pretty well occupied. Mrs. Sweet is my best medium here. I don't see

(1) A brother-in-law of my husband's, who died in 1884.

the affairs of earth much. I don't want to trouble my mind. God bless you.

Father Taylor."

"I shall not write again for some time. Mother wrote with me. I am now going to say good night.

Father."

(310-Vol. IV) "I want to warn you against Mr. Runcible's promises, and notes. Look well.

J. T. Brady."

"Notes to others in future. Look well. Who is that, my young friend?

J. T. Brady."

Willie was greatly annoyed because he had been made a "go between" by Mr. Runcible. I did not fear either Mr. Runcible or Mr. Habrich. I was willing to, and did see the latter and believed I could use him to advantage. Willie made some sharp remarks about him. The pencil then wrote.

"Put him out of the question altogether, utterly out of the question, that fellow.

J. T. Brady."

"My Son. Never cause a shadow to cross the sunlight of your mother's heart by making thoughtless remarks. She has good judgment and knows how far to trust. I simply say these words that you may be guarded in future, not to scold.

W. H. V."

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I will be near you. Good night.

W. H. V."

April 26th—1886.

I was thinking of visiting my father, and Willie called on Katie to learn if they could see any (311-Vol. IV) reason why I should not. He returned with the following.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I am here and let me cheer you by telling you that you are drawing nearer every day to your reward. A few days' rest will do you good. I advise you to go for a few days. It will do you good in heart; for it will be the last time you will probably see your father in this world; and although there are disagreeable links, be not cast down in spirit.

Why, no one understands better than I do the human heart and all its depressions. I sympathize with you, but I look ahead and see that all is well; and that all will be well. God bless you.

W. H. V."

Willie asked if the cash consideration I had decided to require of Runcible in case we went to Europe was right? He answered.

"It is less than I would like her to take, but she can only do what her own judgment says and what she can negotiate for. There will be great changes very soon.

W. H. V."

On the evening of the 27th Flora and I started for my father's in the western part of the state. We remained one week and among the letters we received from home was the following. It was given to Willie, but he did not provide ruled paper which Mr. V. B. so much preferred.

(312-Vol. IV) April 30th 10 A. M.—1886.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. You see I have not the attention and thought in your absence that is ever shown when you are near. But you will excuse my writing on unruled paper. I will do as well as I can. You must now improve all you can. Take the out door exercise which is so nourishing to the body and mind. Let your heart be free and divested of anxiety. I am watching affairs. So far, all is well. You will have no trouble in winding up every obstacle with Runcible. We are arranging that.

Your beloved one is well and doing his work faithfully. Willie is going on the same. He is well and the flowers are opening, so be of good cheer.

Your dear mother saw me a few minutes this morning and wished me to tell you that she is always gliding between you and her dear husband. You are the medium for him to come more closely in contact with his beloved. Soon he will join her and then he will think as she does and throw off the present influences, for she is his true bride. They will be reunited and Olin will give his mother in the arms of his father. God bless you. Your watchful friend.

W. H. V."

(313-Vol. IV) May 6th 2 P. M.—1886.

We, Flora and I, returned on the 4th. Katie called at this hour and immediately the pencil wrote:

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I rejoice to meet you again where I can speak to you face to face. Of course I see you when I cannot speak, but this brings us nearer. I am watching things here very closely. I see that some sudden change is taking place, whether of a favorable order we cannot tell, but that it is taking place is certain. I will know better in a few days. Only you keep your eyes open and be prepared for whatever comes. I can assure you that the soil will not fall on you or any of your family. I hope now that your anxieties will end, and that things will go on smoothly. You have the great satisfaction of knowing that you are free to act as you please. I will help you in every little and great matter.

Surely that Runcible is plotting some new scheme. He is troubled, up early, cannot rest and I can see that he is deliberately scheming some new way of his and his lawyers, to get a certain hold on this hotel. I will watch. A heavy cloud hangs over him and in the midst of all, he falls a victim in his own nets. God bless you. All will be well. You are daily improving and we shall have the way clear to great developments.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

(314-Vol. IV) "My Dear Sarah. How pleased I am to see that my friend Mr. Vanderbilt likes to visit you and look after your affairs. He takes great pleasure in advising and comforting you. I introduced you to him, dear Sarah. I hope you will never forget that I brought Mr. Vanderbilt to you first.

We often talk over matters here. We speak of the first interviews, and he is so grateful to me for helping him. He says, that I have made his life a perpetual summer, a garden of roses.

My dear sister, I have been with you at home. Father is as well as you or I can expect, in mind and body.

I want to see you enjoy this summer. I want

to be with you, and in a week's time you shall have some glimpse of our intentions. Our dear Ma is very happy. She is enjoying her new friends here. Their society is pleasant to her.

I see that you will have a varied season, so much greater will be your joys than you anticipate or imagine. You have much brightness in the future for you and many changes are taking place.

Ma, Emeline and all send love to you.

Your loving brother,

Olin."

(315-Vol. IV) May 6th 7 P. M.—1886.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. There is not a cloud on our beautiful home to-day. I have been to see my family and found them all well. Grief is there, but subdued. Peace seems to have entered my wife's heart. I have lingered near her and influenced her. Believe me, she will some day talk with me through this medium.

Your dear children went with me, through my dwelling three days ago. They were delighted. I showed them my musical bird, and they saw it work. I kissed their innocent mouths and took them back to their dear Grandmama. It was not long after my visit with these dear little ones (in my earthly house) before I had all these things to show them in my abode here; but far more beautiful, far more interesting. Now they take pleasure in visiting me.

I shall be present to-morrow. I have seen your Aunt Sarah. She is a bright spirit.

Do not feel anxious but be happy, for happy, very happy changes are coming. God bless you and yours.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

"My Dear Sarah. I want you present to-morrow morning. Go with Uncle Albert dear Sarah, my child. I am your loving

Aunt Sarah."

(316-Vol. IV) Uncle Albert, Rev. A. G. Palmer, had made an appointment with Katie for the following morning. "Aunt Sarah" was his first wife and died forty and more years ago.

I promised to go with him to Katie's. The pencil added.

"I think Sarah better be shy to-morrow and say little while the other wife is there.

./."

"There are some minds so narrow that they cannot entertain the idea of more than one jewel. His Sarah was his jewel, his wife is his helpmate. But the jewel is waiting on the golden step of immortality. There is a great difference, be it first or second. The first in this case was the real wife. Sarah told me that she longed to have her husband with her. ¹ She is more like a young girl waiting for her lover. Think of it all! Here she is to-night telling Olin how happy she will be to-morrow when she talks with Albert and hears his voice. She is drawing him nearer to her. He is nearing the home she has prepared for him. I am now going to join the circle and will speak to-morrow.

W. H. V."

May 7th 11 A. M.—1886.

Uncle Albert has lost a brother, whose son came with Uncle Albert and wife. The sitting was most unsatisfactory to me and must have been fearfully so to the unseen visitors. Beautifully touching (317-Vol. IV) and tender letters were written to each but were received, not with scorn, but with "poor grace" to say the least. On the wife's face was a pious look of "I am holier than thou." They asked senseless and most irritating questions, etc. The following was written and handed me and I read it aloud excepting the signature:

"Do let me say a word to you, my dear esteemed friend. All this is very trying to spirits who have recently come here. They have not got over the wonder and pleasure of their new lives. Your friend's father is weak yet. He finds everything so very different from that which he believed when in the earth form. Have patience with new born spirits. The doubts, the anxieties, all prevent them from giving the proofs so much desired. I had Olin to help me.

(1) She was only 28 when she died.

I tried to talk but felt afraid until he took me by the hand.

I see that all is well with you. God bless you.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

May 12th 2 P. M.—1886.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I am happy to have this interview. It seems long since I have been able to come to you and talk; still I have been with you and carefully watching your affairs, and I am happy to (318-Vol. IV) say that all is well and there are no obstacles that you cannot overcome. I am sorry to see that you do not feel well and joyous. I want to see you feeling interested in everything; interested in life, in flowers, and all that is beautiful. I want to see you step, as your spirit longs to, free from anxiety and not held back by heaviness of heart. All this I want to see soon.

When I look on earth, upon all (that I was the means of making) so beautiful, so inviting; and then go back to my home in the Garden of Eden, everything on earth looks little and of no account. It seems so little when I view our magnificent structures; and then time cannot efface their beauty. I can say in my heart that I am satisfied. God satisfied; earth weary. And so it will be with all who have experienced what I have, and what you are daily experiencing.

¹ I could not remain in the circle a few mornings ago. I was obliged to withdraw. Those doubts, after they have received such wonderful light; that wavering and doubting will all be a veil between their souls and the touch of an angel's hand. It seems strange for me to write as I do, but I have lived a life time in a few weeks. I have had such kindly aid. The way was opened for me by (319-Vol. IV) those who knew that I would grasp their hands.

My dear esteemed friend, you can easily understand how nervous I felt when the dear companion of his early years, standing near him, anxious to pour out her soul to him, and he fearful of his surroundings—I had to withdraw. Oh, if they only knew how their beloved ones wait

(1) The sitting with Uncle Albert and his present wife.

and anticipate so much pleasure in meeting them, they would throw aside all doubts and say, welcome dear ones from the brighter land. But patience; time alone must correct these errors. A phenomenon so great as this can only reach great minds.

I see that the change we spoke of is approaching, and you will all be happy. Now a few more words. Enjoy life this summer. It is a short time and full of joy. Take out of it all you can. Leave care behind, knowing that all will be well. I will stand between you and all will be well. God bless you. ¹We have talked under difficulties to-day. The book is in safe keeping and all will be well. I now close, but will soon come to you again.

Ever your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

May 17th 1 P. M.—1886.

Katie's child being now quite well the letters were all given in our own room as formerly. Katie called at this hour and we received as follows:

(320-Vol. IV) "My Dear Esteemed Friend. One thing in my life I deeply regret, and it is this, that I did not when in the earthly form, know the value of this great truth. I regret it when I view the structures my money built. I regret it when I walk through my grounds. And when I visit you, I regret that I did not know and appreciate this greatest of all truths, and make this medium independent for life, in this way; that it, this power, should only be used for those who could take it to their hearts; and grow purified; and learn of the other unseen world; and do good; and comfort the bereaved; and to advise people like yourself. Oh, how I regret that I did not know you and this medium. To-day you would have been talking with me, taking comfort on having advised with me. This medium would have been free from the annoyances of curious seekers for only the wonderful. I must not dwell on that which failed in my life. I was too worldly, perhaps. It is now when I wish I had the power to help, where it would

have been a blessing to the receiver and the giver. This is a glorious truth. I wish I could talk with my family. Daily I try to impress them with my presence, and now I am trying to send them to this medium. I am (321-Vol. IV) doing my best to accomplish this. I feel sure I shall be able to soon. Now that the summer is coming I will hope to impress them with my wishes perhaps by something spiritual. I may have the power to impress the minds of some of them. I feel sure this blessing will be given to me, to convince my family before they come here.

I will see what I can do to make life a pleasure for you and your family including this medium. Now dear friend, great changes are coming before long. You will smile at my saying this so often, but it is near, or rather they are near, and very important ones. I have seen a cloud settle near here which will affect Mr. Runcible and annoy you; but all will be well. You need have no confidence in him; for he cannot remain true to any promise unless it is under oath.

The dear children are happy here and visit me very often. I will now wait to respond to your questions.

W. H. V."

I then asked his opinion upon an open point in my still unsettled business. He replied:

"You cannot do better or more wisely. I hope you will then take a pleasant journey to some pleasant place and get a store of health for yourself; then you will be able to battle with life. (322-Vol. IV) A strange phenomenon occurred last evening. I was visiting Olin in his home, where he was resting on a bed of roses, by the side of his dear mother and others, when a large tree of white roses opened. Olin informed me that he, with his friends, were asking how the future looked for Sarah. The flowers opened and said, 'beautiful and bright.'

I am daily learning, learning. God is good to send His angels to help those we love.

I shall talk with you soon again. I am happy to have had this opportunity, and so opportune for I have promised to take a circle now, at this

(1) We had been interrupted three times, once Katie went home and was gone an hour, having been sent for.

hour, from here to a favorite place of mine, near the banquet hall.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

After lunch I said, "Perhaps some other of the dear ones can come;" soon Katie took up the pencil and the following was written:

"My Dear Sarah. You called. So Mr. Vanderbilt says, or at least, he told me, that you were waiting to hear from some of us.

We are all visiting a beautiful place near the banquet hall where the poets make it their home.

I have been looking, dear child, in the path (323-Vol. IV) that leads from your earth here. How near we are! We come from the beautiful fields through flowery paths, down, until we reach the first sphere; then we stand in your presence direct. We come quickly and float sometime in the air. Many can tell where we have been simply by looking in our faces. We are so happy to have seen that all is well.

We visited Charlie Foster. He has a nice abode of his own, but clings to his old associations so closely, and is so restless that he will not improve his spiritual existence for some time. I saw Helen Hunt an hour ago. She sent her love to you.

I shall now join Mr. Vanderbilt and sometime tell you all about this trip. My dear child, good news is near. All is well. God bless you.

Your Mother.

Your Ma."

"Well, William, I must say a few words. I have been reclining all the morning on a bed of leaves by the sea, listening to the sighing of the waters. When the Vanderbilt party called on me, I was too wrapt in my own self, and the sighing of the waters to notice them. So, I have come to tell you that you may look for a bright future after you have passed through next month. What do you say to going to San Frisco for a trip? I will go with you and you will return a well, strong man.

(324-Vol. IV) My dear boy, I am now going to hunt up that party and make myself more

gracious. I have been with no one this morning. Well, I will now say good bye.

/"

May 22nd 2 P. M.—1886.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I told you the last time we met, that we were going to visit the poets' grounds, their paths and bowers. Their wishes have taken form here. Their dreams of beauty are realized. They have their palaces, their lovely women they have so often painted in verse and song. Oh, the great spirit of God is most kind, most generous. Be grateful and fear not death. There is no death. It is life, life eternal. I was much pleased to accompany Olin, for he joined Dr. Franklin who introduced us to the poets. This life has its charms. Here we meet those whose names are great in history; here we meet those high spirits, by this I mean elevated.

Now I must tell you of a little break we had. As we were listening to the great Homer explain the different spheres, we heard the voices of Frankie and Leila calling their Grandmama. Olin at once went for them, they were alone, and took them to their Grandmama who sat beside Homer. (325-Vol. IV) She clasped them in her arms and each one smiled. The dear children, how I love them.

I want to give you an idea of the spheres. Homer has given me a great insight and comprehension of them, which, to me, was veiled in mystery until now. Your appreciative mind will take it quickly and you will feel a new pleasure in coming here. Olin is most deeply interested. He is anxious to have stated interviews with these poets and authors. What a genial fellow he is, and interesting as well as agreeable.

I want to begin our meetings for the book soon. I want to show you what has been done, but Dr. Franklin is Master of the book. We shall probably require another.

My dear esteemed friend, there is much transpiring for your benefit. There seems to be no undercurrent at work now to do you injury. That man Runcible is subdued and meek. You have won the victory. God bless you. I am going to

remain near now and take care of you. I want to see you happy and well, joyous in spirit and well in body. All will be well.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

"My son, take the advice of your old friend, one who loves you and looks forward to seeing you stand first in your profession (326-Vol. IV) some day. ¹Take my advice; never put off an important matter; attend to the first symptom you have of weakness; listen to the first warning. My son, God bless you.

Prof. Kenyon."

"Another thing, my son, never trouble your mother. Help her; think for her; be her escort to pleasant places; save her steps, for such a mother as you have now, you will never have again.

W. H. V."

After the above was read the pencil continued.

"My son, I do not mean to leave one shadow on your heart. I have sons; some might have been more thoughtful. You do not think I mean to say that you are not all that I have told you to be? Years will go on, and others will step in, but let your mother ever be first.

W. H. V."

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I will listen to your wants and thoughts. I will listen to your sighs. I answer with a blessing. How much I would like to say.

Dr. Franklin and I shall meet to-day, and Olin, of course, to learn important facts concerning mediums. Why we cannot always communicate? Why the power goes, etc., etc.? Then when we meet again we will have (327-Vol. IV) some new information, very important to know. All will be well. We can say no more now. May you all be happy and remember we wait anxiously to speak. Tell Dr. Taylor that all will be well. We now close.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

May 26th 5 P. M.—1886.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I am very happy

to come and resume my last conversation, or remind you of my last message in which I told you that I with others was going to investigate the mediumistic power. What the reason of the power failing, and why the atmosphere has so much to do with it. I have been deeply interested in Dr. Franklin's explanation of everything: He says that he always likes to get hold of a medium when the power is fresh, that is, when he has something very important to say, or an important manifestation to give, then he wants fresh power, of the first power. When the atmosphere is clear all spirits can advance more easily to earth, for they can come in more perfection by the aid of the elements when electrical. They control their conditions better. We love to come as perfect as we can, and the clear atmosphere is here a great aid. When there is a heavy fog and the rain falls there is great difficulty in coming. When the medium is worn quite out by long sittings, (328-Vol. IV) and those with people who wear out the nerves of the medium by their doubts and testings, as well as our own spirits which become oppressed with heaviness and a longing to get back, away out of their influence. We love to come when the medium is cheerful and happy. We love to draw near and see sunshine and happiness in the heart. For instance, my friend, we have come to earth to those dearest to us, and the conditions have been such as to cause us to withdraw. The dark shadow would touch our souls before we came in contact with the medium. Dr. Franklin says, 'A medium should be surrounded with pleasant faces, kind hearts, and free from anxiety or hard work of any kind pertaining to earth.' A medium, for instance like this, should have nothing to disturb or annoy her before a sitting. The power or strength of mediums is greatly used; that is why Dr. Franklin says he likes to have the first. When mediums are tired, over-worked, ill, worried or anxious we cannot come so purely. A medium is fine clock work, very fine, and that is why I now wish I had lived to know this truth, or know it as I do now, when I had the power to place a medium where she would have every

(1) Willie was speaking to me of his eyes.

condition Dr. Franklin has named, to make this truth perfection, to a few like yourselves, my dear esteemed friends. I must and will accomplish (329-Vol. IV) plish this with our medium; and some day I shall be able to sit down with you and Kathie and have my own way in everything. I shall have no interruptions, nothing to detract from the power or mar the conditions of the medium. I have tried to come through this medium when her nervous condition has been painful in the extreme, and I have withdrawn sorrowfully enough. I have seen a circle of spirits come from far off spheres, and stop on the threshold of spiritual intercourse with earth, when Dr. Franklin has waved back a message to seek no further, the power being too weak. It has been so with me at times. Now, I shall try to arrange things so that this medium will only sit with a few families, and then look out for great events. I have been learning much and shall go on learning. Your family here are happy to have me communicate to you. They seem to rejoice in my happiness. I have a great deal to tell you about this power. Dr. Franklin will write you next and perhaps more clearly than I can, but I shall say much upon the subject. Never urge spirits to come; you know how many do, it is wrong. When the circle closes, never regret, but be content, as it is best to follow directions carefully. By following directions great is the reward. Now this medium ought not to meet a circle until she has had rest and recovers nerve power. You (330-Vol. IV) will understand what we mean and soon I will be able to make these vague explanations perfectly plain.

My dear esteemed friend, your dear children are very full of pleasure. They have been to me twice to tell me to give you and their dear papa love and kisses; and to Willie and Flora.

Better close now. The power is weak. All is well. I see no clouds.

Your faithful friend,

W. H. V."

(When the above letter was about half finished, the pencil left the "tablet" and went to a piece of paper and wrote the following note. Then

the pencil dropped, the power was gone. We read the note as follows:

"Mr. Vanderbilt says that he wants you to wait awhile for his letter; he will finish it soon.

¹ Deborah."

We ate our dinners and at about seven o'clock the power came again to Katie's hand and Mr. Vanderbilt finished his letter. The pencil added:)

"Papa dear, I have eyes like yours. I love you.
Frankie."

"Mamma darling, I have eyes like yours; soft blue eyes.

Leila."

"Dear Papa and Mamma, we love you both so dearly. We have been looking up Grandma. She is very fond of society and so are we. God bless you. We see no shadows, no clouds.

Leila and Frankie."

(331-Vol. IV) May 29th 1 P. M.—1886.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I have come now to decide for you, if you find that your own judgment coincides with mine. There never can be a better time for you to settle matters with Mr. Runcible than now; and then go and take your pleasure in the flowers and scenery of earth. Enjoy heaven's pure air, and I will go with you over the boundless deep, where my spirit loves to wander. I know you will enjoy nature's beautiful gifts to earth's children, and the blessings of our Father, Master. You deserve all this my dear esteemed friend. You deserve to enjoy life, especially the season of beauty. Why should you toil? Why be anxious? Why stay to hear the troubles of others always? Why not go and enjoy the world with your own dear family? Summer does not always last! Flowers bloom but once in this season! The grass is green for only a certain time! Grasp the blessings, when they are placed for you to take, with thankful heart. Say good bye to care, and glide over the blue waters. My dear esteemed friend, great will be the joy that will follow in your pathway; great will be your thankfulness to God. My spirit is happy this morning to see your way clear. My spirit rejoices in the clear atmosphere and I come

to you so full of (332-Vol. IV) gratitude to your dear brother Olin for teaching me the way. He led the way and I followed. My heart was heavy and he gave me comfort. My home was without the bright laughing faces that I now see about me. My home was sombre till he came. Now all my windows are open and gay flowers curtain them. This is a holy truth. Faith guides the honest heart in all things, and is one of the strongest magnets between earth and heaven. Imagine a doubting spirit coming here. Where does he light? Who can help him up? Who can place his treasures within his reach? The doubt intimidates those who would wish to draw near, and keeps them from preparing a home of cheerfulness with all they once loved on earth; and these ministering spirits must wait till that restless doubting soul becomes purified from these doubts and believes in progression. How can I explain it to you? I never was a man of grand language, but you can understand me. I write for you. The fact and truth is, I would write for no one (out of my own family) but you. There is a strong link of sympathy between us, my dear.

Speaking of spiritualism and publicity. There is a sacredness about it that should never be made public. Take me for instance. Had I known this truth as I do now, (333-Vol. IV) my home on earth would have been a sacred temple, for people like yourself. No doubter should have entered when my hours for communing with my unseen visitors were on. My visitors from the eternal world should have had due honor paid them. No curious eye should have read my sacred missives. They would have been sacred to me alone, and to those who believed as I did. I would have done all this, dear friend, and so it is in your case.

I see that all is well. There are great changes near for your happiness. I have watched Runcible. I do not like him. A more selfish man I never met. Beware of him in all things. Your dear family here are all happy. They knew that I was coming and sent their love to you. They

knew what I would say in a great measure. God bless you.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

"P. S. My dear esteemed friend. We, the circle, meet to-day about the book.

W. H. V."

I read the above letter and Katie was much excited over it; asked if we thought of going to Europe? If we would go? Declared she would not stay in this country without us! The truth is we have been planning to go in July but have carefully avoided mentioning it before Katie knowing the idea would disturb her. While Katie and I were (334-Vol. IV) talking of this the pencil in her hand wrote the following from Cousin Frank and then returned to Mr. Vanderbilt's book, "tablet," and wrote the message which closed the visit.

"My Dear Willie. You will be successful, and I shall be happy to see you at work. But as you say, you need rest and a healthful rest. I am having great pleasure here in this world of so many planets. You will be helped in your writing, in everything. Willie, I had many desires, as you know, on earth that were never gratified. You will be pleased to know that I have everything now, and the little knowledge I had of spiritualism was a great blessing. Olin helps me a great deal. Sometime I will visit you in your own house and communicate with you and others of your family. You will some day make your mark in the world. That I know. I watch over your future. We are going to bring that book soon. I will come soon again.

Dear Sarah, I approve of your making a decided move, and I hope to be one of your escorts over the blue waters. Good bye.

Frank."

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I feel sure that Kathy will go with you. She better write at once to her friend and have all prepared. (335-Vol. IV) I will now join the others and soon you shall have good tidings. I will make the appointment and I know this medium will heed it. I have much to do in this matter, and will constantly

advise you. Your husband needs a change and all will work that way. We can say no more now. Do not call our circle.

Ever your friend and guardian,

W. H. V."

When we turned over the "tablet" on which Mr. Vanderbilt was writing we found upon its under, and a few minutes before, absolutely blank side the following:

Cornelius Vanderbilt

I read it and exclaimed, "It is the Commo-dore!" The pencil wrote in reply:

"It is indeed, aided as I was by Dr. Franklin, to gratify my father.

W. H. V."

June 8th 1 P. M.—1886.

Katie with her two boys went directly from us on May 29th to visit some English friends in New Jersey. They returned on the following Monday but I did not meet her until Tuesday when I noticed she was unhappy and wished to avoid me. I noticed this still did not give her manner the second thought. On Wednesday, June 2, the Doctor came over to tell me that Katie was (336-Vol. IV) in a miserable saloon, drunk. He had heard that something was wrong and had searched her out. She was taken to her rooms and all the miseries of her old life of ten and fifteen years ago were repeated. It appears that these "English" friends induced her to take wine at dinner and when she once got the taste all the rest followed. She has been in this city one year this month and not until now has a drop touched her lips. We are heart sick, for we know so well her old ways. After keeping her locked in, she escaping several times, she finally came to be herself only excessively nervous. She called at this time and the following was written:

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. Again I take up the communicative link. I am happy to say a few important things. I could have wept when I looked in upon this medium and her dear boys. I tried to fan her fever from her sick body. I did help her. Now knowing as I do all the conditions in this case, I feel and know that the only way is to be patient and hopeful, knowing that

all will be well and God with his angels will help her and us likewise. I thank God the fever is over and the sun shines not only on earth, but in our hearts.

The dark cloud is past and now let me (337-Vol. IV) say a very bright change is coming for this little family. I see it and have done much to bring it about. I know you will all rejoice in it. Great will be your astonishment when you hear and see it. It will be well. We hope to be able to place this medium on her feet in a few weeks, to make all happy. Let me say to her, brood not over this failure. Let it be the last. Brood not! Wise men say it. Cherish these words; never look back upon buried griefs such as this. Never turn the page backward, look ahead. We have said enough but not the most important. Think how much worse everything might have been, how much better everything is, how the spirits predicted every case; think with grateful hearts.

My dear esteemed friend, I have been with you through all your arrangements, and of course, take part in all that is associated with you. I see no reason for you to feel anxious about anything in the hotel, or even to anticipate evil. You have done all for the best, all your arrangements have been well made and I hope to be on the voyage with you and guide you safely through all your journey. The future looks bright and all looks prosperous.

I hope all will be well over the way. I speak now of the Holt family.

My dear esteemed friend, just at this moment Dr. Franklin calls me to appoint (338-Vol. IV) an interview with you at an early hour in the evening to-morrow, for important directions and advice. God bless you. All is well. Our power is not sufficient to say more. I have no more fear for this medium. It is over; let your minds be easy. Could I but pour a flood of joy in all your hearts, I would do so.

Ever your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

June 11th 11 A. M.—1886.

Katie did not call again until this morning, for an hour, on her way to visit a friend.

¹ "My Dear Esteemed Friend. The hour for meeting is late when appointed by business people; however the delay was not through carelessness and we pardon the failure in promptness.

My dear esteemed friend, I want the next week clear, free, and our meetings frequent as they can be. I shall first see this medium free from all nervousness and in good condition so that our messages can be pure and I think I cannot refrain much longer from telling you what Dr. Franklin called me to hear and read in the stars. Shall I tell? 'Yes,' answered from above. You will sail, as you have decided, to Europe, and there we shall all meet. This medium will be with you. We have read it in the stars, we know it. There we will give you great (339-Vol. IV) things. There we will meet and talk over all the past, all the present, and the future. We will take these pages and compare them to the pages of the future, and all will be a paradise. My dear esteemed friend, we shall meet in the month of October. I see that Kathie will be sent for by friends. Dear, all will be well. We would like this day to be remembered.

Now let me say you are doing right in business matters and all will be successful. You will have no trouble. You will find all easy.

I will give the opinion of the circle. 'Let the house over the way be without your care. Do not take too much responsibility upon yourself.' It is the time now to arrange matters satisfactorily over there. I tell you to be sure that I know best. Go not, Dr. Taylor, with a heavy heart. Go happy! Your health requires a change. You were and are under a cloud over there. Through those people you do not get the crown or laurel as you should. When you come back you will find this true to the letter. The circle appoint to-night from half past nine to ten for another meeting. Do not fail. We shall be here and then I will finish my letter. The party in the house is dying with envy from your arrangements. We close with blessings, till to-night.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

(1) He had sent Katie but I was unavoidably detained for a half hour.

(340-Vol. IV) June 11th 10 P. M.—1886.

At this hour the Doctor called for her by her request. We had a pleasant visit, she full of beautiful resolves and sweetness of spirit. After the following was written he took her back to her rooms and left her happy and content.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. We are here and happy to take up the thread where we left off. We want to see you on the ground of perfect peace. You have trodden down the weeds and now the bright flowers bloom. Olin and the circle wish me to tell you that they are going to see this night what kind of voyage you will have. Olin says, that what he will miss most, is not having the power to console and comfort you in some hours of sickness and depression. He wishes me to tell you that he desires above all things that Katy will remain in the place she now occupies. We all desire it. We have our reasons. We can come and commune with you, and bring about events dear to us, events dear to our anticipations.

My dear esteemed friend, on our canoe we will lightly guide and bear you messages of love and hope. We will follow by your side unseen but felt, and there will be others to wonder where your courage comes from. You will have what the world cannot give nor take away. You will have us; our spirits.

(341-Vol. IV) Dr. George, why feel depressed? Why feel that you are going to lose one good, one scientific book by crossing the blue waters? You will gain health and strength and be able to do your work with great power when you return, and you will have less care, less on your mind, and more time for work. Cheer up! I was like you in many respects; like you when called to leave my pleasant, comfortable home. You see I have learned to place everything in its true light.

I was amused to hear H. and the H.'s speak of your departure. They are almost sorry that you are going; and I say, hold him fast. Smoothly the future looks for you.

I wish all directions could be followed. I want Katy to leave for Europe from the home she is now in. See to this.

My dear esteemed friend, I want to meet you Monday and Tuesday. Sunday you cannot. If our circle can accomplish what we desire to-morrow we shall indeed be happy. We shall take the time to see. We shall see Dr. George to-morrow and give a few more directions for the meetings. May sweet dreams pillow your heads, so clear on all points. God bless you all.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

"George, I am going to Europe with you. I am going to take Lizzie Sweet with me. Well, if I see you sick and heaving up, (342-Vol. IV) I will say, 'Good for digestion.' My dear son.

Your Father.

I include Sarah."

"This city, this particular city is going to be over loaded with every kind of pestilence; every horrible animal; every horror; everything that will cause horror; rats, rats in walls, in beds, in food, in Croton water. The world is going to be dark, dark.

C./."

After reading the above we said, "Why predict such evil, Charley?" He answered.

"Now you will rejoice to go to Europe, George.
/."

June 26th 9 P. M.—1886.

Katie returned to her "cups" and I did not see her again until this evening when she called in good condition. She chatted a little while and then asked to go in the bed room, that being where our unseen friends are most accustomed to talk with us. They wrote.

"My Dear Sarah. Here we are again, here together. Oh, how happy I am, how happy we all are to come. We are glad you are so nicely prepared to take your long journey, and a happy journey we trust it will be. Of one thing let us assure you: We shall be with you. We will protect you from all danger. Go off happy. Go with your heart full of happiness, knowing that (343-Vol. IV) we shall watch over your affairs, knowing that we have encouraged your going; and turn not back to anxiety. Let us bear all your troubles. This will be a new life. This will be the means

for us to use to fulfill every prediction. Sigh not over leaving here. It is for the best. It will bring about great events. We have done this, dear Sarah. We have been the cause of your leaving for the other side of the world. Business will be prosperous, you will all thrive, and in less than six months, you will see one of our great predictions fully verified; one that will make you very happy; one that will make you all happy. Oh, smile, sceptic; truth is greater than fiction; reality in this world of spirits is greater than in your world. We wish we could tell you all we see and know, but it is not best just now. We shall tell you in a day or two something most important. We shall tell you in a day or two what we are glad to unfold to you, but we cannot to-night; in fact there is one waiting most anxious to speak. He has been depressed in spirit because of his inability to speak to you. It is one of his chief pleasures. He has been to me so often to say that he wanted me to try and influence Katie to come over that he might talk with you. He has been to us all to ask how he could (344-Vol. IV) influence Katie to give him an opportunity of communicating with his beloved friend, and now he waits by your side and will have his prayer answered.

You will glide over the waters in safety, and no accidents. All that you have done has been for the best, and we approve of all, everything. Ma, our dear mother, is so happy that you go so free from anxiety. Frankie and Lelia are simply delighted. They will see everything that you do. Now we want you to feel that we have the power to protect you under all circumstances.

We see that Runcible is well satisfied and frightened. He needs watching which he will have by men on earth as well as men above the moon and stars and sun. My dearest sister, God bless you.

Olin."

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. If I could have raised this medium by my own efforts, and guided her over here, I would have done so the day you felt so sick and weary. I never like to see you sorrowful when I can help, and I think I

could have very much helped you on that day. I have not been here long enough to understand the condition of mediums. First when I saw all that was going on I tried to stand between her and evil. But let (345-Vol. IV) the past be covered never to be opened. I know, we all know, that it is dead in the sense of real death.

You are now going on the very steamer that I have crossed over in, and I know you will have every attention, if you just mention my name. I shall go with you, but dear friend if you at times forget how near I am to you I shall not blame you. You cannot be blamed for feeling somewhat frightened. Try at such times to believe that I am near.

Dear esteemed friend, I have a great idea of the future. I see so much that will now be accomplished; so much that I have vaguely hinted to you. The time will soon come when you will understand my messages. How I have missed these meetings. How I have longed for them. I want you to know that all I have told you will be fulfilled. Business, as Olin remarked, will be very successful and thriving, so you may rest perfectly easy. We all meet here, daily, to look into the future and watch your career. I have something particular to tell you, so meet to-morrow night at an hour when you will be quite alone. I have much to say; but one thing in particular. I shall be with you to-night, and to-morrow I will write you a letter my dear esteemed friend.

(346-Vol. IV) The place in 59th Street will be a complete loss in the absence of the Doctor, unless it is placed in such a way as to throw the care upon the occupant. It will indeed be a loss to yourself and husband. I like to see gratitude, I like to see a grateful feeling in the hearts of those who have received kindness.

Dear esteemed friend, I will say no more to-night, but do not fail to meet me to-morrow night. We will now close with blessings, with love, and oh may no cloud again come between this medium and the happy future.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

Willie came in to hear the messages and com-

plained that his papa did not hold a tighter rein over the 59th St. house. The following was responded:

"My Dear Son William. I propose that you go and arrange this matter. Take it off your father's back. They should pay all expenses in the Doctor's absence.

My dear friends, I rejoice that all is well. I am glad that you persevered in going to Europe. You will have a happy time. God bless you all. Good night.

Prof. Kenyon."

(347-Vol. IV) June 27th 10 P. M.—1886.

Katie called as Mr. Vanderbilt requested, and we seated ourselves alone in our bed room. Her hand immediately commenced writing and at the same time she was telling me of her personal affairs in which I felt great interest. The following was written:

"Esteemed Dear Friend. I wanted this meeting. We are here, all our circle, all our beloved ones. You must bear with me as I am always accustomed to listen to conversation, and always been accustomed to be attentively listened to, all my life; therefore, bear with me if I pause when you talk."—————

At this point the pencil stopped and by the raps I was asked to read. After reading we were careful not to interrupt again the writer by our own chatter. He then continued his letter:

"I am in the very garden that your dear family are, and we are strongly attached to each other; we harmonize just as the flowers harmonize. Did you ever see a flower out of harmony with other flowers?

My esteemed dear friend, I can assure you that the business here is going to be very brisk in the fall, and you have chosen the right party to watch its progress.

(348-Vol. IV) I will never leave my post, and you will never have cause to blame me in one instance, for I have looked well and done everything for the best; for your good, and the good of your family. There are great changes near now.

I want to tell you that we have been reading

the book, and it will be given to you through this medium before many months. When we return the book, it will be at your second meeting, the first will be such a joyous one that we shall take up all the time in talking with you; the second meeting that you will have after leaving this place will be to restore to you a most sacred book. Oh, how joyous you ought to be over this gift. It has been in the hands of many spirits who have given you a lasting remembrance of their existence here."

At this point the power left her hand and we sat in blank silence. After a few moments her hand reached over to a piece of paper and wrote.

"He has been called.

Isaac T. Hopper."

Then the power again left. We talked through the echoes with "our circle." Each one signified his or her presence in this way. Presently Mr. Vanderbilt returned and continued as follows:

"This is the message I have received:

(349-Vol. IV) The spirit of Victor Hugo will write a verse of his own for the benefit of a very dear friend, who lives to mourn his loss. He will write it in French and dedicate it.

¹Your duty has been well done over the way.

I want you to write one more letter to Mr. Stetson, lawyer Stetson. That is what I wished to impress on your mind, to write one more letter and say that you may not be absent more than six months, and you may be gone a year or two; simply write this. I see that it will be better. You know that you have no friend more deeply interested in you than myself. I am perhaps over careful; but it is well to be careful in this case.

Next Sunday I will join your dear family and view the blue sky above and the waters beneath, the heavens above and the waters beneath. You and your dear, noble husband with your children will have that which the world cannot give or take away, a knowledge sublime. You will know that we are with you. You will have no fear. You will enjoy yourself and make many pleasant acquaintances, one in particular. I can see a bright star rising in a new (350-Vol. IV) place for you,

which means that happy tidings will reach you where ever you go.

Now, my dear friend, I will close, and may God bless you now and forever.

W. H. V."

While we were waiting for Mr. Vanderbilt, as noted on page 348, Charlie wrote in a much better hand:

"My Dear Friend. I have been taking lessons in writing. I am growing very serious, and will never speak of rats again.

/"

"My Dear Son William. I wish to congratulate you on your morning's success, and let me say, I was present. It is well to speak out, which you did, and it is well to relieve your father when you can. God bless you and prosper you. I will always help you.

Prof. Kenyon."

"My Dear Willie. ¹I will go with you. Give my love to all at home. Dear boy, so we are going to Europe! May joy go with you. May every happiness be yours. We can say no more.

Frank."

(351-Vol. IV) On the 2nd of July, five days after the last communication, we four sailed for Europe. The Doctor returned in September but Willie, Flora and I remained. Between December and the following June the Doctor had many sittings with Katie and some interesting letters all of which are recorded in a small book by himself and can there be found. The Doctor joined us in Germany early in August, 1887. Flora and I came home with him in October. The first of June, 1888, we three started again across the Atlantic, met Willie and remained in Europe until October, 1889 when we three returned leaving Willie the second time on that side of the big waters, but not until April 6th, 1890, did we hear of Katie. On that day she most unexpectedly called at our hotel. It had been nearly three years since the Doctor had seen her, and four since she and I had met. Very soon Katie wanted pencil and paper. This followed:

(1) Willie had been over and talked with the H.'s about his Papa's affairs.

(1) Willie is going to-morrow night to Frank's father's, Uncle Isaac's.

"My Dear Sarah. How happy we are to talk with you in this way. We have been with you often, Sarah, so often, and helped you at all times. My dear Sarah speak with 'Ralph! I cannot talk till poor Ralph has a welcome from you. I have so much to say.

Olin."

I spoke with Ralph, after which Olin said.

"My Dear Sarah, Ralph is here, but is not happy in some things. I have tried to soothe him and I have. It was a grand and glorious meeting, this side."

I remarked that Ralph had but little knowledge or faith! The pencil immediately wrote.

"Yes, sister, I had more faith than I would admit to you. I was a little obstinate with you, my dear Sarah. I did not care to let you know how much I did believe, but (352-Vol. IV) I must say that I always believed that our dear mother watched over us with love. I am not at all disappointed in this new residence. Everything is lovely here. I only regret that my little family is not settled. I have no little anxiety for them. Sarah, we will not speak of my earthly sorrow. Let that flow away forever. Talk with me!

R."

I inquired if he could get near enough to his family to see them and know how they were getting along? He wrote:

"Certainly, I am with them and think some good luck is about to turn up for them. I shall be anxious all this month. God knows that I would like to have lived a little longer. Olin is helping me now and has been helping me every moment. The first thing I said to Olin was, 'How do you work this thing?'

I am pretty happy; everything is for the best which comes without our inviting it; be the calamity ever so great, if we see it in its right sense and philosophically. I have passed the river of sorrow and now stand on the golden shore. See, Sarah, I have grown poetical!

Dr. George, I am here. How are you? Now

I am going to say to you, do not worry! You have no cause, well yes, you have cause, but I tell you not to be troubled for all will come out right.

That queer fellow, Foster, is helping me now.

R."

I asked if he had seen Foster before? He wrote.

"I saw him about ten days ago talking with Olin. He is original, comprehensive and very good company.

R."

(353-Vol. IV) "My Beloved and Esteemed Friend. I see how much you need my advice in present matters. I will never fail you in a time like this. I will look a little for ten minutes and then return. + + + + + Dear friend, 'this removal from earth was expected and you are doing right in every way. Better not have any one belonging to him about you. He is not here at all, in fact, he does not care what is done in the matter. You have a good lawyer and you will come out victorious. You have sharks to deal with; do not be put down by them at all. Let them work as they will, they will never succeed. You will have great and glorious success. My esteemed friend, let me advise you to close up this business soon as possible. To drag on is only expense; and the sooner it is closed the better for you. I am watching your affairs carefully, my friend, and see no reason why you should anticipate trouble. Vexation you surely will have, but what of that? Just take everything coolly. Now speak and we will consult together.

W. H. V."

After a little conversation through the "raps," the pencil wrote.

"Tell William to come home. We want him. He must come. It is not imperative but better for you my dear, far better. I want William with my dear friend and his dear mother!

W. H. V."

I said, "Won't he come without my telling him to do so?" The pencil said.

(1) Mr. Runcible, the proprietor of the Madison Ave. Hotel, had died about two weeks before, and his wife and son wanted very much to take Mr. Runcible's place in the hotel.

(2) Willie was still in Europe. He came home immediately on hearing of Mr. Runcible's death, and without being asked to come.

(1) My brother Ralph had died suddenly in April of the previous year.

"Yes, he will come, don't write. Charley."

"He ought to come most certainly, and he will. Now, my dear, do not feel troubled. (354-Vol. IV) All will come out right. You will be successful and nothing can prevent you. Believe us, believe and feel strong. I shall be with you.

I have seen Mr. Runcible, stood by him when he passed away from earth. I tell you not to have any member of his family in your establishment. I see trouble ahead if you do, trouble for all. Let them seek other quarters. They will make efforts to stay but will finally leave quietly and without a storm.

Meet us very soon again.

W. H. V."

"Sarah, I am here. Wait a minute! + + + + Dearest sister, do you think that I would leave without giving you the sweet darlings' messages of love? They are now standing by your side. Kissing you and their darling sister. Bless you all!

My dear sister, well there is a tie between us dear, stronger and firmer. What can I say? It is this. I love you.

Olin."

"You see Em. is standing by Olin and so am I. Now Olin meant to say there is a tie stronger between you and him than—well, let it be as Olin had it.

R."

"My Dear, Olin meant that the tie between you and him was greater than between himself and any other member of his family.

H. H. Jackson."

"My Dear Mamma, our precious Mamma, my dear Papa, our precious Papa, our dear Mamma, our dear Papa we are happy, very happy. Sister Flora, are you happy? (355-Vol. IV) I am always loving you, sweet sister. Do not try your eyes by reading too much. God's angels will watch over you. Sweet dreams! Here are kisses

for you. X X X X X
X X X X X
X X X X X

Leila, Frankie."

"Sweet Mamma, good night.

The Children."

"Did you get my kisses sister? Here they are.

X X X

X X X X My Dear Papa in answer to your X X X

thought, you will have great success. Bye, bye."

I inquired after ¹Uncle Isaac. The reply was:

"He will be one of us soon.

H. H. Jackson."

April 13th—1890—Madison Avenue Hotel.

Katie called and the pencil wrote.

"My Beloved and Esteemed Friend. I have been with you every day, working with you and looking after your interests to see that no one intruded on your rights. Now, my dearest friend, I am happy to tell you that all is coming out right for you, and in a short time you will have perfect peace in your heart, and great success in business. The troublesome people will leave, and I shall be glad. Yes, I am glad for your sake. You will have a happy summer and a most delightful change. Your Willie will soon come home happier, for having been deprived of your presence he can better appreciate your company and will remain your staff to lean upon. Now speak, my dear friend, talk with me. Ask me anything and I will respond. + +

As to business, you are rightly impressed and I want to put your son in his proper sphere soon after his arrival home. I see some little disagreeable things (356-Vol. IV) about to happen. Never mind them. They will annoy you a little at first, but amount to nothing. Remember I am strong, and I stand by you always.

Mrs. Runcible wants to remain. I will see that she leaves. It is better. Now, my beloved friend, do not worry. That woman with her family will leave soon and want to leave. Do not think about it."

After some talk he again said.

"My beloved friend, give not a thought to Mrs. Runcible. She with her family will leave. She is guided by her son and would like to stay

(1) My Uncle Isaac died in January, 1888. I had seen no medium since. I wanted very much to hear from him for I loved him dearly.

only I am going to influence her to go. She will leave without an invitation. I will be with you to-morrow. I will stand by you. My advice is, do just what you have decided to, bearing in mind that you will be victorious and happy.

W. H. V."

"Sister, Dear Sister. I seldom come to earth now. I roam all over the universe. No one grieves for me on earth. There is nothing to draw me to earth and I am happier for it. Ma, Olin and I received Ralph. He is too restless for me. I leave him wholly with Ma. I will come and talk with you in a few days. I will talk more freely then.

Emeline."

"Mrs. Runcible brings bad luck in your path. Charley."

"My Dear Child. My very soul has been with you, and oh, my child, you know how I sympathize with you in every sorrow, great and small.

Your darlings are with me, lovely and radiant stars in (357-Vol. IV) the heavenly universe. It is well Sarah, well that they are here with me. They love to be near earth because they can kiss their Mamma and Papa and sister and brother. They can do just as they feel inclined, darlings!

Of Ralph I can say but little now. He is resting and feels happier every day. Olin is the happiest boy I ever saw, my son Olin. I hope to see Ralph just as happy in time. I can say no more to-night.

Your loving Ma."

Next came jokes, playful talk from the loved ones which I preserve because of its naturalness.

"Now, you see, Sarah, I had a different disposition from Ralph, more lively, more cheerful, looked always on the bright side, never had a wife to vex and annoy me! Now Sarah, I am only in fun about the wife!

Olin."

"Sister, he has often caused me to cry. I have told him so! Poor Ralph! Can't I have a little fun too?

Em."

"Well, I do not believe in spooks! I will when I am a little older.

Uncle Isaac."

After a little conversation the pencil continued.

"A message of love to our beloved!

My Dear Niece. I am with you. Could I refuse the prayer of your heart? Your wish to hear from me? Your wish is a prayer. I am here with all the dear ones. I see clearly now. Your faith is sublime. Oh! What a truth you have grasped. Stick to it, Sarah. It will bear you safely here to us all. God bless you, my dear child. And George, I am happy to greet you. (358-Vol. IV) Your record is fair in my eyes and I bless you all.

Dictated by Uncle Isaac.

Written by W. H. V."

"My Dear Sister Flora. We all love you. We will send you many blessings. Dear Flora, we all love you, Leila and Frankie.

Sweet sister Flora, be happy. We see so many blessings coming to you. Your future will be almost unclouded.

Angels love you.

Leila and Frankie."

"My Son, I have been with you. We are all with you. My dear son, I have a circle here, of my own. No one ever dashed me in spiritualism. Well, I was not bashful. Good night.

Father."

"George, do not worry about the future. All will be well. We see that you have long ago made your mark, and you will be prospered in everything. With a true, faithful companion like yours, smile at all annoyances and be happy. Meet soon again. God bless you.

W. H. V."

"Meet Saturday at all events for me.

Uncle Isaac by W. H. V."

"Those who have come lately do not understand how to use the new mode, of communication between the two worlds. Dear friend, they will speak in time. Willie is well and will soon be here. We will look after him. I can say no more.

W. H. V."

April 18th—1890—Friday evening.

Katie kept her appointment and we were wait-

ing to hear from our unseen loved ones. Our children spoke first:

(359-Vol. IV) "Mamma, Papa, we are with you. Cheer up, all looks bright. No clouds are over you.

Your Children."

I remarked that I was glad they could not see the clouds. The pencil continued:

"Oh! Mamma, if there were clouds, that would make you and Papa and Willie and Flora unhappy, we would see them.

Your Children."

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I have worked with you and for you. Do not let your spirit be daunted by that party. You are in the right, and right is might; and you will certainly come out victorious. You will have no trouble from the source you think. Be prepared for threats, and go right on in your own way. I am so disgusted with all the tribe that I shall rejoice when you see the last of them.

I have not finished! Read and consult.

W. H. V."

We read the above and after some conversation the pencil continued.

"When I told you long ago that underhanded work was going on, I saw it. Now, my esteemed friend, get rid of them. They have no feeling for you. I happen to see that you will win the victory in every way, in all things, much to the annoyance of the tribe. My dear, just be firm, and we will stand by your side to help you in strength and power. God will help those who do right, and surely you have wronged no one, but helped this tribe to succeed in business and make money. (360-Vol. IV) Now, my esteemed friend, how I want to see these people defeated. They must fold their wings and droop their heads before long. One more vexation and you will see all is coming out right. I repeat what I have said, you will have everything just as you wish it. Believe me, a turn is in the scale and you will see the last of your trouble with them. Talk with me."

(1) I was greatly annoyed by the Runcibles. They were doing every possible thing to prevent a settlement of our business relations.

I spoke of the possibility of having to close the hotel, to settle the business. He continued:

"My dear friend, rely on me. There will be no need of closing this hotel. You will come out of this trouble so easily, so smoothly, that you will wonder how you could have felt as you do to-night.

I have been looking into the minds of your lawyers. You will see how absurd it would be to close the hotel, in fact you will have very little further annoyance. Cheer up! I feel happy for you and your family. All will be well! You will have good news to-morrow or Monday. Pay no large sums of money! The tide has changed and the current runs in your favor entirely. Sleep, my beloved friends, sleep to-night with the heavenly knowledge that you will have everything in your own hands to control. Sleep knowing that you have what few persons can possess, guardians competent to ward off trouble. You have good lawyers, but be sure and pay no large sum of money. No matter what they tell you, on this point be firm.

W. H. V."

"George Taylor, do not worry. You are doing great good for mankind. Write, write on.

You have made for yourself, here, in our world, a paradise by your kind acts and great continued perseverance (361-Vol. IV) in your medical work. Mrs. Taylor, I greet you.

Henry W. Beecher."

"My Dear Child. I am so pleased to tell you that we are all together, and that I have had a long interview with your Uncle Isaac. Our spirits communed wholly on this subject. He is anxious to talk with you. He says that he regrets he silenced you by his actions. He thinks this belief, and the transmitting of messages between the two worlds, beautiful, glorious. He sends this message to you. Tell my dear niece Sarah, that she was right and I was wrong. Tell her that I will write her a letter soon. She knows I love her. My boy will help me to communicate!"

(1) I never succeeded in drawing him into conversation upon the subject of communications between the two worlds.

Bless you, my dear Sarah, my child. Do not worry. Be happy and all will come out right.

Your Ma."

"You will have hard work to make me say I was wrong.

Uncle Isaac A."

"He means that you would have had hard work to make him own that he was wrong, when he was in the earthly form. Your Uncle Albert is with me. He sends his love and blessing. Sarah dear, Isaac wrote the above alone and was going to speak of Albert. He cannot yet manage very rapid movements. Soon we shall have a grand renewal of family greeting. We will all come and talk together. We shall have the happiness of seeing you free from this anxiety and that day is not far off.

Your Ma."

"My Dear, Dear Sister. We only wish to see you and all the household happy. Changes are coming, great changes for your good and happiness, for the good of all. My spirit is with you (362-Vol. IV) here, some part of the day. We can say no more to-night. We will soon talk with you. God bless you all! Rest you need my dear sister, rest. We will watch near you. Not a day passes without our being with you.

Now I am hearing the heavenly music!

Olin."

"Look above for blessings no earthly hand can give. Meet soon.

The Circle."

April 23rd—1890—Wednesday.

"Lu, I must speak first. I must welcome you, dear sister, to this country. Stay here! Go not back! Say, Sarah, don't you think I have improved in writing?

Ralph."

After reading the above Lu remarked, "What would Louise say if I should tell her I had heard from Ralph?"

The pencil wrote quickly: "She would have a fit."

"My Beloved, Esteemed Friend. This is a

world of many changes. You think that you are going to have much trouble. Now, dear friend, you anticipate more than will be yours to bear. You will be surprised to see how smoothly things will work for you, and everything will be for the best. You will have peace and comfort when those persons have left, and everything will be lovely. You have seen your worst trouble, and there is a deep regret on the mind of this antagonistic woman, I cannot say heart for she has none. She will, I think, retract, if not she is the most self willed woman I have ever come in contact with. Dear friend, be not at all disturbed. Look on the bright side. There is a happy time coming. You are all the time guarded by a host of us. Cheer up and sleep. I see now a very bright (363-Vol. IV) change coming very near you, on the road. Now I am going to give way for others. God bless you.

W. H. V."

"I will speak for dear Ralph. He wishes you to know that he is some happier, and more contented. Soon as Louise and the children are settled, he will feel still happier, and more satisfied. This is a new world to him, and here he has tender, loving ties, dear as any on earth, our mother.

Dear Lu, we are all happy to see you here. Bright days will come for you. Remain here.

Dear sister Sarah, how I wish that I could bear your troubles. I do indeed, but my days of trouble are over. I am in the eternal sunny paths, flowers and music. Sister, are you not glad, or, do you wish that I could step by your side and ward off all your cares? We are happy, dear, to say that we see a bright, flowery future before you. Of course you will have vexations for the present, but when things are settled here, all will go smoothly and under your own supervision.

Olin."

"My Son William. I am very glad to see you home by the side of your mother. You are not going to be idle long."

(In the course of conversation which followed the above, Willie remarked that he was the oldest person in the room.) "Son, if you say that, I will

(1) My sister Lu had come to spend some months with us.

(2) Louise is, or was, Ralph's wife. She has no confidence in or sympathy with these manifestations.

come and put new life in you and make you jump high in the air.

W. H. V."

"George, let me change the current of thy thoughts. What you have done in regard to your business, you have done right, only, my son, do all the good you can by writing. (364-Vol. IV) Sell your works and make yourself happy. I am often with thee, my son.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"Esteemed Friend, speak with me!"

"First talk with Olin."

I then asked Olin about the book they carried away four years ago, and he wrote, or they wrote.

"It is still with us, and in time will be returned.

The Circle."

"We do not think that the sale will cause much trouble and it had to be done. That woman would like to annoy you much more, and tries to find which course to take to give you the most anxiety. We know that she will be disappointed this time.

W. H. V."

"My Dear Children. It is a pity after all this trouble, to get health and comfort, you should come back to be tried and vexed. You have what few will ever have, the knowledge that unseen loving sentinels are by your side, unseen hands to bless you, loving friends to direct you. This knowledge you have. It is a knowledge better than gold. My child, cheer up! My child, all is well and all will be well. Sunny days are near.

The darlings are with me, bright and happy, full of joy.

My dear children, be happy. I am so happy to see you together. George, my son, you must rest more. You require rest for you have many years of usefulness on earth, much to do. My son, the fears you have are groundless. God bless you all. Meet as soon as you can.

Yours lovingly,

Ma."

(365-Vol. IV) "Strange, do you think Lu? Not at all strange. You know I love to talk with you.

I am with you at most of the sittings. I used to enjoy them so much. Lu, you will be happy; go out and enjoy yourself. Ma is with you often, dear sisters.

Emeline."

"Willie, we must have a long visit together.

Frank."

"Willie, God bless you.

The Circle."

April 30th—1890.

"Dear Sarah. Be sure of one thing; we are all with you to give you strength, and when the sale is over, you will feel the sweet, heavenly rest that peace of mind alone can give. You will feel relieved, feel free, sole mistress of your own affairs. It is well, far better for you, a wise step, and Sarah, we all approve of it. We all rejoice to see that the end is near. Oh! Sarah, my child, keep up your spirits. We shall stand by you firm as rocks. There is no need of being nervous, nothing to be nervous about. You will win the victory in every case. We see no further trouble for you. The things will be quickly sold. Just remain here and take everything quietly. Cheer up and be glad.

God bless you, my child. He has and will continue to daily. Many blessings are being wafted to you, on every breath, from our home where no trouble ever comes. Except for our loved ones on earth, we would never have a shadow. We are the same as we were when in the earthly form. Our love the same, our interests for our loved ones the same, therefore we cannot say that we never have a care. The darlings are with me.

God bless you all.

Your Ma."

(366-Vol. IV) "My Dear Esteemed Friend. How rejoiced I am to see that all is about to close in your favor. Only one thing I will whisper in your ears. This party will be disagreeable and try to make you feel very unhappy. She is trying to get a party, to be present at the sale, to give you trouble; but you have nothing to fear, nothing. And will you believe me when I tell you that you have no idea of this woman's excess?

(1) We had an auction-sale of the hotel furniture in order to close the partnership.

(1) She means when she lived here with us.

I have, so have many others here. She is in a rage at this very moment. It will be a glorious day when you are rid of her. I shall be glad for your sake. Leave no loop hole for her ever to have further intercourse with you.

My esteemed friend, you will have me near to lean upon. I did not want a sale. I have a horror of an auction, but as matters stood there was no other way, no other way. I do not think much of her lawyers. Well, let her go her way and you go yours. Your paths will be very different. She will cross many long lanes full of stones, while your paths will be flowery and bright with unseen companions to glide beside and see that all is well. Dear friend, cheer up!

Doctor Taylor, faithful friend, cheer up, all will be well. Always keep cheerful as you can.

W. H. V."

"Willie, we all welcome you back. You will soon take pleasure in the future marked out for you, and which will soon be plain to your vision. My son, you have a great and noble work before you. Meet me some other time when you will not have this trouble on your mind.

W. H. V."

"Sister, when I first talked with Uncle Isaac here, we talked of my strange sickness! ++ + I was not myself at all. Uncle Isaac almost chided me. I am sure I was (367-Vol. IV) not to blame. I had a fearful disease or sickness.

Uncle Isaac will tell you much of interest when he talks with you. Dear sister, you know how I love you and sister Lu. Well, I will come some day and write Lu a long letter. Sister, there will be nothing to make you feel unhappy to-morrow, or any time during the sale. Glad tidings are near. Be happy! Meet us soon.

Emeline."

"Oh! My Friend. My dear children are with me. What a joy to have my whole family with me! Remember I too will waft you blessings.

Helen Hunt Jackson."

"My Dear Friend. I have met your Uncle Isaac. Sometime he will talk with you. He is longing to have a long talk with you. Now he wishes me to tell you that he is almost timid, I

was going to say ashamed, to talk with you in this way, he has so often closed all conversation on the subject between you and himself. He is happy and he meant well. All will be well to-morrow and things will go quickly. Know that I will stand by you.

W. H. V."

I expressed anxiety about disturbing the guests of the hotel by the sale! He wrote:

"That is a mite! Do not give it a thought, not for one minute. This is going to be a tremendously prosperous season with you. Better close now. I will bless you with sleep to-night. Meet us again soon. Good night.

W. H. V."

The auction sale was on May 1st, was most successful and did not disturb one guest.

(368-Vol. IV) May 3rd—Sat. evening—1890.

"Dear Esteemed Friend. Did I not tell you right? You see things are going in your favor all the time. It is just what I expected; you have every cause to be happy. Rest to-night knowing that all will come out for good. Talk with me!"

I spoke of her efforts to injure me and inquired what more she could do? He continued:

"She can do you no harm, none whatsoever. Be assured of that. You could have done nothing short of having her pushed out, if this sale had not taken place. You were wise; nothing else could have been done. Now, I want to see her leave the premises, never to return. I will be here when you settle up with her and give you strength; also influence you how to act. All will be well. I see the future clearly and everything looks bright and clear. You have every reason to be happy. You are a free woman once more.

My esteemed friend, look up, and be glad. You can sleep soundly to-night and think not of one shadow. I will meet you soon again. Retire with our blessings. When I come again to talk in this way, tell me that you are happy.

Your watchful friend,

W. H. V."

"My Dear Cousin Willie. If I had believed all that you do, and had had such descriptions of this

(1) Mrs. Runcible's.

world, its beauties, its perfect bliss, I would have given up earthly pleasures and longed to come and explore these mysteries. I would not have had the patience to wait. You know, Cousin Will, how I loved to study the planets when on earth! I have still much to learn. That is the great charm here. We always have varied studies, varied visits to every part of the globe.

(369-Vol. IV) I was so happy to meet my father, so happy to undeceive him in many of his christian ideas. He is happy. He wants to talk with you when the time comes. Willie, I have been with you and seen your desires half gratified. There is a great destiny before you, and I, with others, will help you to reach it. At some future time I will say more.

Frank."

After conversation about Uncle Isaac's temperament and disposition and trials, the pencil continued to Willie:

"Yes, my boy, you are right. I was always cheerful under the great pressure I had. I had great drawbacks. My dear boy, in fact I could not feel free. Why, here I am a free man! This great and glorious subject would have caused trouble in my house if I had embraced it. Sarah, you fully comprehend my meaning, or rather my situation at the times when you used to visit us! Be sure you understand my meaning! I have much to say at a future time. I will surprise you by my description of my entrance to this world so near your earthly home. I will say now that this world is a world of perfect beauty.

Now tell me, have I not done well to write so nicely, so finely? I will say, good night.

Uncle Isaac."

"George, do you remember the black shawl? Mother." He said, "Yes," and then explained to us that it was a present from him.

"Yes, dear George, I did like that shawl! Well, you know how much I thought of you! The shawl is still in existence. Don't you know that I had it over me when I was sick? George, have you not a word to say?"

I asked her if she now used shawls? She wrote:

"No, my child, no, we use light drapery.

The dear children are here, and oh, how like his Papa is (370-Vol. IV) Frankie. Leila is like you, Willie."

I asked mother if she still wore caps? She wrote:

"To be sure I do! I should not be myself if I left off caps. The one you gave me last, the one I liked so much, I am wearing now in appearance. Good night.

Mother."

"My Dearest Sister. You do not think that I would let you pass through this ordeal without saying a few words! How well you have sustained yourself through all. I am happy to see that we can influence you at such times. You certainly needed us through this trial. But, my dear sister, you are over all the worst and the happy surprise is still to come. God bless you my child. My sister. Yes, and my child. Ma. Dear child, Olin is telling me to say a word, so I have, for I wish to give my child my blessing. Dear sister, meet me soon again. God bless you! Bless you!

Olin."

May 13th—1890—Evening.

"My Dear Children. Here we meet again to converse, here I am often with you, here I sit down with you and listen to your wishes, and try to give you response. I try to comfort you and make your duties lighter to bear. It is very pleasant for me to see you at rest in mind. Dear children how I love you, and now Sarah, do be careful of your health and not overwork. You will have much to do and every one of us will help you. Things will change soon for your benefit in every way. There are happy days coming, happy days for us all when we shall return the books, and clasp each others hands. Oh, what joy it gives us to impart joy! That is one of our greatest (371-Vol. IV) pleasures, to give joy and gladness. Now, my dear Sarah, if you could only see your children here with me, so beautiful, so surpassingly beautiful, you would never feel a gloom at the thought of coming here, or of seeing your loved ones pass from earth to the summer land where there is everything to enjoy and to love. My children, God bless you! There will be

great changes this summer for you, in my family, I mean, great and glorious changes.

My children, talk with me!

Ma."

"Papa, Mamma, we saw you Sunday at five o'clock. Tell Willie that we touched him! Papa we see what is troubling you. Do not worry! What you imagine will never take place. Papa, there is great success in your pathway. Papa, speak! Leila and I want to hear you. Papa, I am looking in a smooth brook and I am so much like you. Willie we did see you and the beautiful horse. Take all the rides you can; they will do you good, great good. (Grandma writes for us you must remember.)

Leila, Frankie, by Ma."

We remarked about not having heard from Dr. Franklin! The pencil wrote.

"My Son William. Do you not know that you have all been turned upside down for a long time? We have been interested in helping your mother out of her anxiety, and looking after her affairs. You have all been separated for a long time, and we are not all in power, as yet. Dr. Franklin will soon come and talk with you. He is here almost daily. He will speak for himself soon.

My dear esteemed friend, I am happy to see that all has passed off so smoothly, or, is passing smoothly. You have acted nobly! (372-Vol. IV) You have done well and will be satisfied. All will work together for good, have no anxiety, no clouds are over you. Dear friend, do not hesitate to ask me whatever you feel inclined to.

W. H. V."

I made some remarks and inquiries about the Runcibles! This followed:

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. Be not in the least disturbed. You will have vexations but no serious trouble. Take no heed of the Runcibles. They would like to make you much trouble, but they will fail. I wish, as you do, that they were out of your way, altogether away. I wish you to know that all will be well. God bless you.

W. H. V."

"My Dear Sarah. What a surprise to my soul when I saw your ma, my father and mother, Olin and my Frank by my side the moment my spirit entered the immortal body. Body! Yes, we have bodies. Then I was taken to my home not made with hands. I felt exquisitely happy!

Sarah, my favorite niece, how much I lost by not understanding this subject. I can say no more now.

Your affectionate uncle,

Uncle Isaac."

"My Dear Children. It gives me pleasure to see that you all think of me, and I must speak to-night. I have volumes to say, and when the time comes I will condense my letters, or I shall deprive others of their pleasure. When you meet for me I shall require great punctuality as two hours at one time exhausts our power. All that comes after a two hours' conversation in this way is exhaustive for us and strained. Mark this down in your memory. (373-Vol. IV) My beloved children, I rejoice to be able to talk with you once more. My love is great for you. Bless you all.

Willie, I will advise you, I will help you, I will guide you.

¹Yes, it was a true presence knocking at the portals of your door. My son, you attract us very often, for instance last night the 'presence' was on his way to you, in order to awaken you out of a sound sleep, but I came between for I knew you would feel startled. My boy, you have a worthy destiny to fill. I must stand by you, your faithful father, Benj. Franklin. You must let me magnetize you and give you new life; feel my hands and see my lamp. All this fear will leave you, not fear but awe. Sometime, my son, that 'presence' will give you a message for some of his family.

Daughter, do not fear, all will be well. You will have very little trouble, but vexation. Meet soon.

Benj. Franklin."

May 21st—1890.

"My Dear Children. Here I am again in the

(1) He had left the room but returned in a moment.

(1) Willie sometimes, during sleepless hours, heard raps distinctly in his room.

circle I have so much love for, and so great a love. There are none dearer to me than this circle. My dear children, this is the first meeting I have had for many long months, (your time, years) and I am rejoiced to be with you again. I am happy to be with you. I have much to say, much to do. Mr. Vanderbilt has been to me often, and is with me. He wishes meetings for himself as well, and I shall join. It is well that you once more settled down in your home, mistress of it. Prosperity is sure and all will go well. You have done right. I am glad to see that now, when you have a little more rest, you will enjoy your life. Surely you have got rid of a very great drawback to happiness and success. You now stand free! As I wended my way through the (374-Vol. IV) heavenly homes, I noticed a spirit who seemed anxious to come with me, but hesitated until I called him. He was your Uncle Isaac who so tenderly loves you. He will give you many interesting chapters soon. Now he is simply learning the great mystery of a new life. I will join your mother and Olin in his messages to you. I have felt an interest in him ever since I met him supported by his loving son. We shall be together to-night, and arrange for a meeting for your uncle. Some things at home trouble him a little. He will tell you.

I have sought out your sister here. She loves quiet and to sit alone and wander among the flowers, but I am going to bring her in our circle for I believe I can make her happier. She is a little discontented at present. There will come a day soon when we shall return the books and some other things. Be patient a little longer. My son William you have a grand work to do! I have adopted you, and when I see you win honors I am very happy, I feel a sincere pride of joy. Progress, my son. I am with you! Changes are coming here, Sarah, happy changes. I cannot explain what they are. You will know and think of me. Talk with me now! I shall expect you to come to me when you need advice and think that I can give it. God bless you.

Benj. Franklin."

"Sister, I have been discontented and I don't

know what I would have done without Dr. Franklin. He has made me perfectly happy. I am so happy to turn away from every painful scene on earth and enjoy the beautiful; so, sister, expect me often. I am glad to see sister Lu here. We will all be happy together. Flora, how are you? I love you dear! I must say a word to Willie. Remember me, Willie, love me. Some day some girl's heart will beat alone for you. Now Frankie, Leila and (375-Vol. IV) I are going to gather flowers from other spheres.

Emeline."

"My Beloved and Esteemed Friend. Do not feel disturbed. You will soon see the mirror of your future bright and cloudless, with blessings from the many loving ones here. I shall be pleased to see you entirely free from heavy cares. At all events you will not have an enemy in secret within your household. Be thankful for that! ¹I felt sorry to see the Runcibles here so long, but I rejoice now to have seen the last of them. The book is safe. My esteemed friend, keep up your strength. Do not worry. I will be with you.

W. H. V."

"Sarah, child, I am here. My dear Sarah, I am simply bewildered, astonished beyond measure at the loveliness of this place, the beautiful palaces, the groves and parks, the places of worship and the music. Who can convey the heavenly strains of angels to ears on earth? I never pictured a home of such perfection! I never thought that I would be able to visit earth and converse with my loved ones! In fact I never believed that heaven and earth were so near! I am happy. Home affairs worry me some. Your aunt cannot or will not believe this.

I want an hour with you, Sarah dear, next week, morning, noon or night. I live in an atmosphere of perfect bliss. God bless you all!

Uncle Isaac."

"See here, Mamma, we send you a kiss, and oh! so much love from Grandmamma, Uncle Olin, Uncle Ralph and your dear old nurse. We send you many kisses. Oh! Mamma and Papa, can you not feel our kisses? We love you all so dear-

(1) It was about three weeks after the "Auction" before Mrs. Runcible and her two sons took their final leave of the hotel.

ly! Willie, you felt me pull your arm last night! We were fearful you would have bad dreams. Flora dear, we love you.

Frankie and Leila."

(376-Vol. IV) "Well, Lu, you have your wish. I am here. Ma is here. Lu, you will be in perfect health sooner than you imagine. You will enjoy life also. Dear Lu, have you ever thought of me as being near you, not away off up in the clouds? Ralph is not here to-night. He will be happy in time. Let him come when he gets ready! My beloved sister Sarah, what happy times we will have. I will write you letters all about our travels up the mountains and over the seas. We have seas and fields and all that earth contains, far, far more numberless and beautiful. We glide in the canoes and sail in our boats. We cannot fly, we have no wings. Uncle Isaac thought that he would spread his wings and fly! I laugh with him now over his errors. Well, dear ones, good night.

Olin."

May 27th—1890.

"Come, Sarah, and let me sit by your side; let me talk with you; every word will come from me, although some will aid me. I am happy, so happy to be with you.

Sarah, forgive me for asking you why you did not urge this truth upon me? Why did you not pound it in me? I would have loved to have entered into the phenomena, and we would have been the happiest family in the world! Still, your aunt would have come between, so perhaps it was and is all for the best. I have come home to all our dear ones in good time. Albert is now aiding me. I am happy with them all. Now I cannot say, what many have said who have come here, that I found everything as I expected to. I found everything far different, so much more beautiful, so much to draw me here. I found nothing that conflicts with my religious views, nothing but what I have longed for from my boyhood. This is a most beautiful world! Friends we have loved and thought lost are waiting on (377-Vol. IV) the margin of the shining shore for their loved ones and seeking to make them

happy. Dear Sarah! There is no joy in the heart of my poor wife. She lives in an atmosphere of darkness. What can we do for her? Oh, well, she will call me before long. When her soul is sick and she sees no pleasure in life she will call me and I will hear her. No cross or shadow shall darken her withdrawal from earth to this world.

I have not yet made the acquaintance of many who come to visit you, for the reason that I have been traveling with Henry and Frank over this new world, and I have only seen little, so wondrously beautiful are these walks and not unlike the most lovely paths on earth.

My dear Sarah, listen; when you stood by my bedside as I was passing away, (take note, notice Sarah, passing away) I felt your wishes, your prayer, I will say, your silent communion with the dear ones here. I felt your presence which did me good.

Your Uncle Isaac."

I asked if I could do anything for aunt? He answered:

"Not now. She will talk with me before she comes here."

Then I said, "Pray do not allow her personality to shadow you!"

"No, Sarah, not in the least. It was shadowed enough when on earth. I saw my poor wife's faults, and knew well how much better it was for me to keep silent. Oh, no, she cannot cloud my path. I wanted you to have my inkstand and my belongings! My child! Bless you!

Uncle Isaac."

I then told Katie how I had missed his letters since his death, for he had corresponded with me since I was ten years old!

"Oh, no! I will still write to you, my child, weekly.

Uncle Isaac."

(378-Vol. IV) At this moment Willie came in from a long ride and had not eaten dinner. The pencil wrote.

"Get your dinner, Willie, a substantial dinner! William, my son, you will feel the benefit of this outing for a long time. I was with you once and

only once. Do not go so far another time, rather, do not take that route.

Benj. Franklin."

In reply to question at what time he was with Willie, he wrote.

"When I was needed. Willie knows."

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. There is no occasion for me to say that I am happy to be in your midst, at your very table! I rejoice to tell you that all is well. You will have all settled up soon, to your great contentment of mind. Say nothing, do nothing, just keep quiet, and all will come to you just as you would have it, beautifully arranged. My spirit has been with you, not in silence. I think you have felt me near you, in fact I know you have felt my presence. I see a cloud in the distance which will slightly touch you. Now when things look a little dark, know that all will be just as I have predicted. I am with you at all times, and will always advise you. We shall have many happy meetings this summer. Go and do just what your own good judgment dictates and fear not. I have the deepest interest in you and yours and all your affairs.

My dear friend, there are happy days near. You will feel happy and content when autumn comes. None of the bright flowers will wither in your pathway, and blessings will be sent to you from our spheres, from our land of the blessed. You are weary, you need rest! I am called away and will go now to my family. I shall be with you to-morrow. God bless you.

W. H. V."

(379-Vol. IV) "My Beloved Child. It is written in the greatest golden letters eyes ever have seen, 'The link between us can never be broken.'

Katie will be our medium. My beloved child, we will have our records exchanged; and our joy will be great when we have our regular meetings, and we return our books.

All will be glorious. I will be here every day and particularly Tuesday night. The darlings are here. They have kissed you! God bless you!

Your Ma."

"My Son, we have just finished our circle. We

have been talking with angels from spheres far above us.

Lizzie was our medium.

Your Father and Mother."

"We have very important directions to give when you meet again. We will close now. Meet next Tuesday at eight P. M.

The Circle."

June 3rd—1890—Tuesday evening.

"My Dear Children. From the large circle who visit you on these occasions, I come first, it is their wish for me to speak first.

All are anxious to speak, and you as anxious to hear what we have to say. I have been looking into your future paths, and want to tell you not to feel worried about the final issue of matters. All will come out well. You can do nothing more. Just let things take their course.

I want to tell you much about our lives here, but can only recall to you in few words the descriptions given to you sometime ago of the church or temple of worship, and the beautiful walks through these gardens of roses. You might, if you had spiritual vision behold us kneeling in our temple of worship. You would see your children there, with the halo from God resting (380-Vol. IV) on their sinless brows. How beautiful! Why, my child, the most simple shrub here, far excels the most beautiful earthly flower you have ever looked upon, though in our own homes, our own immediate homes, everything corresponds with your earthly home only perfect in its beauty. We know how you love the beautiful and oh, how well satisfied you will be here with us. The palaces you have seen are mere shadows when compared to our dwellings. Your Uncle Isaac wishes me to tell you that it was the magnificence of the entrance to the immortal world that caused him to pause and wonder where he was! He says, 'Oh, tell Sarah that everything was so transcendently lovely that I feared I would arouse from a dream to find myself suffering a disease of age and all mortal trouble. When I saw Henry, Frank, Albert, your Ma, Olin, the sweet girl and boy, Emeline and Bradley, I saw that I was in heaven, or on the road to it anyway.'

Now, my child, your dear uncle is so happy that he would like to have all his loved ones believe in this glorious truth. He is a fine, noble spirit. I admire him.

Sarah, the only pang we have when we first realize our existence here is the pang of parting from our loved ones. That is a pang. The preparation of the earthly shell for being put away from all earthly view is a pain, a shadow on the threshold which passes off very soon. You know how that is, and can fully understand our meaning.

My dear children, we all want to meet you when the sun is sinking, just before the daylight fades into night. We have that desire to see you, to meet you in the sunset. We will say next Thursday or Friday. Understand me, daytime and eventide.

My dear children, we love to converse with you often. There are a few shadows on your path, some annoyances which will not amount to much, only be prepared. Next time we meet to talk together, let it be in our permanent place. (381-Vol. IV) My beloved children, happiness is before you this summer, bright changes, firm friendships and unlooked for joys. We will suggest pleasure for you. God bless you. My dear Sarah, your life will be spared to do much good for those who will seek you for comfort. Long and lasting will be your blessing.

We can say very little more to-night, my children. Your faithful guide,

Benj. Franklin."

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. You can have no misgivings when you have me to lean upon! I am strong enough to hold you and chase away all storms. You will have a few annoyances of course. Anticipate no shadows. I can warn you always, before trouble comes to do you harm. We feel wonderfully happy now! We are advancing to great events! Meet at half past seven next Friday. We say, God bless you all! Good night.

W. H. V."

June 6th—1890—Friday evening.

"My Dear Children. We are here, all of the circle, to speak with you and listen to your

voices. How near we are to you now! How distinctly we can see you! What a pleasure to us. There are times when we cannot see you so clearly, then we wish for this connecting link. We look into your eyes and hear your voices, and when the light is dim, we can touch you.

My children, we want to get back to our old conditions. We want to enter into your sphere and have our room for our circle only, religiously kept for us. We can do so much more for you when we have our room, and conditions. No one understands this better than you, Sarah.

Now, my child, let us picture to you just what we see! You are troubled in mind, business troubles you. The unsettled matters between you and Mrs. Runcible are a source of anxiety, a constant vexation. You must not worry, you must not feel troubled. (382-Vol. IV) Everything in the future, closely connected with you, is bright, without stumbling blocks, without stones to bruise your feet, without enemies to cloud your efforts of success and give you pain. We see you in a path full of sweet flowers and you are resting quietly and happily with your loved ones near you. They are happy, so you will have far more than you expect. This we see not far off, and when we heard you sigh to-day with weariness we felt a great longing to look carefully in your future so that we could tell you to-night just what we saw; and believe us when we tell you that if there were clouds or sorrows we would have told you in a gentle way. Do not anticipate one sorrow, for we know that you will be satisfied.

My dear children, this foreshadowing of the future is especially for few. To this world a great calamity is coming. All that I can tell you at this present time is this. A calamity to the world, a loss and great danger but not for you nor yours. We will tell you more about it another time. We make a request of you all, not to say anything of this outside of this circle. You must not work to overtire yourself. Keep your hours for rest and everything will go on well.

Dear children, your family has grown larger in numbers here. They have all met to-day in the home of your mother. I was with them, and

there never was a happier reunion on earth or in heaven, than this one to-day of your family. They kept coming in, two by two, until they made a little heaven of their own, and all believed in spiritual communion between heaven and earth, all, for they had been instructed how to visit their loved ones on earth by Isaac T. Hopper and others with myself, what steps to take first! Your Uncle Isaac was very happily disappointed when he came here. The moment he came we took pleasure in noticing his surprise at the greetings of old friends. He was quick to grasp this mode of visiting earth and has now all that his soul desires. The shadows of earth affect him only a little, so little that his spirit is not affected by them nor tinged by the sorrows of earth. At first he (383-Vol. IV) grieved to see his wife so in the dark and so misguided in her religious views. She is in the dark! He says often to me, 'My wife is all wrong; no idea of heaven and all the happiness it holds.' She will not know until her husband takes her hand and helps her through the golden gates. Oh, how sorry we feel for her! How sorry we feel for all those who are so mistaken, so blinded by their own stubborn wills. Who can lift the curtain for them? Who save us, and yet they condemn us! Oh, how frail are mortals!

God bless you, my children! Some others will come, and I will withdraw for a time.

Benj. Franklin."

"Flora, we smell those roses! We have kissed them. My sweet flower, our Flora. Love us, Flora, will you? Frankie and Leila! We are going to make you a very happy girl! To-night we will kiss you and place the sweetest flowers we can find on your pillow. You will know that we are watching over you. Good night, sweet sister."

Next came words signed by my mother but their meaning I could not get. In a few moments the pencil continued:

"Dear Esteemed Friend. Never shall I let the circle close without coming to tell you what I see in your pathway.

The idea of the above message from your mother is this. Frankie and Flora would, if

Frankie were here, have been out practicing music together. Leila and Willie would have been studying flowers, their meaning and language.

You will never know till you see her here, how transcendently beautiful Leila is. She is a brilliant star!

Well, friends, I take a pleasure peculiar to myself in coming to you and advising you in the smallest matter. I feel that I am at home here with you, for where I love I linger in their atmosphere and talk with them as I would with my own family. Here I am, as (384-Vol. IV) I would have you know where I would ever be, in congenial company. I can touch your soul, my dear esteemed friend.

There is something I want to overcome. I want to overcome the desire to sit down by your side and talk audibly to you. I want you to hear my voice and know me as I am. I have been with your family to-day. I do not know what my life here would have been without the society of your family. I am happy! When I want to know how my home on earth is progressing and to see my family clearly, I go to Olin and he accompanies me. Some things do not please me, but I let them pass by.

My dear esteemed friend, I told Katie to come, for I want to get back to the old, old times where we left off, you to foreign lands, I to follow over sands and seas! Here are the directions:

Meet next Friday at precisely half past seven if clear. We see that all is well. No need to worry! God bless you.

W. H. V."

"My son George, you must continue to heal the sick through the pen and as often as you can with the hand. I will help you. Go on dear son, you have much to do. Work with a good will.

Your father—Isaac T. Hopper."

"Now that Ike has said the last word I must speak to the Professor. Why do you not sit here with your Mamma and see how we can come through you? I tell you Professor you are a medium, a real medium and when we develop you, oh, how you will sleep!

// Charley."

"My Dear Friend. Did I ever tell you how delighted I was weeks before I came here to know that I had a family here to meet me! I was so happy to know that my children were safe. ¹And oh, my last parting with my boy, how dreadful, how I suffered! My flock were all gathered here. How great and good our Father is! Bless you all.

H. H. Jackson."

(385-Vol. IV) June 14th 1890—Saturday evening

Dr. Franklin had spoken to Katie, deferring the Friday evening's appointment to this evening, the cause for which none of us understood. We seated ourselves. The evening not clear.

"My Dear Children. This is all right, just as we would have it. We are all here and see that you welcome us in your hearts as gratefully and happily as we welcome you. First let me explain about last night. We were all here for a short time but the atmosphere was so much against us that we could not remain. We saw in the early part of the day how it would be, we therefore deferred the meeting hoping to have a clear sunset to-night. ²However, it is not so difficult for us to-night. We were quite impatient to come. The time seems long to us when a week goes by before we can greet you in this way. We certainly are with you, but we love to talk with you just as much as you want to speak with us! Why not? Do we not love to hold communion with loved ones on earth? Yes, and so few understand us, so few really believe in a christian way, so few care to be elevated. They make theories of their own and follow them. They do not care to have their old dogmas interfered with!

Not so here! You come like children to be taught and have your errors corrected. You leave us to decide for you but always with your own good judgment. You do not dictate to us to do this thing or that, nor ask the whys or wherefores. That is just what we most desire and all the circle are happy to come and many others wish to come. We look forward to a time when the atmosphere will be clear and electrical so that we can come and form in your presence as we used to. Be

(1) She described to me that parting, soon after it occurred and years before she joined them on the other side.

(2) The sunset was not clear.

patient till then when much that has been veiled in mystery will be made clear.

I will bring my father here sometime to talk with you. My father and I are close companions in our world. I still learn much from him. My boyhood days were golden drops of heaven's (386-Vol. IV) choicest blessings with my father, and he was a spiritualist. When on earth he went daily in a room, specially prepared, for silent communings with his loved ones in the world beyond, in the summer land. He believed that his departed loved ones were with him and held communion with him. My father was a man who feared no one when he was sure that he was right. I have not spoken of him so fully before because he could not leave his duties to join our circle permanently, but soon he will come and talk with you.

We hope no evil will come to this nation, but there are heavy clouds hanging over this city, will not affect you immediately nor financially, but the clouds must burst. Be sure we are with you always ready to help you. There are no clouds of import nor crosses in your pathway.

My dear children, you are weary! Let me beg you all to rest early every night. It is the time for rest, God's time. Day is the time for work and strife, but night is the time for tired eyes to close and weary arms to be folded, when unseen forms glide in and watch their beloved ones and smooth their brows, when unseen hands clasp their loved close to their souls and bless them. My dear children, I wish you to rest early! W. H. V. will speak soon. Read this and let me consider and consult about a future meeting.

Your father, in a land to which you are all marching, will make your way bright.

Benj. Franklin."

In reply to our wondering if his father be old, he wrote:

"We are both young, happy young explorers in the never ending city of immortality. B. F."

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. Did you hear the bells ring just now? Your dear children sounded bells of such plaintive (387-Vol. IV) airs that I paused to ask them to sound them nearer to your

earthly ears. So sweet and plaintive to me! I love to hear their notes of joy and their notes of gladness, plaintive in sacredness of love, their love for you, their dear Mamma, their beloved Papa, their sister and brother. So I ask, did you hear the bells, the sweet cadence of love pouring forth for you, their beloved?

I am with you in the eveningtide, I am with you in your tired hours, in those moments when your soul cries out, 'I am so tired!' Then I draw near, with your mother and Olin, to see what I can do for you to lessen your weariness.

Dear esteemed friend, do not worry about this unsettled business. It will come out just as we would wish to have it. All will come out clear. I am with you. I take to heart everything that pains you. I feel every shadow on your heart.

My beloved friend, I wish to see you free from that woman! You will be, and on that day I will make you a present. God bless you! Flowers are blooming in your home again, the flowers of hope and promise. My beloved friend, while you are reading my letter we will consult about a future meeting. To-morrow we shall be with you, we will give you impressions.

I bless you always. Your watchful friend.

W. H. V."

"Meet next Thursday at half past ten A. M.
The Circle."

June 19th—1890—Thursday ten o'clock A. M.

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. The morning is lovely for us. We love to come when the atmosphere is clear and the medium fresh. Be happy! I have gathered the most beautiful flowers I could find and wish that I could place them in your hands. I have been trying faithfully, for hours, to see if I could scientifically materialize them sufficiently to leave them with you. Alas! I (388-Vol. IV) fear I cannot! However, I will continue to try. We do not know until we have made trials! Will you, dear friend, take the will for the deed?

My dear friend, I rejoice to see that all is well, and that you will finally be free from every annoyance. You will feel weak and strained for awhile, but when all business affairs are settled

you will feel like another person. For instance, you are happier now than you were before you went abroad. You are free from all annoyances of one man and woman, woman especially. The poor man is harmless. Why, my dear friend, I am supremely happy in my home, but not so with all who come here. You see I had your brother to guide me over the boundless sea of life. Then he took me to his family home, and there I became one of their circle. So much I have you to thank for oh, my friend, and my soul is grateful. Why, I feel that I cannot do enough for you. How dull my life would have been without Olin! How restless I would have been! How very often I would have sat under my weeping willow and sighed for my old, old life, so full of changes! The past would have been a dream of regret, but now I am happy here with your happy family. Many of my dear ones are here, but the time has not yet come for them to communicate. I am going to tell you this morning what a request Olin has made of me. He wishes me to invent a large crystal palace for his family and my own, and all who are congenial to us, those who come to this world as I did in a mist of uncertainties, a dream of sick anticipations, or as your brother Ralph who came with so little warning. He, like myself, will find this place, the crystal palace, an answer to every wish of his heart. All that we were disappointed in having on earth we find here. All our heart-longings. If we wish to be alone, here we can. Are you not happy to know this?

(389-Vol. IV) Dear esteemed friend, we have so much to tell you about the future. Soon we shall have our festival. You do not forget descriptions your mother and Dr. Franklin gave you of their festivities? We shall soon have a great one.

Now, dear friend, about business. I have been looking in your future, and see that all looks flourishing and prosperous.

Now we have a meeting for our own advancement, and that gives us unbounded happiness.

I can say no more at present, but will reply to your questions. Your friend always.

W. H. V."

We had quite a long conversation with them upon business, and upon Willie's prospective work; after which the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Children. Sarah, you are doing right and we are aiding you. Willie will get stronger in his body and then his brain will be clear, not but what it is clear now, but he will feel that he can endure more. My dear children, this will be a very happy summer for you all. Many very happy events will occur in your lives. We here, we of your circle, anticipate much happiness with you; and oh, for the moonlight hours when we can come and talk with you, for we feel a holy pleasure in approaching earth when the atmosphere is clear. I will tell you, my children, that my wish now is that you read over, at leisure, some of your past letters from us. Meet next Thursday at half past seven.

My dear children, God bless you. Your guardian and father.

Benj. Franklin."

"Sister, this is a jolly place, if I could content myself! Just as soon as I see my family settled I shall join the band.

Uncle Isaac is going to accompany me now to a place where I have never been. He wants me to tell you that this evening at sunset he will join Ma and the circle. Sarah, I will say more at another time. Willie, George, Flora and all, good bye.

Ralph."

(390-Vol. IV) "My Dear Child. Meet at seven Thursday at half past for our sitting. We can remain no longer to talk now. We will linger near. My beloved children, all is well. Be happy! Bless you. We close with many blessings.

Your Ma."

November 28th—1890—

Katie did not keep her appointment for the next Thursday and for more than five months we neither saw nor heard from her. On this day she called and the pencil wrote.

"My Dear Child. I have longed to talk with

you. My soul has been sighing to speak with you, and I rejoice that I have the opportunity. I will speak just as long as I can. It is long, my dear child, since we have conveyed our thoughts through this medium. It is a long, long time, just as long to me as it seems to you, but now we are here to talk. Yesterday we were all with you and took an interest in every little event. We thanked God that you are all well, and the chain not broken, the chain of our little family of seven! Frankie and Leila are my jewels in the palace of heaven; still they are your family and daily visit you. Nightly they kiss you all when you are sleeping. They wonder that you do not feel them and so do I! I suppose, dear Sarah, our touch is light, almost imperceptible to you, and our kisses are mistaken for something else. The day will come when you will understand our touch and kisses; when you will know our kisses which we so often leave on your dear face."

We queried over who composed the family of seven? She wrote.

"George, Sarah, Willie, Flora, Frankie, Leila and myself—7."

"Now, dear Sarah, do not for the present make any change in household matters. Remain just where you are and all will be well and you will be happy. Changes will come for your good, come of their own free course just when most needed.

(391-Vol. IV) Worry about nothing! Look ahead! The future is bright! All is well! Be happy. Your trials will all pass away like clouds on an April sky. I have Ralph and Olin with me every day. Ralph is much happier, now that his little family is thriving and he sees will do well. I rejoice when I see sunshine in Louise's soul. She has had a severe trial.

Oh, Sarah, the great supreme Being is so kind, so merciful, that I never feel disturbed or in the least anxious; so you must feel, for, my dear child, you will come out victorious and have a quiet, happy life, very happy. We shall rejoice with you my child, my children. George, you are my son, faithful, good and true. I have no

fault to find with you. I bless you. Heaven joined your and Sarah's hearts together, and here you will be the same. Here you will both be one as you have been on earth. God bless you my dear children! Heaven's blessings follow you every step!

Emeline is as a bird! She wonders that she ever felt discontented here. God bless you.

Your Ma—Your Mother."

"My Dear Sister. Ma is full of joy to-night; it is so long since she has had the stand. I am rejoiced when Ma is happy, and she is never more so than when she is talking with you. We are not long-faced here, Sarah; we enjoy our lives. There is everything here to enjoy, amusements, scientific studies, everything that a refined nature requires. Here we shall all meet; here we shall be reunited, all our family, all who ever loved on earth, and W. H. V. wishes me to put in here that he is one of the family and will feel proud to be called one of our family. He has been and is still with Mr. Belmont trying to console him and lift him up, guiding him to his family and seeking in every way to establish an intercourse between himself and family. It will take time. Ma wants me to speak of our Pa. (392-Vol. IV) He is happy, but like everyone who has lived on earth so many years in a certain belief, and is determined to hold fast to those crude teachings of early life, he will be some time learning this sacred truth. I will say more bye and bye.

On reading I said I had just heard from Pa and he wanted me. The pencil added.

"Sarah, it is the last sickness. He is near this world.

Olin."

"My Dear Child. Go as soon as you can and I hope you will find your father well enough to respond to your wishes. He is coming here sooner than you expect. Brighten his way here.

Elizabeth—Aunt Elizabeth."

"We have talked it over. Sarah, do you not know who I am? My dear niece, I am at a little distance from your earth, for I am with Eliza by the bedside of the departing.

Aunt Sarah."

"Well, I say that there is no hurry now. Charley."

"My Dear Child. Make your visit. Tell Pa that I am with him, if you have an opportunity, but I doubt it. Tell Lu that I am with her and that her bright day is to come.

My beloved Sarah, all looks bright and you must be cheerful. Now I will let W. H. V. speak. Good night.

Your Ma."

"My Dearly Esteemed Friend. After many weeks we meet to speak again. There has been a long silence between us. Still, I have paid you many visits. I have seen that no crosses, you were not able to overcome, were in your future and I think I have given you that impression. All I can say more is, be of good cheer.

George will, of course, accompany you to your father's.

My friend, August Belmont is dreadfully behind the times. (393-Vol. IV) People speak of his noble deeds, but he loved money and he loved earth. He is a fine noble soul but depressed.

All will be well with you and with yours. My dear esteemed friend, meet me, meet us all soon as you return from your father's. I shall be with you. This is no parting, no severing of the chain between us. Meet just as soon as you return. Good night.

W. H. V."

"Willie, my son, keep on doing just what you have been for the past few weeks, and you will come out a shining light.

We will all help you.

Benj. Franklin."

Willie made allusion to an essay he was soon to read in public.

"I knew it, my son, before you told me, and that is what I referred to. You will be successful.

Benj. Franklin."

December 9th—1890.

George and I visited Pa and after our return Katie called. The pencil wrote:

"My Dear Child. Pa is happy, and feels that he has a new lease on life. He is thriving finely. You helped him, Sarah, very much. I rejoice that you

went. You gave pleasure and you feel that you have done your duty. We were all with you and enjoyed the visit. All will be well! God bless you, my dear child, for your faithful love.

Olin and Ralph are much together, although Olin is so much more advanced in happiness and knowledge of this world here. Olin wants to teach Ralph the way to make life happy in his new world. He wants to teach him to trust more in the Supreme Being to look after his little family.

My dear child, all will be well. Great will be your reward this new year. Great will be your peace of mind, for things will transpire which will show you what will be best for (394-Vol. IV) you to do in the future, and we will lead the way. Your. Ma."

After reading the above, I remarked upon the possibilities and probabilities of letting the hotel; and this followed:

"My friend, let me advise; when you get a good offer, take it.

Charley."

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I agree with Foster. Take a good offer. You will have less care, more rest. You can enjoy life far more, and all you have to do is to get good securities in black and white. You are a good, competent business lady, added to which, we will be with you to help you, and you will succeed. I shall be happier to see you relieved from all this care and responsibility. The way has opened for you to make a change, and take my advice, do not worry at all; let everything take its course and all will come out just splendid. Give no thought as to how things will turn out! My esteemed friend, just come to me and have faith. I will say more at a future time.

W. H. V."

I expressed surprise that Aunt Elizabeth spoke at our last interview, being her first expression after so many years! Pencil wrote.

"Sarah, you are mistaken! I have spoken before! How little you have thought of me! I am happy to see that I was mistaken in my views, in my religious views, I mean. Why, I have taken the hands of those I loved when I was a girl! I

have met Channing and Emerson! Good night.

Wait! I want to see Charley make sounds on the table. Listen to mine!

Aunt Lib."

We heard faint, but distinct raps upon the table:

"Dear Friend, the dame was very nice, I thought, when you were at home. Oh, how nice people can be when they expect something!

Charley."

(395-Vol. IV) I said, "who do you mean by the dame?" The pencil wrote:

"Your step-ma! Soon after the holidays you will go from here!

Charley."

"Dearest Sister and Brother. What we who love you wish to see is this. We wish to see you free from constant care and anxiety. Here you have no heart rest, no brain rest. We wish to see you in a pleasant, happy home, enjoying your lives, while this place should make you entirely independent and more. This we wish to see and hope to, soon. I will talk to you, next time we meet, more fully.

Sarah, I do like Charley Foster. He is good company and instructive as well. You know, I suppose, that one of Ralph's children is not well! I can say no more to-night.

Olin."

"My Mamma, My Papa. We are here, your watchful lovers on the shining shores where we send forth loving whisperings to your souls from Leila and Frankie, Frankie and Leila. Mamma and Papa, you have us with you just as emphatically as you have Flora and Willie!

Frankie and Leila."

"My Dear Flora. Well, my sister sweet, ours is a love from a fountain of love, pure as dew drops from the flowers in our paths.

Now, we are going to help you to take the garland and wear the crown of success over all the school girls. Yes, Flora, we will see that at the end of the race you will be first and win the prize.

We love you, we bless you, we kiss you.

Frankie, Flora's brother—
Leila, Flora's sister."

"My Dear Cousin Will. I am sure you long to hear from me, away off here in the spheres of the great philosophers of old! I am sure (396-Vol. IV) you will rejoice when I tell you that I am trying to push you on in your lectures. Now, cousin Willie, I am so happy here that I long to see you happy on earth. When with your father and mother and sister, there is no place like home, dear Willie! My dear cousin, there are new changes coming for you, bright and glorious. Your life will be a useful one.

Frank."

"My Dear Children. I am here. I lend my aid to your loving friends. Now, my children, I want you to meet me next Friday evening, or, I will name it later if you wish! All is well! Better close now. God bless you my dear children. There is joy on the wing to you.

Benj. Franklin."

"George, you have a fine head! You have done much good and you shall be blessed daily. My dear children, meet us next Saturday evening. Dr. Franklin will be here to talk first. God bless you, my dear children.

Isaac T. Hopper."

December 22nd 1890 Monday, eight o'clock P.M.

Katie did not keep either of the appointments but came at this hour without appointment and they wrote.

"It was we who sent Katie here to-night! It was we who wished her to come, that you might have our greetings and our loving wishes for Christmas. We, your white robed messengers came before; we gathered in this room and wondered what we could do more grateful to your hearts than speak with you from our souls.

Dear child, we are all here. It is Christmas time with us, and we shall on that day, Thursday, while you are all sleeping, receive our gifts from those you love, from Dr. Franklin, General George Washington and others, and we shall be surrounded by a new choir of angels who will chant the holy words of 'Our Father which art in heaven.' We look forward with great delight to these times.

(397-Vol. IV) Dear children, we look forward

to coming and giving you descriptions of our happiness here and telling you of the beloved ones here. Mr. Vanderbilt also looks with anxiety for these happy days. He went to Olin yesterday and asked him not to fail to send his messenger down to him at his home. He said, 'No matter where I am send for me. I must be one of your circle.'

You see, Sarah, we have a great many calls to make that day, Christmas, the day you all look forward to with delight and joy, unless shadows come between, a vacant chair, or a broken link in the circle. We bear all this and repeat that Christmas is a joyful day; for us, one of the brightest days in the year. We love to see the old year go and the cares of life go with it. We love to see the reunion of old friendships. We love, yes more, we rejoice to see those we love enter the new year with the bright gilded rays of heaven's sun shining on their paths, and we, your beloved, stand above with baskets of many flowers to drop upon your heads. Unseen they fall, unseen to your eyes, but visible to ours; scentless to you, but to us the sweetest perfumes.

Oh, my dear Sarah, my children, we bless you and love you and would caress you if the conditions would allow. When the night passes away, Wednesday, we shall be weaving garlands for the brows of our beloved. God bless you all. Pa is well as usual.

Your Ma."

"My Dear Children. We have messenger doves. Every one is different. On the neck of each one is a ring, any color we like best. For instance, Olin might be standing by the bedside of some departing spirit, then his dove bears messages to summon others. My children, you understand now, the dove!

My children, you cannot forget the old teaching, that heaven is far away and altogether unlike your earth? It is not so! (398-Vol. IV) We have heavenly homes, always beautiful, but remember we feel for the dear ones on earth, and when their hearts are heavy, we cannot go rejoicing over flowers and enjoy the magnificence of our heaven as we would were you all as happy as we are.

My son, William, you are now on the road to fame and good works and deeds. We are deeply interested in your success, and we urge you to go on just as you are at present. A new path will open for you which will suit you better, and myself also. I have a course for you to follow, a path in view. I want to see you step in that path and I will help you. When an intelligent young man, like yourself, gentle in manner and heart, has faith and asks advice as you do, we, our circle, admire and draw near him with influence to bless him. My son, when we meet again I will speak more to the point. I want to see my predictions fulfilled. I have always had you in view, always under my guidance. Rest, my son. There is much for you to do. Sleep with my blessing, and the blessing of all the circle. Be happy for all is well!

My dear children, we shall all be with you Christmas day, and after that day we will talk with you. Dear George, go on with your work. You will be successful in the end. You can easily finish your work, and it is a good one. Have the book published soon as possible, no hurry! And now, my dear children, much is before you, much of interest and pleasure as well. God bless you! We are with you often. In hours of silent thought we are with you. Good night.

Benjamin Franklin."

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. Do not worry about the hotel. The right one has not yet come. I will use my influence to send the right man after the new year. Do not be in haste. You will let it to good advantage and feel satisfied. So shall I! All I wish now is to see you happy and less to attend to.

(399-Vol. IV) There will be bright changes in this home and we shall be with you to enjoy the pleasure of seeing our promises fulfilled.

My beloved friend, you are a fine business woman, with very keen, sensitive perceptions and a good judge of human nature.

Now we will say, meet after the holidays and regularly, for we have much to say. The chain will become perfect and we will accomplish much. Go to your chambers knowing that we are watch-

ing over you. May choice blessings follow you now and evermore.

W. H. V."

"Dear Mamma and Papa and Willie and Flora. We wish you Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Dear Mamma, all is well with us.

Frankie and Leila."

"My Dear Sarah. We have all spoken our heart-felt love. We all leave our blessings with you. Gentle hands smooth your way.

Meet soon, dear Sarah. We bless you, we love you, we kiss you. Worry about nothing, dear Sarah. Everything will come out right and you will rejoice. I am sorry you ever had anything to do with the Runcibles, especially the woman. All will be well, however. Ever your own loving brother.

Olin."

December 30th 1890 Tuesday, eight o'clock P.M.

"We are all gathering now, and we are happy to have this meeting. My dear child, all is well.

Ma."

"My Dear Children. Long have I wanted to talk with you. Now we meet in the quiet Christmas tide while the chimes are singing in our ears, and the white flowers open to greet us, and perfume the air. We hear the far off chimes; their echo comes (400-Vol. IV) from distant spheres, and the wild roses drop, like the rain, upon our road side. Pure and full of sweetness are the wild roses for nature's child. Wild flowers are on the hedge for those who like them. There are no wants here; all are supplied. My soul rejoices in all things, and every day I find something new, something great. No one, no spirit, could be happy here and have a monotony of every day life. We have no days without change; so beautiful in everything is our world. We all gathered at the fountain of everlasting life, the fountain where we are mirrored, and the crystal drops lingered in the hair of your Leila while she wended her way first, to her Mamma, her Papa, her sister and brother, to leave her kisses and a prayer for the happiness of each one; then she joined our circle. Frankie, the same! He is a fine boy, a handsome boy. You will meet him,

meet us all when the proper time comes. Then the harps will fill heaven with their joyous anthem and the great bell of our holy land will ring in new births.

My dear children, think of me, the difficulties I had when a mere boy, and be strong. Why, my children, what could I have done without the aid of unseen spirits? Great ones too! When a lad, not seventeen, I walked from this city to Philadelphia alone, friendless, with only a little change, less than one dollar, in my pocket. I arrived at my journey's end Saturday night. Sunday I went to a Quaker meeting, and there fell into a sweet, restful sleep. I was awakened from my slumbers by one of the congregation, and then I went forth again, a stranger in a strange land, not seventeen years old. Who aided me? The great, progressive spirit of Swedenborg, and others.

My dear father was short of means, was a tallow chandler and I disliked the business. I went with my older brother as printer but we could not agree, so I went forth alone! Who aided me? I had impressions from the beloved ones (401-Vol. IV) here. They helped me make my name, my fame, and gave me the courage to go on, and on, until I accomplished a great and lasting good for mankind. God was with me!

I married a young girl. She departed earthly life soon after marriage. Some years later I loved another woman. She refused me and married; but time passed on and again we met. She was a widow and we were united on earth and were happy. But my trials were severe! My father had not sufficient means to educate me as he wished, or even to apprentice me, for in those days we had to pay for apprenticeship, but see how I prospered! God's angels helped me; they led me and I followed. His angels protected the lonely boy in his solitude, without money, poor and friendless, seeking any quiet place of safety to rest his tired feet. And, my children, that was

Your friend and father
Benjamin Franklin."

"Flora, Sweet Sister. Smiles are sunbeams,

caught from heaven's joys. Dear sister, Grand-mamma is aiding me to write.

We are so happy! We are birds in the roses. We are aiding you in all you do. Dear sister, joy be with you. Mamma and Papa make happy always. Be happy always while you have so many blessings! God bless you, my dear sister.

Frankie echoes all I say.

Leila."

"George, my son, why are you silent? You are never forgotten! Never does the sun go down without our blessing for you and Sarah. We, your guardians, your loving, faithful friends, wish you joy and gladness for the coming new year. Come to us when you are weary.

Seek us in gloom! Seek us in your happiest hours when night and morning mingle! We can say no more now. All are here! Meet one week from to-day.

Isaac T. Hopper."

(402-Vol. IV) February 17th 1891

Tuesday 10½ A. M.

We saw nothing of Katie from December 30th until this date. The pencil wrote:

"My Dear Children. We are more than happy to have this interview. To you, it does not seem as long an absence as to ourselves. We have had so much to say, we have missed the messages between each other, missed the voices. Do not think that we are not with you just the same! We need no medium to hear your voices, but we hear and understand each other better when the medium is present. We can better advise, and even see you more distinctly when in the presence of the medium. So, now, my dear children, we are here to talk with you freely, and advise. You may soon expect a change for your happiness, and that change will make it clear for you to act and move in a certain, sure course. I have been over the past with you, in memory. I have heard your wishes and noted them in the tablets of my heart. I shall never leave you in uncertain paths. You will have no trouble in making satisfactory arrangements.

There is a certain sadness over many hearts

(1) Franklin was born 1706; Swedenborg died, 1772.

to-day! The world is large, of course, but there are many hearts who mourn in this large community, hearts that truly mourn for our noble friend. We have gained a noble soul, and you, or those who mourn him on earth, have not lost him. His influence will always be with his comrades. He is now fully awake, his eyes are open, he looks on the green fields, and met his comrades who have been here so long. He has that joy. He was helped over every cloud by our honored and beloved Abraham Lincoln. You cannot conceive the joy it gives us to receive great men like Abraham Lincoln and other great, pure minds. We knew that Sherman's spirit would soon be (403-Vol. IV) free and we made the end almost beautiful. He was a true spiritualist, and his family will investigate, not the Catholic side of the family. The General has one son who is noble in his heart and he will receive any message sent to him from his beloved father. I believe that the General will give them some proof of his presence. He will, after the excitement is over, send a message to his son!

My dear children, you will have many happy meetings with the General. He is a genial, loving soul! We all come in trios!

My dear children, do keep up your meetings. You will never regret it. You know, my dear children, life on earth never ends, but hold this in your mind, let it ever be green. These meetings are important to you, to us also. They make our lives more cheerful, more blessed. My dear son, push your writings. They will live after you have joined us, and do much good. They are fine! My children, we love you! We do not come here to-day to depart without taking with us your desires, your prayers and weaving them into our prayers for your future happiness. I will say more after I have spoken to the General, General W. T. Sherman. He is approaching.

God bless you all.

Benj. Franklin."

At this moment Willie entered the room. The pencil continued:

"My Dear Sarah. Have you noticed how much Willie resembles me? I have noticed it of late.

My dear Willie, you do right to rest. What you are deprived of at night try as much as possible to regain in the day. You are doing well, Willie.

Olin."

"Sarah, what have you to say? Has the time seemed long to you since we clasped hands on earth? To me it seems but yesterday when I was in my household, directing and planning for the future. Oh! my dear child I was very (404-Vol. IV) stupid not to have looked into this subject thoroughly, and you were too timid to come and say to me, 'Uncle Isaac this is a truth.'

Well, I am happy now to be of your faith, as you see by my coming whenever I have an opportunity. I have great pleasure in coming to you in this way, and changes come rapidly. I may be able to touch the hearts of my friends on earth who do not believe that such things are possible. I have greatly advanced. I know many of the prominent spiritualists. George's father and mother have talked with me frequently, and in their circle I have met Mrs. Smith. She is a pure, progressive spirit. But I will talk no longer!

Good bye, Sarah and George. Willie! Frank is here!

Uncle Isaac."

After reading the above I expressed pleasure at hearing from him, and he continued:

"My dear child, the tie between our hearts was strong on earth, and in this beautiful world that tie grows stronger. You know I loved you always, and such love is immortal.

Poor Frank thinks that his work was not sufficiently accomplished to be taken off so early, but he is all right!

Uncle Isaac."

"Sarah, your tears detain me!"

"My Dear Child. You say that I have not spoken! My dear child it gives me infinite joy to see Isaac come and talk with you. We always come together. We sympathize with you in every care, in every cross. We stand ready to help you and make lighter your cares. Yes, my dear child, we are together here and we are very happy. We rejoice to tell you that Willie is going to succeed, and to his own satisfaction! So will Flora! No

shadows hang over you, anticipate no sorrow, rather look for bright changes.

(405-Vol. IV) Now, my dear child, be happy! You have every reason to be and you know that we are with you. The sun will soon shine bright again, Willie, and fresh winds will blow from the meadows, then you will take long rides over the hills and through the lanes. My soul is happy, happy for you, my dear children. God has been kind to you all!

Now, my dear child, I can say no more at present. God bless you all.

Your mother in the happy land. Your own loving

Ma."

We now had a little conversation and made some remarks upon the fickleness of mankind. The pencil wrote:

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. Friendships are not so easily broken. I am not that kind. I came to you when in distress and uncertainty. I received great consolation and happiness. You helped to open the door of knowledge to me; and through your loved ones I have been made a happy man.

I now wish to say that you have acted just as I would have advised regarding your business matters, and soon a happy change will come and you will see your way perfectly clear. Do not worry. Let things take their course. We are guiding your footsteps and we will safely anchor you in very sunny paths, where great success will attend you. I will come at a future time and talk with you. Make a note in your heart of anything that you desire, and I will attend to your desires. I am so glad that I am here, out of all earth's trouble! All will be well, be well! God will bless you.

Now we can say no more. Meet soon as possible, next Monday or sooner! I have much to say and the quiet of this room harmonizes with my spirit. There will be a bright change for you soon. Dear friends, I shall rejoice.

W. H. V."

(406-Vol. IV) I sent for luncheon to be brought

for Katie and myself; while waiting for it the pencil wrote:

"My Dear Child. Emeline and I will lunch with you! Sarah, you have been just and true, and worked hard for what you have now to enjoy, and I have great pleasure in looking in upon you. I have been watching you step by step. How often I have in earlier years sighed over you, grieved to see you worried, about meeting all demands. Thank God, dear child, you are succeeding now; out of all trouble. God will bless you.

Your Ma."

"My Dear Sister. We are here. Ma called me. I am much happier, in fact, I go with Olin and Frank now constantly and I love to visit the planets. Dear sister, Ma, Olin, Ralph and I are all happy, happy.

Emeline."

I asked Ma why we never heard from Professor Kenyon?

"I often see him, and many times he would have talked, but he is modest and gives way for others. He will hear your wish and I will bring him at the next meeting. My child, I will be near you to-night and every night.

Your Ma."

February 24th—1891—Tuesday 10½ A. M.

"My Dear Son. I rejoice to speak with you this morning. We have many ideas in common. I, who have studied the same works that you have, can fully understand your ideas regarding your own writings. I am with you mornings when you are occupied in writing, and I know your books will be successful and do good. You are in your prime, for you are blessed with health and a fine constitution.

(407-Vol. IV) We have all a deep interest in you and yours. Some day we shall all meet here. We will have circles of our own in the palace of truth, in the garden of paradise, under the drooping willow surrounded with flowers, perfumes from heaven's lamps. Yes, George and Sarah, we shall have our soul's desires here. These meetings are so valuable to you, and to us. Why, only pause and think, when earthly care is ended, when

you come here, we will all stand at the entrance of this summer land and you will know us. We will clasp hands, exchange greetings and then commences life immortal. This is a great study, George and Sarah, and our world is a world of great change. We are never, never at a loss for something to do. You will come prepared to meet all, just as we have pictured it to you. You will not stand and look in vain for familiar faces, for friends to greet you, and, at the same time, you will not realize that you have left earth. You will for a while think that you have come to some new city or country. You will think that you are in the most beautiful place on earth, for a few hours, but oh, my children, the transcendent beauties of your home here will overpower you. You will be exquisitely happy.

My dear children, there is no death without a new birth. This glorious spiritualism has been such an unlooked for blessing to many great minds, such a surprise to many of the clergy. It will shine forth forever like the stars in the sky.

My beloved children, God bless you! Sarah, my dear child, be not troubled, all will be well, you have unseen arms to hold you up and give you strength. Bless you.

Isaac T. Hopper."

"You sent me a message, dear Sarah! Then you thought that I had become indifferent to you! How, for one moment, could you think that I could ever become indifferent?

(408-Vol. IV) I have been deeply interested in a new planet, and have given much time to study. I have not yet penetrated this planet. I want to very much, and shall in time.

I call you by the name your relatives like, Sarah. You know that, with all my infirmities, my very ill health, I always felt an interest in you, the Doctor and your family.

I plainly foresee that if you continue to have the care of this hotel, (a great care it is) you will run down in health, and that will be hard to regain. I say, dear Sarah, there is no use having all this care! Enjoy life, feel at ease, take rest, and let others bear the heavy work. I see

that you will run down if you do not follow my advice.

I am happy and was not a little surprised to see Olin helping Ralph into his home. Ralph, poor fellow, was not pleased to come at first, but now he is entirely reconciled. Ralph's nature is a little obstinate, but he is all right now. It seems like coming home to be near you and communicate in this way. I am a man in full health, quite good looking now, but I think you will know me when you come here.

Prof. K."

After reading the above I remarked that I would be glad to be freed of this care when a suitable opportunity presents.

"Well now Sarah, I will look around. I will see what I can do at all events. I think that I will be able to help you in this matter. I understand very clearly, everything.

K."

"My Beloved Child. There are joys sometimes too great to bear, and griefs so heavy that they crush body and spirit. My joy was so great when I saw Ralph seeking to know all about this truth, that I went alone in our temple to pray. (409-Vol. IV) He was under such a heavy cloud. Now he is surrounded with every blessing and enjoys his life. You know, my dear child, that I never had a sorrow that has not been made less by dear loved ones who were here waiting for me. I have now a fine little family group. Some I can never take to my heart; when they come here you will know who they are!

Well, Sarah, they are not my family. You shall have this explained at a future time. My dear children, changes are coming for you bright and joyful. Your dear father, your Pa, is all right. He will never be sick, Sarah. He will come like a leaf from a tree without pain and perfectly calm.

God bless you my dear Sarah and George.

Your devoted and lovingly faithful,

Ma."

"Willie, my boy, I admire you! John F. Gray."

"I am happy to meet you, Dr. Taylor! Your son, Willie, attracted me by his frank spirit. He

will be a bright star, and as he has a long, useful life before him, I shall take pleasure in advising and directing his course. I was pleased to hear your son say that he feared not to give his belief to others.

I admire you, Willie!

Dr. John F. Gray."

"My Dear Sister. Let me say a few words. There are bright flowers opening in your paths, which foretell a happy, cloudless future. When I say cloudless I do not mean the every day cares. I mean that the joys will be far greater than the sorrows, and that happy changes are near. Be not troubled.

Let everything glide on! All will come out for the best and in unison with your own wishes.

All will be well!

Olin."

(410-Vol. IV) "My Dear George. You better put your writings in book form. Morning time is more favorable for you to feel inspirations. I can help you then. I am always happy to come and to advise you. You have the great foundation laid and there is not so much hard work to do. I advise you, my son, Willie, to be careful in your choice of a wife. Be not in haste. These are happy days for you never to be forgotten. A kind father, and a loving, kind mother, yes, a loving father, and a dear sister makes your home indeed sweet, happy home. You will be very successful.

My dear Sarah, we shall have great meetings in the twilight. We have some happy surprises for you. Oh, how we rejoice to get the chain perfect once more. These are indeed old times, as you say. Now, my dear children, I leave you to attend to a duty near earth. I will meet you one week from to-day. God bless you!

"I am pleased to have you read my life, for now you see that I had my cross to bear. At present I feel a joy in retrospect. I look back and rejoice that young as I was, I had the courage to persevere onward.

If you could see me now, you would find me surrounded with thornless roses.

Benj. Franklin."

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. I could not, I can not let the meeting close without saying something to you. I have made great advancement in this world. I can not imagine how sensible people can dread coming to this beautiful resort. We have all kinds of resorts. You understand that I was fond of traveling and driving when on earth. Now I love to go to the palace and watch the beautiful (411-Vol. IV) spirits come and depart. I am often in great demand by your brother Olin who asks me to put the finishing touches to some beautiful structure. He often asks my advice.

My dear esteemed friend, I see that you are about to leave the hotel to a responsible party. How much better this will be for you. Take rest, and you will have a longer life. You must not have so much care. Follow the Professor's advice. We have to look after you, or you would soon be down, your nature is so unselfish.

My dear friend, I have much to thank you for. Every day I feel more and more grateful to you. Through you, I became one of the band of the learned and great. Through you I was made happy, and I would do much for you, all in my power. I will never leave you. Dear friend, I will be with you at times when you most need me.

W. H. V."

"My dear Mamma, our dear Papa, brother Willie and sister Flora. We have not been far away from you. Now we come to tell you the sweet birds are singing in every tree in our garden, and bearing messages from different spheres to loved ones. Dear Mamma, Mr. Vanderbilt took Leila in his arms and then he linked his arm in mine and told us to visit him at twilight. We are so happy!

Bless my Mamma, bless my Papa, my brother and my sister.

Frankie.

Bless my Mamma, bless my Papa, my brother and my sister.

Leila."

March 4th—1891—Eleven o'clock A. M.

"Well, dear friends, I have said to the circle, 'Stand back till I speak!' I want to tell you not

(1) We were rereading Dr. Franklin's Autobiography.

to have the least confidence in the man who called to take charge of this hotel. His pockets are empty. He is as full of deception (412-Vol. IV) as an egg is full of meat. Mr. Vanderbilt is a good adviser, but I can beat him. I was a medium and I am one still. Well, now the circle can come.

Charley."

"My Dear Children. We are pleased to have Charles Foster come and advise you about your earthly matters. While life lasts wants must be supplied, and he is the spirit to approach earth and get into pockets. He is a fine spirit to see into the motives of people. We must respect him! He leaves at this sentence.

Dear Sarah and George, we all speak from points we see. We foreshadow the future from the surroundings of your spiritual future. We look into your paths through the souls of far advanced spirits who have been here centuries. We have many ways of foreshadowing the future. If there are clouds on the paths of our spirit home, which some day will be yours, we know that sorrow is near; if we see flowers opening on paths where no flowers bloom we know that some of your family are coming here, a certain kind of flower; when we see the palace open with great splendor, and many choirs of angels entering with music filling the air, we know that some beloved soul is about to enter the portals of everlasting life. Time is uncertain! We are going to surprise you soon. Try not to imagine what that surprise will be, it might interfere. We rejoice that Katy came to-day for we were waiting. Oh, my dear Sarah, nearly all my family are within my fold; some are not prepared to banish their old ideas but they will in time, for instance, Daniel and others! They will have a new church to worship in, not ours. We are divided here. There would be no lasting happiness if we could not have our own loved ones to ourselves.

Now our circle is all that we desire, our circle of (413-Vol. IV) friends, very extensive and our joy beyond any we have ever had on earth. Surely we are blessed and so are you, and so you will be to all eternity. My dear children, these are precious meetings; we feel they are when we

come here. You can understand how happy it makes us to come in your very midst.

Now I will say something for the children. Frankie and Leila are among the happiest children in the world of heaven. They have in preparation a palace or bower of their own, exclusively, formed by their loving friend, Mr. Vanderbilt. It is a beautiful home or bower where they sit among the roses alone and call it their own sweet study. They are there now taking roses off the stems, and wafting the leaves with messages upon them to other companions. So, Sarah and George, you see how we are occupied daily, and how happy our lives are.

God bless you all! Your mother in the summer land.

Your Ma."

"My Dear Children. Welcome, again welcome my dear children! I greet you with all my soul, with the deep affection of a loving friendship! I have been looking into the future for some days. My son, you must read over carefully the twenty fifth page in my life. I will be with you to impress you. It certainly gives me pleasure to hear you read my life.

George Washington is in our circles. We love him. No rivals here, not in our circle. I was once so poor that I have retired at night on straw, hungry and disheartened. I am ready to help wherever help is needed. My son and daughter, you have a long, happy future before you to enjoy. We will give you our magnetism and do all we can for your healthful enjoyment. We have turned the troubled waters aside and helped you over the hills. So we will keep on doing until you join us, then you can join me in helping others on earth.

(414-Vol. IV) I would like my son Willie to have natural sleep; he could accomplish his object in life so much more easily and feel so much more vigorous. Do advise him to retire at a certain hour every night, that would help him. I have seen him so restless in his sleep or half sleep that I have been trying to see what I could do for him. All will come in good time. When the buds burst forth and the atmosphere is more

genial I advise him to walk in the park and take long walks. I will see that he is accompanied, and then he will enjoy his rest. The dew drops are falling on our heads from our sky, and we will impart peace to you and share our blessings with you. We are near you, we are very near you, and you must know this for a fact. We see you more distinctly to-day. There are no clouds between us.

My children, never look on the cloudy side! To-day it may rain but the sky may be filled with stars and your vision behold them to-night, and to-morrow the sunbeams may greet you and light upon you. Always be as happy as possible. We love to see you, our children happy.

There are going to be great developments now soon in spiritualism. Great and beautiful in this circle. Now mark this, great and charming developments.

My children, we have been together much of your lives. Do you wonder that we feel toward you as though you were our own? I wish you to be happy! If this hotel is to be leased, the right man will come up and do his work rapidly. He will not hesitate but accomplish all in a short time. I do not like the hangers on, they are not worth spending your time with. Let everything glide on. The tide will bear you to calm waters, and you will be satisfied.

Isaac will speak next. My children, bless you! Your father,

Benj. Franklin."

(415-Vol. IV) "I will now appoint our next meeting for one week from to-day. B. F."

"George, my son, have you ever paused to think what this psalm means? 'Life is but an empty dream.' Why, life is everlasting; it never dies out on earth.

The ministers think they know all. They expect you to follow them, to believe as they do. They are not generous in their views. Many clergymen are sincere, and few receive inspiration from us, from those who know more of this life than they do. What would life on earth be without its counterpart here? I lived long on

earth, and when I came here I found it to be a continuation of my work and life on earth.

You will succeed, George, in your writings. I am interested in having you put all in book form to be published. My dear children, you see I have a wish to advance you in the study of science, and, George, you can advance others. Your book will sell and do much good. You have made your mark in the world, and you can further shine forth by doing good and enlightening others. Give freely what you can from your own brain. I will help you. It will give me joy to help you to form ideas.

May the choicest blessings of heaven fall upon you, my dear children, enfolding you, sheltering you and lightening your cares of daily life.

Isaac T. Hopper."

Katy made mention of a woman as having small regard for her mother, and I remarked that my mother and grandmother were first in my estimation. The pencil wrote immediately:

"My Dear Child. You spoke of me! I am here, one of the circle.

(416-Vol. IV) I speak through others often to you, Sarah, child. What happy times we used to have! What happy times when I held you in my arms! We shall have a glorious time here in the meadows, you and I. You know how I loved the fields! Tell dear Flora that her sister Leila loves her and guards her. Flora will be happy all her life, if Leila's prayers are answered, and she is an angel and her prayers are an angel's prayers around the throne of God.

Grandma and Ma."

"Now see here! Why is it that you so seldom ask for me? I used to be one of the family. I feel happy to come to you and talk over old times.

I have the old cap and shawl yet. Sarah, it was kind to remember my wish! I feel that Emeline thinks she has no better friend here than myself, Emeline Wells, I mean! Dr. Taylor, how glad I am to say a word to you. Forget not old friends!

Charley Foster has a great opinion of himself, and I think he is a fine fellow.

Sarah, talk with me often.

Bradley."

I inquired why he said "Emeline" Wells, her name being "Emma." He wrote.

"I call her Emeline, and have great fun with her."

The pencil in another hand wrote:

"Meet me week from to-day. Look in my book!

W. H. V."

I opened the ruled book, the book in which he always wrote and only he, and laid it before Katy. The pencil wrote. "Turn over the pages. I forgive you, esteemed friend. W. H. V." I lifted the (417-Vol. IV) leaves one by one until seven were up and there in the middle of the blank page were these letters, "T. W. S."

Again the pencil wrote, "Now over more." I turned four leaves more and in the centre of the blank page was written as before, "T. W. S." We asked for whom the initials stood? "Esteemed friend, do not ask now. He came here a few weeks ago. Meet next week. W. H. V."

We asked if they meant General Sherman? Answer, "Yes." We told them they had put the T. and W. in wrong order, which they then saw. Again they wanted us to look further in the blank book. I turned leaf after leaf until I had lifted twelve more and there I found the following exactly as it is here inserted.

Why did you not call for me to-day?

W. H. V.

This book had lain closed upon the table all the time and Katie's hand had not touched it until Mr. Vanderbilt told me to look in his book. How the writing was done we cannot in the least understand.

Columbus Avenue, February 15th—1892.

Katie did not come to us the following week as requested by the circle and as we fondly hoped. Days and weeks passed on but no Katie came. The Doctor called at her lodgings but she had left and he could not learn where she was. We heard nothing from her or of her until this day, nearly a year, I received a letter giving her address and asking me to come to her.

I went at once and received the following:

(418-Vol. IV) "My Dear Child, This is a meeting in time. I want to advise you. I want you to heed my words, or you will soon become so nervous that you will be confined to your room. ¹Housekeeping will never do for you. You must give it up. You must not, my dear child, give your energies to housekeeping. Get out of it as soon as you can. I have never advised you for wrong. I have never told you to do anything that was not for your interest. Now my dear child, do take my advice, give up housekeeping. I fear a nervous fever for you. There are so many things for you, high, noble things for you, so much to call you away from the animal life. What can I say? I mean the cares of housekeeping are not in your line. You were never born for that work. Dear child, it brings cares, makes disturbances in your own little circle, in your home circle. Now life is short on earth, and worth enjoying. You can enjoy life, if you have no housekeeping. Think what is before you and your beloved family. Think how you can enjoy God's blessed gifts, close your doors and go forth and leave no cares behind.

Sarah and George, heed my advice; then the sun will come forth and shine with renewed warmth, and blessings will fall thick and fast upon your pathway. Changes will come but you must work with us, you must help us.

God bless you! All will be well! You have done well. You have done your duty faithfully as a wife and mother. In all things you have done well, and the circle here hovers closely by your side. In your atmosphere many a time you would have sunk had we not stood by your side. There are bright changes coming. Let your souls be glad. Now a bird holds in its mouth this message:

(419-Vol. IV) "Tell dear Sarah, my esteemed friend, that I desire her to give up the cares of housekeeping. She is too delicate of nerve, too frail for housekeeping. W. H. V." This is the message brought to me in the mouth of a bird which you will bear in mind for the sake of those who love you here.

(1) April 1st, 1891 we left the hotel and went to keeping house in an apartment, and there we were at this time.

We all feel so deeply interested in your happiness. We do not like to see you droop like a weary child, and fold your hands to rest your tired brain and body!

George will see that I am right.

Benjamin Franklin."

"My Beloved Child. Time will bring all about for the best. Try not to take cares upon yourself. Live just as you feel inclined. When you get a faithful servant, housekeeper, you will feel happier and have time to enjoy life. I often sit down with you in your home; I often take a view of everything; and though I admire and esteem Dr. Franklin I advise you to wait, make no change yourself, for I know a change will come which will make your life what he would like to see it. You will have leisure and at the same time enjoy your earthly life. You have many bright years before you, my beloved child. All goes well and smoothly far as I can see. Dear child, you will receive all in good time, and those who have caused you trouble and annoyance will some day ask your forgiveness, not in words, but in actions. Ralph is becoming happier every hour. He is more satisfied and peaceful about his family. The children are happy and send their kisses. They often make flying visits to Flora. She will succeed in all her desires and become just what she aims for.

My beloved child, my arms are open for (420-Vol. IV) you when you are weary. Commune with me in silence. I will hear your prayer.
Your Ma.

Your Mother.

in the beautiful home of the blest."

"My Dear Sarah. You are as dear to me as life! Dear to me as when you were a little tot! I love you.

Well, now my child, you know exactly what to do. Do not worry about business. There is no cause to worry. Just what your noble mind thinks, is best.

Bless you! Now, I am not preaching to you.

Uncle Isaac."

Columbus Avenue, March 3rd—1892.

Again I called on Katie and received the following:

"My Dear Child. You did right to come here to-day. We all impressed you to come. Always heed your impressions, dear child, and you will never have cause to regret. My dear child, many things on earth claim my strict attention, and some events will soon transpire which will also absorb your time. My child, we will work together. We will bear everything with patience and fortitude, and all will be well. The cross will be woven with roses, and you will rejoice.

My dear child, the hand that has led you on so far safely, the hand that has guided you in all things, is always the same. To-day that helping hand is open for you and guides you as in childhood days. That loving hand is ever ready to shield you and come between you and all trouble. Now let me say, let us all say, cheerfully wait. Great and glorious events will take place for you after passing (421-Vol. IV) through some, yes, many vexations. Can we impress on your mind to be firm and cheerful when clouds surround you? There will be a very dark day for you, but in the midst of all remember these words: 'Victory for you, no loss of money, but gain. Remember these words and be strong.'

Mr. Vanderbilt has been talking with me and sends the above words to you and adds that few have the noble soul to join with you that you have, few have the noble spirit who looks upon you as his star in all dark hours, his sunbeam at all times.

My dear child, God bless you and him, and He does bless you both and all. My soul is glad.

We, your loved ones, are together talking to-day; we all combine our loving and sincere advice. We all speak, dear child, and you hear us, you see us in all your daily life. Now, my dear child, do not worry about home, your father's family; do not worry about anything in fact; for sure as the sun shines, you will come out free from all annoyances, and be happy. We will never be far from you. We like your home for many reasons, but you must not overwork. The children, Willie and Flora, like their home, and

that is a great thing, but my dear child, you must not overwork. My dear Sarah,

Your Ma, your Mother."

"My Dear Esteemed Friend. Your faithful friend,

W. H. V."

"My Dear Sarah, My Sister.

Olin."

"My Beloved Child.

Your father,
Benjamin Franklin
and many others."

(422-Vol. IV) "My Dear Sarah. I have waited, because I always like to come when business is not talked of. I like to have my dear Sarah to myself. Yes, and now dear child, speaking of your aunt, I am glad she is coming to stay with you. Keep her just as long as possible. Keep her with you. Soon you will part with her on earth for a long time. She will come home to seek her mate.

My dear Sarah, all will be well. Soon as spring blossoms burst forth Willie will be in a fine position and you will be satisfied. (Your Ma is helping me now.)

Changes have come to us here. We will speak of them at another time, not now. Your Ma does not care to talk just now regarding changes here, but, bear in mind, no unhappy change.

Uncle Isaac."

On reading the above I asked if the vexations, crosses etc., were financial? The pencil wrote.

"Purely financial, dear esteemed friend. Well, we all have to bear our cross. I had to bear mine. We, seeing that you will have annoyances feared that you would become depressed. Now, do not for one moment feel anxious for there will be no real foundation. All will be prosperous, and you will find that you have acted wisely. The Madison Avenue Hotel will never be a failure.

W. H. V."

"Can I get in a word here? I know that your money affairs are all right.

Charley Foster."

(423-Vol. IV) Columbus Avenue, June 1st—1892

8 o'clock P. M.

Katie, as always, promised to come to us so I waited until this day when I went again, so much did I want to talk with our loved ones, and received the following:

"My Dear Child. I feel drawn towards you, perhaps more closely than I have ever been before, owing to your having care and anxiety. You have not been well, my child, and that makes everything seem great, almost too great to bear. New changes are coming and all will come out right. When you are stronger you will see that every trial will seem less to bear.

Now, do not worry, let everything take its course, no matter what comes; pay no attention if annoying, cast it off, and here is your knowledge. There are no heavy dark clouds over you financially for there is not one cloud for you to meet, and you know that you are doing right. My dear child, you did right to come here. You see we all want to talk with you. All are here anxious to speak. My child, did you not hear a small sweet voice urging you to come? That voice was your mother.

Benj. Franklin."

"How can you say that you have been alone? How can you say you are alone? Why Sarah, we never leave you alone. Some of us are always with you or you would not have been able to have borne all your aches and pains together with your cares. You do not know how much we do for you! When we see you overworked, your nervous system giving way, we all silently gather around you and infuse a soothing influence within (424-Vol. IV) your system; in fact we leave a healing power with you.

Why Sarah, you would to-night have been on your bed exhausted, but for this. We are all watching, for you will have much to bear in the autumn. Now mark this well. Oh, how prophetic my words will prove!

All will end well Sarah, all will be bright, but save your strength. Your duties are many, and you need strength and hope, communion with your dear ones here, this it is, this communion, which gives you new life. The hope, the love we

all so freely give, and rejoice because they are gratefully received. Do not go home and worry, for, as I said before, all will be bright and end lovely.

We have many coming here every day; some who knew this way of telegraphing and many who loved it.

Talk with me, my dear child, without hesitation. God bless you, my dear children.

Your Mother, Your Ma."

My husband joined me at Katie's and the circle welcomed him, for which he thanked them, one and all. The pencil added very soon:

"My Son. You thank me; at that time I was a little distance off, but heard your words. You are a thousand times welcome.

Benj. Franklin."

I mentioned that Willie was thinking of spending the summer in Dakota with my brother Daniel. This followed:

"Sister. We all wish that he would go! It would do him so much good and then Daniel would be made happy; and we are (425-Vol. IV) sure that there would be no regrets on either side. Let him, our Willie, go. W. H. V. says, 'Let our Willie go.'

Olin."

I remarked upon our not having received anything from Mr. Vanderbilt and I could not see the reason. He wrote:

"Oh, no, my dear esteemed friend! I am not too busy! There is great grief in our immediate family, but time heals the most severe wound and all that I can say is silently.

You are, I see, very anxious about your business matters. I feel sure that all will be faithfully kept and you will not be deceived. Do not trust too long, and never let time run over if you can avoid it. Speak on.

W. H. V."

"My Dear Niece. If you worry I shall have to scold you. We want you to save your strength

(1) One of his grandchildren, son of Cornelius Vanderbilt, had died very recently.

and be prepared for coming events. I am preparing a home for my better half; she will soon join me.

Uncle Isaac."

"That man at the Madison Avenue Hotel is a procrastinator.

Charley."

"But he will meet every due.

The Circle."

"My Dear Child. You must try not to worry. I do not think he manages well. I feel quite sure, notwithstanding, he will meet all his obligations. You want someone who has your sole interest at heart, like myself.

Prof. Kenyon."

(426-Vol. IV) "My Dear Sarah. All will be well. You have every thing bright before you in the future and no trouble will come without a warning from us, so do not be troubled.

Grandma."

"George and Sarah. My children, do not worry. All that you have to do is to keep a watchful eye with us, and there will be no loss. Management will soon be better. I see that bright changes are over the Madison Avenue Hotel. God bless you, now and forever.

Benj. Franklin."

Some three weeks after the above, I received a telegram from Katie's eldest son which read "Mother is dead. Do come up." And so it was! Katie had been on her last spree, had taken her last drink and had by these excesses separated herself from her body. The poor abused body lay there stark and stiff but no Katie either sober or drunk was there to claim it.

The loss of this vehicle of communication between my loved, to whom I cannot speak directly, and ourselves is very great and at present seems irreparable.

Oh! If I could speak without a go-between, without a third party, but alas! I don't know how.

